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THE DIARY OF THE REV$^{D.}$ WILLIAM JONES, 1777-1821

By the editor :

The Shadow: A Pastoral

England in the Eighteenth Century

Johnson the Essayist

The Transition from Aristocracy 1832-1867

"*William Jones was a great diarist*" from "More English Diaries" by Arthur Ponsonby, M.P.

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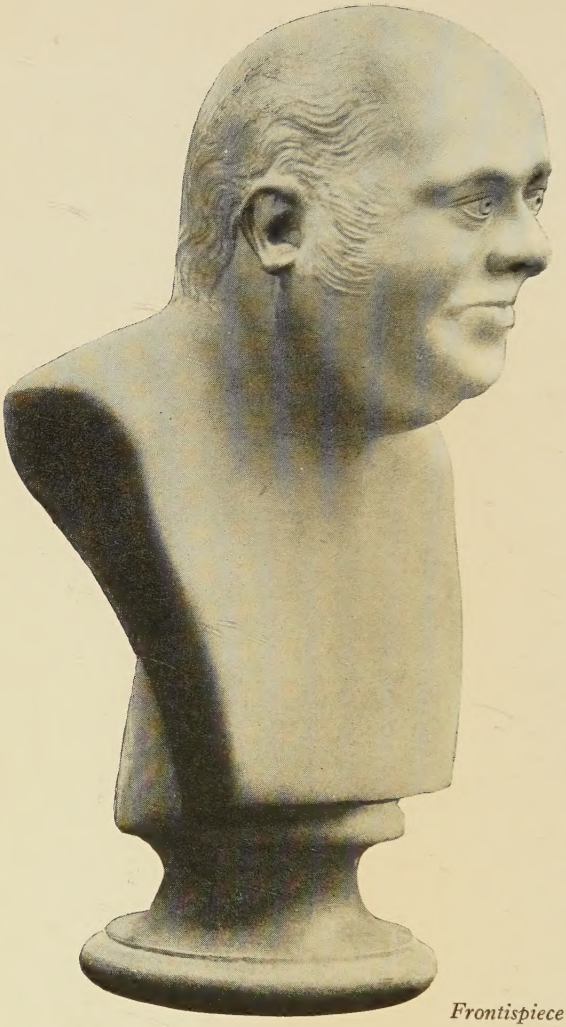

Frontispiece

REVD WILLIAM JONES

THE DIARY OF THE REV$^{D.}$ WILLIAM JONES

1777-1821

CURATE AND VICAR OF BROXBOURNE
AND THE HAMLET OF HODDESDON
1781-1821

Edited with an Introduction by his great-grandson

O. F. CHRISTIE M.A. (Oxon).

BRENTANO'S

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TO THE INHABITANTS OF BROXBOURNE
AND OF THE POPULOUS HAMLET OF
HODDESDON THIS BOOK IS RESPECTFULLY
DEDICATED

PREFACE.

This Journal is the Autobiography of a clergyman from early manhood to old age. He began it in 1777 at Jesus College, Oxford, whither he had come as a poor student from Abergavenny Grammar School; he persevered with it in Jamaica, describing the strange social and economic conditions of the island; then, for forty years, and till within a few weeks of his death in 1821, he continued it while Curate and Vicar of Broxbourne.

The Journal is his commentary on books and men, on the events of his times, and on the problems of his own life. And it is a record of the comfort he found in religion, after having suffered in his earlier years great spiritual torment from "a conviction of sin."

The Diarist lived most of his life amongst simple folk, and chronicled the commonplace—but from an original point of view; for he himself was a scholar and a witty man, and—to use an old expression—a "character." He was evidently in demand as a diner-out, though often "with very painful after-feelings" he repented of the feast on the morrow. He has left recollections of Oxford life in the last quarter of the 18th century. He has presented a lurid view of Jamaica; of a white population extravagant and dissolute, living under constant fear of invasions, earthquakes and slave-rebellions, and cruelly treating its negroes. The greater part of the Journal is

the story of a long ministration to the people of Broxbourne and the " populous hamlet " of Hoddesdon. It is clear that he chafed at " the daily round, the common task ; " but it is also clear that his sensitiveness and his volatile temperament, quickly alternating between despondency and hopefulness, would have disqualified him from an active career. He might perhaps have succeeded as an author, for he was master of an easy lucid style, (as appears also in his Sermons), and he had a keen sense of the humorous ; and there are passages in this Journal which for simple unstudied pathos are scarcely to be surpassed. Then he was very well read ; he had always at command a quotation from Homer, Horace, Terence, Ovid, Juvenal, Virgil, or from Shakespeare, Milton, Johnson, Young, Sterne, Addison and Pope. But he regarded learning as only " a handmaid to grace," and condemned " the vanity and insufficiency of " all knowledge that is not sanctified by the Spirit of the " Most High God." Yet he continued to read.

He was undeniably a voluminous writer, but his only published works are two volumes of Sermons which were printed after his death at the request of his parishioners. The Journal itself covers 2,962 pages ; a great deal of it consists of notes for sermons, extracts from books, and rather trivial entries which have here been omitted. He also wrote a Book of Domestic Lamentations, which (as appears from the Journal) recorded not only his matrimonial woes but other matters, such as accounts of his tours and of the flirtations of his German pupils ; of this there were two volumes, the second numbering at least 600 pages. His Journal of Health was concerned with his own and his parishioners' ailments ; it must have

been of some length, for the General Journal quotes p. 849. Then there were his Commonplace Books,—" I " trust my dear children will value, and make use of, " these books." There were also " rough Note Books, " Nos. 1, 2, &c." made of " old letters & wastepaper " economically stitched together," which took the place of the Journal from 1809 to 1814; No. 2 numbered 355 pages. There was a Medical Commonplace Book, which chronicled *inter alia* the progress of local epidemics, and a series of MSS., of which No. 54 contained his " apology or defence " for keeping his coffin in his study.

In envy of his college friend, Thomas Charles of Bala, " the Apostle of North Wales," he depreciated his own life as " a course of laborious trifling." The word " laborious " is certainly justified; for more than forty years, in addition to his teaching and his parish work, he persisted in the habit of literary composition.

All these manuscripts, except the General Journal, have vanished. I regret most the loss of the Book of Domestic Lamentations. Possibly this fell into the hands of his widow.

What was his theory of journalizing, to which he devoted so much of his life? Originally it recommended itself as a religious exercise. To keep a Journal was a part, and an important part, of the method of Methodism. He quotes the Revd. Mr. Hervey's directions for keeping a diary :—" Compile a History of your Heart & Conduct. " Minute down your Sins of Omission. Register those " secret faults to which none but your own conscience is " privy. Often contemplate yourself in this faithful " Mirror." " As my Journal swells," (he writes), " so

" doth the pleasure I feel in keeping one. . . . I don't " know what I should do, were I deny'd pen, ink & " paper ; surely I'd inscribe the mercies of my faithful " God upon the Bark of Trees, and make every Grove a " recorder of his delightful Name." But he mistrusts the pride of his " vile heart," which might be offended were he to represent himself to his readers as the " mystery of iniquity " which he really believed himself to be. " Imagining that my Journal may fall into the " hands of friends, or others, I find within me, in spite " of all I can do, a studious care employ'd, tho' not to " misrepresent the *Truth*, yet to avoid setting it forth " in *glaring* colours." In later years he praises journalizing as a moral and intellectual training. " O ! that I " could persuade all my fellow-mortals to *journalize !* if " they were to begin in earnest, they would be so delighted as to be unable to discontinue. It would in- " sensibly lead their minds into a train of *thinking* " *attentively* ; and, I trust, I may add that it would " conduce to their *acting circumspectly*." Journalizing was also beneficial to posterity : " To how many thousand " volumes have I been indebted for some of the most " useful matter of my discourses, &c ! A very fair " encouragement this to commit to writing, and yet " farther to *print*, any striking impressive thoughts that " may be likely to be for the advantage of those who come " after me." From such passages I have concluded that he did not wish his diaries to perish.

As the years pass, earthly and heavenly topics become more and more commingled. The cares of a parish and a large family, the worries of his school and his ushers, the loss of beloved children, ill-health and growing

infirmities, all find expression. " I have *eaten* and *drunk* " enough," he writes in 1806, " *slept* and *dreamt* enough ; " —and more than enough, alas ! have I played the " fool while *waking*, as well as witnessed the fooleries " of others. I am *satiated*—I am tired." Almost he asks himself,

Cur non ut plenus vitae conviva recedis ?

But as a Christian, he replies, " Heaven forbid that I " should ever be tempted to *quit* or *desert* my post, till " my all-powerful Commander shall be pleased to " release me." In hours of depression the Journal was still a resource and a consolation. The last entry is the expression of a spirit at peace with the world, and ready to quit it.

At Jesus College, Oxford, his friends were of the Town rather than of the Gown. Chief of them was " the " heavenly-minded Mrs. Crutch," whom he pronounced to be " a Prodigy of Grace." Her walk in life was humble—" she was a poor, elderly woman who supported " herself by her daily hard labour in a paper-mill." She knew " more sound Divinity than all the Doctors." If his opinion of her theological attainments had been made public " I should have run a risk of *academical* " *death*, commonly called *expulsion*." Doubtless he had in mind the six students of St. Edmund Hall, who, on a visitation held by Vice-Chancellor Durell, had recently been expelled from the Hall for Methodism and preaching in conventicles, and for holding dangerous views about Justification by Faith. The authorities held that " enthusiasm " and Methodism might lead to madness or infidelity. As to madness, they were right. Who can

read this Oxford Journal, or the Jamaica Journal, without profound pity for the writer's mental misery? The dutiful son and exemplary student reproaches himself as "the Vilest of the Vile," "the most daring Rebel against "Heaven," "a Monster of Iniquity." Truly is he struggling in the Slough of Despond, in "the descent "whither the scum and filth that attend conviction for "sin doth continually run." "Will any laugh," he pathetically asks, "at my recorded distresses? I am sure "no *Christian*, who has experienced any of the like, ever "will."

But probably the Journal reflected too strongly his morbidly religious moods. He was really of a sociable, "clubbable," disposition. If he lived in a solitary way as an undergraduate, it was partly from poverty, partly from indolence. Later passages show that he made friends and mixed with his fellows. Revisiting Oxford he laments, "What an evening did I spend last! I have "too many acquaintances in Oxford. They make me "waste my time, to my sorrow." Clearly that evening had not been spent with the heavenly-minded Mrs. Crutch.

At any rate Dr. Hoare, the Principal of Jesus, had a good opinion of him, and offered him a responsible task. William Jones accepted it, and sailed for Jamaica in Feby. 1778 to become tutor to the sons of the Attorney-General of the Island.

Besides many clever sketches, the Journal contains three finished portraits. The first is of the Diarist himself; the second is of his wife; the third is of Thomas Harrison, Attorney-General of Jamaica. Of Thomas Harrison

the portrait is quite masterly, and obviously life-like. His descendants[1] have reason to be proud of it, for he appears as a very charming gentleman—a wise father, a laborious public-spirited lawyer, of a whimsical humour, considerate, hospitable, affectionate and humane. Though the natures of the two men were opposite as the poles, he saw at once the worth of his boys' tutor, wholly trusted him, would have promoted him, and remained his life-long friend.

In the social life of the 18th Century, whether in London or Jamaica, there was a tone of cynicism and callousness and a standard of recklessness and hard-living. Few made any great pretensions to virtue. That is why Methodism was disliked, for it savoured of hypocrisy—the only vice of which both the Attorney-General and his tutor acquitted the islanders. But this outward hardness was often stoical, a mask worn to conceal emotions and apprehensions. So the eighteenth-century man was apt to break down and give way to his feelings. Fox, Burke & Pitt wept, and wept in public ; Thomas Harrison and William Jones mingled their tears while reading Young's *Night Thoughts* together. Harrison was a man of the world, immersed in business and extravagant ; he could " conceal inward melancholy " under a face of laugh and jollity." But to Jones, the poor Oxford scholar, he soon began to unbosom all his public and domestic cares, his weariness and pessimism, and bitterness of soul. Their relations were based on mutual respect and affection, and were honourable to both. The tutor, it is true, found his patron hard to understand ; but he loved him, and all the more poignant

[1] *See* Appendix C

was his concern for the spiritual welfare of this irreligious man. " But where, oh ! where shall his soul appear, " unless a prior Change takes place, a spiritual renewal, " which he now scornfully derides and esteems Fanaticism ? " . . . . Lord, make me faithful ! Oh ! graciously " prevent his ruin ! " It was not only on his own account that the young Methodist suffered the fears of Hell.

Three years before William Jones' arrival, the gay and dissolute William Hickey, whose Memoirs have been published in recent years, had visited Jamaica, with letters of introduction to the Attorney-General. If the Diarist and the Memoir-writer had met, the former would certainly have dealt " faithfully " in his Journal with the man of pleasure. But on one subject—the barbarities of slavery—they would have agreed, for they were both humane men. Hickey's account of Mr. Fitzherbert Richards' inhuman overseer is as revolting as anything narrated in this Journal. He found the wretch superintending the flogging of a negress, and felled him with the butt-end of a heavy horse whip. There was much that was amiable in William Hickey.

In 1756 Johnson had described Jamaica as " a place of " great wealth and dreadful wickedness, a den of tyrants " and a dungeon of slaves." William Jones called the island " the suburbs of Hell," (adopting a phrase used by Whitefield after a futile attempt to convert the inhabitants). He preferred " bread & water in England to the " most splendid lot Jamaica might be able to boast of." " To my very great satisfaction, on Friday the 28th " (Jany. 1780) " we lost sight of the Island ; & I never " desire to see it any more." It should however be added that, in his later days, he wrote, " I must ever

" distinguish the two years, which I spent in Jamaica, " as the two *happiest* of my life."

He returned to England with experiences which most divinity students lacked. On *The Lady's Adventure* he had handled a musket, ready to repel privateers ; as a private in the Reformado Corps, when a French invasion was threatened, he had donned a " Scarlet Coat and " Cockade," and been drilled by a Sergeant of the 79th Regiment ; he had been secretary to the Chief Justice, himself in those troublous times a Captain of the Troop of Light Horse ; on board *The Leviathan*, in a violent storm he had taken his spell at the winches. Although he had " never tasted the least solid Happiness out of " Religion's path," he had seen something of government and of policy, and of " Life, and polite Life too." Whether the Life was worthy of the epithet, the reader may judge for himself.

About a year after his return to England he married and settled down at Broxbourne in Hertfordshire. There he spent the rest of his life, twenty years as Curate, and twenty years as Vicar, and there he died in 1821. To augment his income, as Curate he kept a school, and as Vicar he continued to take pupils, who were generally foreigners.

Those who travel by the Cambridge road will remember Broxbourne as the first real country village they pass after they leave London. Till quite lately it presented much the same appearance as in William Jones' day ; but within the last few years " development " has begun, and Broxbourne is likely to grow suburban. It is very pleasantly situated with the Lea on the east, and sloping

gently up to Broxbourne woods on the west ; the Church, the Vicarage and the Mill still stand together in a sort of backwater, and are reached from the high road by Mill Lane—the lane down which the Vicar feared that Sheriff's officers might proceed to arrest him, when he had imprudently stood surety for Colonel Rawlins. And already, considerably more than a century ago,[1] we notice in the Journal two classes of inhabitants ; the indigenous—squire, miller, farmers and labourers ; and the immigrants—business men, members of the Stock Exchange and Lloyds', and retired officers and clergymen. The latter class is more numerous now than then. They come and go. Hoddesdon and Broxbourne have seen not a few, who have preferred " flashing and " dashing " (like Colonel Rawlins) to " going on moder- " ately ; " but others have benefited the parish by " a " steady and comfortable warmth," and their families have often become indigenous. The Diarist notes how transitory, even in his time, were most of these private residents.

My former fellow-parishioners—" fellow-worms " as we are called in the Journal—may find an interest in these tales of their predecessors, many of whom are commemorated by familiar tablets on the walls of the Church,—and perhaps also in my notes about them. The old Broxbourne folk do not invariably, in these pages, live up to their epitaphs : sometimes they appear as acting absurdly or meanly—just as some of us may do

[1] The parish then included the greater part of the ancient market-town and " hamlet " of Hoddesdon. In 1843 Hoddesdon was formed into a separate Ecclesiastical district, and the civil parish of Hoddesdon is now an Urban District. In 1800 the population of Broxbourne was 371, and of the hamlet of Hoddesdon 1227. In 1921 the population of Broxbourne Civil Parish was 790, Ecclesiastical Parish 1231, of Hoddesdon Urban District 5410 (now, 1928, reckoned at 6000).

now. But, in general, the parishioners of three and four generations ago were, like their successors, charitable hospitable and sociable. William Jones had many good neighbours. Typical were Dr. Breton, who died of " fatigue & unseasonable exertions " occasioned by organizing the Hoddesdon Ball " from a benevolent wish " to promote Xmas festivities " ; Mr. Lutyens with his " uniformly kind and hospitable attentions " : " the " good family of the Aubers, I cannot bear the thought of losing them " : Mr. Bury, the stockbroker, " assuredly " neither a ' bull ' nor a ' bear ', but a man of princely " spirit " : Governor Law " at whose departure I lost " the best friend I had in the world " : Mrs. William Christie, " may Heaven bless her for her kindness and " liberality ! " Other readers will be more attracted by the idiosyncrasies of the Diarist, his quaintness of phrase, his quarrels and indiscretions, his reluctant collection of tithes and Easter-offerings, the strange *memento mori* he kept in his study, the rash part he took in an election, his matrimonial troubles and platonic attachments, and his constant devotion to his " multitudinous " family.

In 1781 he married Theodosia Jessopp, daughter of Thomas Jessopp, solicitor, of Waltham Abbey. Thomas Jessopp was the son of William Jessopp of Thurnscoe Hall near Doncaster, where his family had been settled since at least the beginning of the 17th century. Thomas came to Waltham Abbey about 1750, and died there in 1804 aged 85, having earned the name of The Honest Lawyer. *Honesti causarum procuratoris nomen et meruit et adeptus est* is graven on his tomb ; William Jones quotes the whole epitaph, which he probably composed. The Jessopps have ever since been associated with the

law, and Thomas Jessopp's great-great-grandson, Mr. Frederick Charles Edenborough Jessopp, *et ipse procurator honestissimus*, still practises it at Waltham Abbey. A grandson of Thomas, John Sympson Jessopp D.L. of Albury Place Cheshunt (1779-1851), was a well-known barrister and for many years leader of the Herts and Essex Sessions. Of John Sympson Jessopp's eleven children the youngest son was Canon Augustus Jessopp D.D. (1823-1914), the learned author of *The Coming of the Friars* and *The Great Pillage*, of whom and of whose fine library at Scarning I have very pleasant recollections; the third daughter married Lieut.-Col. James Forrest Fulton, and was the mother of the late Sir Forrest Fulton, Recorder of London.

Theodosia Jones shared the forensic ability of the Jessopp family. "My dear wife" (writes the Diarist) "is " a lawyer's daughter and possesses a wonderful volubility " of speech, a marvellous power of twisting & twirling " every argument to her own interest. . . . No Old- " Bailey Solicitor, no puzzle-cause throughout the " kingdom, better knows the sublime art." He wonders whether her talent was really hereditary, or "whether " she has by dint of application, or the management of " me, *acquired* the faculty." They were both impulsive. " My temper is alas! too warm & hasty. And my Dosy's " temper is too much like mine in this respect." It is impossible, in editing the Journal, to exclude all mention of matrimonial storms; they are too essential a part of the story. Mrs. Jones left no Diary, but her side of the matter may easily be imagined. Husbands may be a very trying class of men, especially if they are much at home, living secluded and sedentary lives in their "hog-styes"

of studies, and slow to stir out and gather in their vicarial dues. His own verdict is studiously fair. " I with " pleasure acknowledge that my wife, tho' wanting in " mildness & gentleness in her general behaviour to me, " is in every other respect an excellent wife, frugal & " attentive to all her domestic concerns, & a pattern of a " Mother." Their children loved them both. " I " thank Heaven!" said the dying Carly to her mother, " it is I, and not you, that must die! The loss of *you* " would be severely felt." Like many clergymen's wives, Mrs. Jones was Chancellor of the Exchequer to her whole family,—certainly not excluding her husband. When Augustus' finances became involved, " nothing can " prevent his utter ruin but giving up his income to the " management of his Mother." Without this domestic guardian, who was so sensible and economical, and yet had such a hearty relish for simple joys—snuff, cards " bustle," novels and jaunts in post-chaises, the Vicar and his family might possibly have gone down in financial shipwreck. Moreover, she brought up ten or eleven children. And, as old age drew on, there was an *amoris redintegratio*. " My old mate," " my old rib,"—so he came to write of her ; these are surely terms of affection.

Of clergymen we have, in these pages, a well-filled picture-gallery,—Bishop Law whose pronunciation was " broad & countrified " from his having been brought up at Carlisle ; the artful Dr. Crigan, Bishop of Sodor and Man, who won his see by a ruse ; the clergyman who quoted Horace frequently, but was never heard " to " apply a single passage from St. Paul or St. Peter " ; the " ordained miscreant " of Jamaica, " travelling in the

" face of day with his sable favorite ; " " Dr. Cooke of " our College " (the Methodist Bishop Coke) " who has " joined Mr. Wesley's connections, he seemed to ape Mr. " John in the mode of wearing his hair ; " the Revd. Mr. Lagden, Vicar of Ware, whose elocution improved so greatly when his Bishop came to hold a confirmation ; the curate of Nazing, alarming Mrs. Jones by his " vora- " cious North-country appetite " ; Mr. Millar, the Vicar of Harlow, " a mild honest man, often seen arm-in-arm " with the Dissenting Minister ; " and many another. But the most vivid portrait is of the Vicar of Broxbourne himself. He is as vivid and real as Parson Adams, or as the Vicar of Wakefield, (with whose son Moses, after an absurd adventure, he compares himself). Hasty and sensitive, a scholar and sometimes impatient of his unlearned neighbours, he is a little prone to take offence where none is intended. But he is just and generous, the champion of the poor, a scorner of Pharisees, faithful to his principles, with a manly temper and a loving heart. In this Journal he lives again, whether sitting in his strangely-furnished study with " unbuttoned knees " (like a greater sage) and four books open at once " skim- " ming rather than reading " ; or at the funeral feast at *The Bull*, Hoddesdon, with a " set of merry mourners " ; or waving farewell from the Vicarage gate to his wife and the thrifty Beseke, as they drive off to Harlowbush Fair to spend his five-pound note ; or, again, addressing his " simple folk, familiarly and affectionately " from the reading-desk, in the dusk of a winter afternoon " on the " duty of loving, & fearing, & worshipping the good and " gracious God, in spite of wind & weather."

Few parish clergymen are long remembered. They

spend their lives in toil and self-denial, and when they are dead, as Cowper wrote of Berkhampstead Rectory,

" 'Tis now become a history little known
" That once we called the pastoral house our own."

Here is one, who has put on record the whole story of his life, a story —it may be—" rambling & disjointed," but which " exhibits & maintains the integrity of truth."

Since I wrote this Preface (which was many years ago), Mr. Arthur Ponsonby, a great connoisseur of Diaries, has written a chapter on William Jones in his *More English Diaries* (1927), and has given him a high place amongst Diarists. " The personality of the writer, not " the subject matter of the Diary," says Mr. Ponsonby, " is what counts." In other words, subjective diarists are superior to objective. Sincerity also, says Mr. Ponsonby, is a necessary qualification of a good diarist. These tests should be favourable to my great-grandfather, for his mind was original and his thoughts were honestly recorded. Mr. Ponsonby concludes his chapter: " The diary is one of the manuscripts which certainly " ought to receive greater publicity in a printed volume."

O. F. CHRISTIE.
Much Hadham,
28th December, 1928.

NOTE.

I beg to acknowledge the use I have made, in the editing of this Journal, of three books in particular :

The Dictionary of National Biography.
Cussans' *Hertfordshire.*
J. A. Tregelles' *A History of Hoddesdon.*

O.F.C.

WILLIAM JONES.

Born at Abergavenny . .	18th Nov. 1755
Entered Jesus College, Oxford . . .	1773
In residence at Jesus College . . .	1774-1777
Sailed for Jamaica	Feb. 1778
Joined the Reformado Corps at Jamaica	Aug. 1779
Secretary to Chief Justice Welch .	Sep. 1779
Returned to England . . .	Mar. 1780
Admitted *Communarius* of Jesus College	April 19th 1780
Took his B.A. degree . .	May 25th 1780
Ordained . . .	Trinity Sunday, 1780
Married Theodosia Jessopp . . .	1781
Curate of Broxbourne . .	June 3rd 1781
Vicar of Broxbourne . .	June 4th 1801
Died at Broxbourne . . .	Oct. 12th 1821

PART I OXFORD.

" And as he read, he wept and trembled ; and not being able longer to " contain, he brake out with a lamentable cry, saying, What shall I do ?"— (*The Pilgrim's Progress*).

Oxon. Jan. 27th 1777. Tho' the Vilest of the Vile, the most daring Rebel against Heaven, & unworthy of the least Favor from the Hands of God, yet have the mercies of my ever-living, ever-loving Benefactor embraced me on all sides e'er since I have had existence. When Bodily or Ghostly Enemies have plotted against me, my gracious Protector has espoused my cause & encompassed me about with Songs of Deliverance. With the lowest Self-abasement wou'd I confess my Unthankfulness, & here raise an Ebenezer, a grateful Acknowledgment that hitherto hath my dear Lord helped me.

May the Spirit of Truth guide my pen !

Jan. 28th. To enumerate the repeated Instances of Loving-Kindness which have crowned every moment of my Life, or to pay the gracious Donor a due Tribute of Praise or Thankfulness for the smallest (if any of them may be called small,) is a Task which I am by no means equal to.—— Eternity will be too scanty to tell forth all the wonders of redeeming Grace & dying Love.

Jan. 29th 1777. When I survey the years antecedent to my Conviction, I see them all black with the unfruitful works of darkness. . . . I am almost at a loss to determine whether the Hours since are more remarkable for the innumerable Mercies of my Heavenly Father, or the

vile, sinful returns of me as an ungrateful, rebellious Son.

Feby 13*th*. 1777. *Thursd. morn*: Designing to begin my journey to Abergavenny, was disappointed; the Coach was gone off. This will suggest a Caution for the future to lie no where except where the Coach sets out from. Satan, with my poor, feeble mind, harassed me sorely. I was not many removes from melancholy. Here I found, & doubt not but I shall always find it the best way to be up with my grand adversary, by making his attempts to render me unhappy a spur to be more instant in prayer.

June 3*rd*. But a little while ago since the Fears of Death laid hold of me, yet through divine forbearance I am still out of Hell. . . . Insensible of danger I walked on years after years in that way which seemed right to my corrupt eyes, & as a very willing slave I did the Drudgery of the hellish Pharaoh with greediness, & must long ago have reaped the wages of my sin in the chambers of eternal Death, had not God graciously preserved me. I am now rouzed to a sense of the dangerous situation every Xtless Soul is in.

Let me enquire the cause of this. 'Tis not in myself: I was *dead* in Trespasses & Sins. The Devil wou'd not, if he cou'd, make me sensible of my undone condition; 'twas his design, no doubt, & it wou'd have been his ambition, to lead me gently forward to remediless ruin. Am I not then as a Brand, pluck'd out of the burnings? a Prey snatch'd out of the terrible Jaws of the mighty one by the Almighty arm of Jehovah? . . . I see myself the vilest of Sinners, the most daring miscreant out of Hell, one who might have been justly mingling my Groans with Devils & damned Spirits as soon as I drew my infant breath. But, blessed be God, this is not all, or it would be

terrible indeed ; I see a glorious door of well-grounded Hope in & through Xt, a Scheme of Salvation planned out by the wisdom & executed by the power of the Tri-une God. . . .

What could at first induce the Almighty to look with pity on me ? I was then, even as now, a polluted Wretch. In me, i.e. in my flesh, has *never* dwelt any good thing. The moving cause must then have originated in His own breast. For the same cause will He perfect the good work He has begun. . . . O my soul ! cast not away the confidence which has so great a recompense of reward.

June 5th. 1777. The World is not so dangerous to the Xtian when it roars & thunders against him, as a Lion ready to devour him; 'tis not so hurtful, I say, in this form, as when it fawns & smiles upon him as a treacherous Dalilah.

July 2nd Even : 8 *o'clock. Oxon.* Numberless trophies of Gratitude ought to be erected to Heaven's distinguishing Favor which has preserved me in the midst of so many dangers & temptations while on my Journey—yet (shocking is the truth !) how heartless have all my Thanksgivings been !—The nearer I approached Oxon, the more was my poor heart infested with discontent & the utmost aversion to staying (tho' for so very short a time as 14 Days) in a place where so many profess to know God, yet openly by their works bely their profession. Only the sight of a few friends, methought, made it tolerable.

Sund : *Morn : Oxon July 13th.* I, a Monster of Iniquity, all unholy & unclean, am not consumed, & why ? the reason must be sought for out of myself ; it is because the God, whose goodness I partake, changes

not. O ! that I may see more & more of my own Filthiness & Vileness & Wretchedness ! may the sight humble me in the dust ! abhorring myself may I fly out of self to the Bosom of my dear Jesus & there be for ever safe ! . . .

Mond : Even : 14th Jul : 1777. *Oxon.* Just returned from seeing a dear, approved soldier of Xt Jesus, who having little more than bread & water (& that not without continual Labour) for her portion here, & an assured Interest in Xt's Kingdom & glory hereafter, has a heart full of Love & Gratitude, & is not ashamed to publish to all around her the Faithfulness of her God, & with her mouth to shew forth His praise.

I, an unworthy wretch, partake, not only of the Necessaries, but of the Comforts of Life, & have a covenant,—God on my side ; yet how ungrateful, how discontented am I !—Perhaps in some future troubles, when those years, (if my life be spared) are come, wherein I expect most pleasure, I may see abundant reason to prize the Happiness of my present Situation.

Saturd : Even : Abergavenny. July 19th. I am not without reason astonished at the Long-suffering of my God ! After all my Indifference, Deadness, Unfaithfulness, & numberless Iniquities, which come not under the cognizance of mortal eye, I am still out of Hell ! . . .

Just returned from Oxon—the same disquieted, murmuring heart still follows me,

Romæ Tibur amo ventosus, Tibure Romam.

'Tis as tho' my Heavenly Father wou'd graciously convince me that every place & situation is alike unsatisfactory without an Enjoyment of His Presence, that at length all my desires might center in Him.

Oct 1st. What an inconsistent animal am I ! How

fickle & changeable are the frames of my mind ! I am the happiest man on earth, & the most miserable wretch dragging on an irksome Life, & all this within the small Compass of a few minutes ! Unaccountably strange Being am I ! Affected with pleasure or pain by the smiles or frowns of Clods of Earth ! These must needs be the artful stratagems of the Devil to draw off my soul from the momentous Concerns of Eternity. Disappoint him, O my God !

My spiritual Communion is proportionally weaken'd, as any earthly Tie becomes closer & stronger. Be divorc'd, O treacherous Heart, from every thing but Heaven, & what bears the Image & Superscription of my Heavenly Father. Why seek my Affections to hover about Objects which have no claim to the Beauty of Holiness ?

" O ! trifling Head, & fickle Heart !
" Chagrin'd at whatsoe'er thou art,
" A Dupe to follies yet untry'd,
" And sick of pleasures scarce enjoy'd,
" Each prize possess'd, thy Transport ceases,
" And in pursuit alone it pleases." . . .

Octr. 17th 1777. Alone within the dismal College-walls, & very discontented. Call to remembrance, O my Soul, the late instances of Loving-kindness shew'd me by my gracious God, in feeding me with his mercies, & protecting a poor, forlorn worm in the midst of the dangers attending my Journey to Oxon. Instead of a devout Tribute of Praise, returns of ingratitude were all I gave Him. What are my thoughts ? Do I not blush, when I consider how heedless & unsteady my conduct has been, & how little I have said for God, when I have had so

many fair opportunities of extolling His Goodness to my poor, inconsiderate fellow-travellers ? What distance does this cause in my soul ! How does it change the Temple of the H : Ghost into a dark, comfortless dungeon !

Oct. 20th. Have been just seeing a poor, stone-blind Creature, an enemy to all vital Religion, who has spat his venom plentifully against many of the Children of God. He has pointed out the whole world as frowning on me, as a follower of the despised Jesus. Praised be free Grace, my Happiness depends not on the empty Breath of corrupt man. . . .

Oct 26th. Have been this morning spoken to by the Principal [1] concerning going over to Jamaica, as a private Tutor to 4 sons of the Attorney-genl. there. My treacherous Heart proud of being under the smiles of so great a man, & flush'd with pleasing Expectations of being thus rais'd above the frowns of the world, is immediately ready to receive the advantageous Proposals. I wou'd now address my soul in the language of Jeremiah, " Seekest thou great things for thyself ? " Seek them not. I am startled when I consider the many Inconveniencies attending it. . . . What if an exalted situation should make my Head dizzy & my soul, which at present finds real satisfaction in the pleasant ways of Religion, be intoxicated by the vain Pleasures of the world ? An Indifference to the Cause & Honor of God wou'd inevitably follow & a Loss of the present sweets of Salvation.

[1] Joseph Hoare (1709-1802) son of Joseph Hoare of Cardiff, Fellow of Jesus 1734-62, Vice-Principal 1768, Principal 1768, died from the bite of a cat. He was the first married Principal of Jesus College ; (*see* entry of August 3rd, 1814.)

Oct 28th. 1777. *Tuesd : even.* Have this afternoon spent a few hours to my no small satisfaction with the heavenly-minded Mrs. Crutch. Nothing makes me so much out of conceit of, & so causes me to detest, that unanimated Stuff, known by the name of Head-knowledge, as conversing with a person of her sort, whose Experience & Knowledge go hand in hand. How admirable is her habitual Frame of Mind ! Her heart is almost (I had almost said altogether) swallowed up in the Love of God. She walks in that well-nigh forsaken Path of humble Dependence on her God & chearful Resignation to His Will, nor deems it legal to water her path with the Tears of Evangelical Sorrow. The happiest state is when she is nothing, & Xt is all. Her whole Delight is in conversing about the things of God ; indeed her knowledge as well as converse about worldly things is very circumscribed. Whoever wou'd walk together with her must savor spiritual Things. In short, without the least fear of exaggerating, I dare pronounce her, according to the fashionable Religion of the present day, a " Prodigy of Grace." O ! that I were in the house of some dull Abergavenny Professor that I might, thro' a divine blessing, fire his or her cold Heart with the Image of this dear, poor, rich, & everlastingly blessed Saint of God ! The very thought of her warms my very soul ! I had almost forgot, with innumerable other particulars, an Attainment which few Xtians have arrived at—that of Loving, & breathing out her Soul in prayer for, the vilest Blasphemers of her God, while she abhors their sin & with faithfulness reproves it. Of all Xtians (not within the scanty Circle of Observation alone) she retains the most lively counterpart of the Image of God.

Methinks every part of the Xtian world, who are deprived of her Acquaintance, lost a no Small Body of Experimental Divinity. Her present Situation seems to be chosen by kind Providence in order to water the dry studies of the Divinity-sprigs planted in Oxford's unkindly soil. What a Loss will they sustain when God takes her home ! She really knows more sound Divinity than all the Doctors & $\frac{19}{20}$ of the rest who wear the Gown.

Oct 29. 1777. It is obvious to every considering Person how many the Temptations & Snares which poor Xtians avoid & which the rich fall into. How their situation conduces to more uninterrupted Communion with God ! They abound most in spiritual, i.e. truest Riches. . . . Their's are the Cattle on a Thousand Hills, for they are not only Brothers, but Joint-heirs of the Lord of the Manor of the whole world. Spurn them not, Ye fat Bulls of Basan ! Despise such at your peril, Ye self-deceiving, bigoted Professors. . . .

Is it presumption to assure my soul that He will undoubtedly provide for my safety ? By no means. There is a sure word of promise which I will plead, & which, I am sure, He will never deny the Fulfilment of. (Psalm 32. 8).

PART II JAMAICA.

" *Envy*. And in particular, I heard him once myself affirm, that
" Christianity & the customs of our town of Vanity were dia-
" metrically opposite, & could not be reconciled. By which
" saying, my lord, he doth at once not only condemn all our laudable
" doings, but us in the doing of them." (*The Pilgrim's Progress*).

March 7th 1778. *Sat. morn.* 6 *o'clock. On Board The Lady's Adventure.* (*Capt. James Cooper*). Through what a Variety of Scenes have I passed since I left Abergavenny in Decr. 1777 ! What account can I this moment give of all the precious Hours I have been favored with, if now summon'd to the Tribunal of Heaven ? Have I laid them out to the best advantage ? nay, have I dispos'd of them as well as I might, or as Opportunity offer'd ? Am well persuaded of the Truth of this, that Fear & Trembling would seize me, & Shame & Confusion of Face be my portion, did my well-being depend on the advantageous use of my Time. When I would call to remembrance the past, I behold the moments so few, which are not deeply stained with sinful folly, that my unwilling Mind, as tho' affrighted at the Prospect, starts back from Reflection's heavy Task. While my pen moves, my very heart aches. I lothe myself. I am unhappily forced to use the Psalmist's language, in a spiritual sense, I confess that I have wounds which " stink, & are corrupt, through my foolishness." Is my mind disgusted at the present gloomy subject ? Let the infinitely, inexpressibly great Mercy, & Loving-kindness of my God employ all its Attention. Dwell, dwell on this, with rapture, untill thy clay-prison be dissolv'd.

Sund : March 8th. 1778. A sinner against Heaven, yet still unconsum'd ; a rebel against a most beneficent God & Saviour, yet spared. Earth, as well as Heaven, would stand amazed, did they but know how frequently & loudly my Transgressions have called for Vengeance on my guilty head.

Wedn. 11th. While I write, my poor Tabernacle is racked with pain. My Flesh & Bones are entirely a prey to Disorder. Thy will, O Lord, be done. To submit resignedly is *mine*. Be Thou & Thy strength my sufficiency, & all shall be well ! . . . .

Thursd. 12th. Bodily Pains & Lowness of Spirits have filled up most of this day. I actually thought Death not afar off ; &, when I looked out at the quarter Gallery, how did the view of the vast Ocean strike me, not knowing how soon it might be my grave !

Frid. 13th. In the Evening a man on the yard-arm, upon the look-out for land, espy'd a strange sail a-head of us. We chased her, & found her to be a large Brigg, an American Privateer, who immediately crowded all her sail, & made off, with all possible expedition, intimidated at the appearance of 6 vessels in Company. Night put an end to our pursuit, & the Capt., who expected she might perhaps dog us that night, & make an attempt on us early in the morning, ordered all the guns to be clear'd, & prepared to give her a warm reception. His several men & all the steerage passengers had their stations allotted to different guns. The Cabin-passengers were exempt from the fatigue of helping to man the Larger Instruments of Death. The handling of musquets upon deck consequently fell to our share. For none, except the Ladies, & young ones, who were to remain,

during the Engagement, in the Gun-room, were suffered to be unemployed. All that I have time now to note, tonight, is that I was somewhat struck at these warlike preparations, & at the no small probability of finding some falling at my right hand or left, if this were not my own lot ere all were over ; or left at the mercy of unprincipled villains.

Sat : 14*th*, 1778. My pain did not forsake me in the morning ; but gradually decreased, the nearer we approach'd Land. Our Captn. espy'd it, when 9 leagues off. How grateful was the sight after being accustom'd so long to the *sameness* of sea & sky ! As we sail'd along the Borders of the Island, (Barbadoes), the appearance was beautiful. Here an Eminence, & there a vale ; interspers'd with trees of the most pleasing green, & the most agreeably situated Dwellings, detain'd our Eyes.

Sund. 15*th*. After trifling away great part of the morning, in preparation, I accompany'd the Capt. & two passengers ashore, eager to learn more of the Country, & its inhabitants. How was I amaz'd at the sight of such herds of tawny, sooty Beings, who crowded every street, their bodies little less than naked ! 'Twas their market day ; & each, tho' in other matters of eternal Moment like the brute beast, seem'd expert at disposing of the several small commodities, to the best advantage ; & scrupled not to over-reach the ignorant, unwary purchaser. They throng'd the streets, some in particular, on either side, & offended the stranger's ear with their barbarous negro-talk. In descriptions of this sort, there is so much of filthy, &c, which would shock the modesty of any one possess'd of a spark, that I know not what to mention, or what to omit. In short, whether I look'd to

the right or left, not the least trace of Religion appear'd. There was nothing which distinguish'd the Lord's day from any other.

Where I din'd, what vile Conversation went forward ! One wou'd imagine the West Indians strove for the mastery in no one thing so much as that of execrable *Oaths* ; obscene, filthy Language, & a *total* Disregard of the Author of their every Mercy. I cannot, to my shame, acquit myself of Levity & Thoughtlessness of Conduct. What have I advanced in Defence of the Cause of God ? How small the perceivable Difference between them & me !

The Negroes are remark'd to be exceeding fond of Dancing, &c ; to such & other Amusements they devote great part of the Sabbath. Upon looking out of the Window I saw many of them assembled together, & kicking up their heels, with many immodest gestures, to the rude noise of 2 or 3 despicable Instruments. In the Evening I saw the procession of a Negro-funeral, the particulars of which I cou'd not learn, on account of our Distance.

We returned to the Ship & supped : what Conversation employed our hours ! How unsuitable to the Solemnity of a Sabbath ! Thou, Lord, alone hast power to continue my spiritual Life, & preserve it from the Contagion of such reigning Examples. . . . Woe is me ! that I dwell in Mesech & have my habitations in the Tents of Kedar !

Mond. 16*th*, 1778. Went ashore after Breakfast with my little Boys. Din'd at a Tavern. Was not a little hurt at my pupils having such indecent Objects exposed to their view. When I consider the unavoidable Necessity

they will lie under of being conversant with the Negroes, I imagine the present plan of Education will not succeed. All that I wish on this occasion is, that God may find out some way of returning me to a *civilized*, Xtian Country; where I may with pleasure enjoy the Conversation of God's dear Children.

I lay at Barbadoes, poorly accommodated as to bed, tho' it cost a dollar a night.

Tuesd. 17*th*, 1778. Cards, Dancing, & some other Amusements, which my Conscience wou'd by no means dispense with, Grace has enabled me to abstain from. But have I frankly declared that my Aversion from these arose, from a view of their sinfulness? Very seldom. This wou'd immediately affix on any one the stigma of *Methodist*, one who has a Devil. This wou'd ne'er be borne. This wou'd call down on you the Hatred of all around you. For any other cause, except that of Religion, they will more readily pass it by.

Wedn. 18*th*. Went ashore to Bridge Town. Heard that a raw, young Clergyman (a disgrace to what is called the Cloth) who had distinguish'd himself among the giddy Dancers of the last night, & afforded matter of Amusement or Disgust to all around him, was seiz'd with a dangerous Fever, attended with strong convulsions, &c. Dreadful Situation of such an one, whose narrow Views are confin'd to this World! . . . .

Sund. 22*nd*. The Company of a Lady, who had two young daughters under her care, alone reconciled me to go ashore. Almost every part of this Lady's character was admirable. Her Prudence & Œconomy, as the mistress of a family, tho' she had not seen many years, cou'd scarce be exceeded by any. She no less distinguish'd

herself for her Sweetness & Evenness of Temper and her deportment on board. How much a greater blessing wou'd such an one be than the flaunting, unthinking *Butterflies* who scarce deserve to be rank'd among the human Species. Their Improvidence, & Inexperience, wou'd necessarily put any husband, if a man of sense, to the Expense of frequent blushes & much uneasiness. I am sure, to the best of my remembrance, I never heard anything sensible or other than irreligious or profane drop from their lips. If these pages shou'd chance to fall into the hands of any, they may be tempted to think I have exceeded the bounds of Truth ; yet I can assure them that there was very little danger of exaggerating the Matter of Fact.

Mond. 23*rd*, 1778. I shou'd not wonder that any one wou'd term the West-Indies " the Suburbs of Hell," or " the Devil's Seat." As to myself, innumerable are the Sins & Follies which stain my Life.

Sund. 29*th*. Attempted today to read a discourse (as usual on every Sabbath-day) but shou'd have found it difficult to muster up two or three hearers, besides my young ones. The rest had either fallen asleep, or deserted the Cabin, from a dislike of what was going forward. One of the greatest pleasures I enjoy is that I have little boys, under my care, as well disposed as any can be expected, whose hearts Grace has not subdued.

Mond. 30*th*. Imagining that my *Journal* may fall into the hands of my friends, or others, I find within me, in spite of all I can do, a studious care employ'd, tho' not to misrepresent the Truth, yet to avoid setting it forth in *glaring* colours. For this would offend the pride of my vile heart, which whispers me frequently, " Take

" care men may not gather reason, from what you say, " to suppose you stain'd with those sins which are the " highest disgrace to human nature, such that you or " the rest of mankind could never think of committing, " & thus all shun your society & detest your presence." I would observe here, that no natural man would (at least I did not, when in that state), imagine that so much sin could really exist in one born of God. When first rouz'd from my sinful security, I *vainly* cherish'd a hope that, a short time, & iniquity should lose its being. This is, I find, not a singular case. But, oh ! what a mystery of Iniquity has been opened to me, *viler*, & yet *viler*, have I had cause to see myself, on every returning day. The remembrance is enough to shock a heart of stone.

Fri. April 3rd, 1778. Saw, at a great distance, St. John Porte Rico.

Sund. 5th. The most agreeable human Companion I have is a Lady, I have mention'd in a former paper, who is, in every point of view, except that of Religion, very amiable. She is a well-informed *Moralist.* Her mind is stored with numberless prudential Maxims. She does not approve of whom the World call " the over-righteous." Her Religion is of the *easy*, *fashionable* kind. Cards, Dancing, & other *innocent Amusements*, she & the rest of the most genteel Scotch professors, as she inform'd me, approv'd of. Her father, who was a Presbyterian Minister, as she gave me to understand, entertain'd the same sentiments. She said she believed her Father & the rest of the most enlighten'd Preachers of the Kirk of Scotland had discarded Calvinistic Tenets. I had frequent Conversations with her, on serious subjects, & learnt that her Father always maintain'd in his Family

the greatest reverence of the Lord's Day. She had known a time when, after the death of a darling young daughter, she had lost all relish for the aforemention'd trifling Amusements, to which she has since returned.

Mond 6th, 1778. After the folly of the day was over, & Sabbath-breaking &c. was countenanc'd openly, by the Capt. & others, in opposition to whatever might be advanc'd on the contrary by Mrs. Innes & myself, a scene of riot & confusion took place. Here I cannot justly excuse myself from being, in part, a partaker with them in their sin. A pitiful wretch, who might, according to his ordinary appearance, be deem'd at death's door, having his spirits elevated with what they call a face glass, by the madness of his Behaviour debased himself beneath, far beneath, the rank of a Brute. Besides destroying the mercies of God, he employ'd his tongue in belching forth the most horridly profane Execrations. His Oaths even shock'd those, who, on the most trifling Occasions, scruple not to use the most sacred Titles of the Deity as mere expletives in their discourse. Religion escaped not the Censure of his impious Tongue. . . .

April 10th 1778. Arrived at Jamaica—What a large portion of my time has fallen a sacrifice to, I hardly know what except, *Impertinence* & *Nonsense* !

May 2nd. I have heard it observ'd as a fault of the white Inhabitants of the West Indies that, instead of correcting the rude speech of the Negroes & better informing them, they descend so low as to join them in their Gibberish, & by insensible degrees almost acquire the same habit of thinking & speaking. Does not the same happen likewise in the spiritual World ? I need go no further than myself for an Example of this. . . .

Heard tonight of an old Grandame, laden with Infirmities & Years, whose only complaint is " that the " Chalk-Stones (as they call them) in her fingers will not " permit her to hold conveniently a hand of Cards." Strange stupidity ! that those within a hair-breadth of the Grave can thus sport & trifle with their Ruin.

May 3rd, 1778. Dined with a young Clergyman & an intimate Acquaintance of his called a Doctor. This poor man poured out many blasphemous speeches against God, & his Commandments, & Worship, & asked me, when I told him the horrid Violation of the Sabbath was forbidden by God, whether I did not know that His Injunctions were rigorous & unreasonable. He & the parson told me that use wou'd soon reconcile me to these things, viz. the profanation of the Sabbath, &c., &c, whose strangeness at first shocked me.

I frequently observed in Barbadoes, & the same here, how the Negro-slaves sang as they pursu'd their painful Labour, as tho' their breasts were entirely free from every Tumult which Discontent raises. They had been slaves beyond their Remembrance, many of them born so : they priz'd not Liberty, because insensible of it's sweets.

May 4th. This day I had a near view of an unbaptiz'd Negro's funeral. My mind was hurried & thoughts confus'd, I know not how, when the disagreeable noisy outcries of those who preceded, & those who followed, assaulted my Ears. Male & Female, old & young, united their voices & hand-rattles to raise a hideous Howl. One wou'd imagine they accompanied Provision for a Feast, rather than a Corpse. Every appearance of Grief was banish'd. I am inform'd that for this purpose they call in the aid of Rum, Brandy, & other Spirits. Their

custom is, after the Procession about the streets be ended, to get drunk & dance all night in the house where the dead is laid, before they interr the body. Saw likewise the Burial of one who had been Xtianizd. This Corps was followed with apparent Solemnity & silent Grief.

May 5th, 1778. . . . If, as a faithful Messenger of God, I declare openly the Truth, who can tell but the Lord may happily direct to some of their hearts an arrow of seasonable Admonition or Reproof? Are they all affronted at my Faithfulness? 'tis not my part to mind it: 'twill yield me far more comfort & satisfaction than a reverse of Behaviour, even tho' they remain insensible of my good Intentions, till too late. Will they not, if unwarned & dying in impenitence, attribute their Destruction to my Cruelty & Unfaithfulness?

May 6th. The Condition of the Negroes is in some respects more deplorable than that of the Whites, yet in none more unsafe. Last night asked a few questions of a Negro-boy about 10 years old, who waited on me: 1st, whether he ever went to prayers? He reply'd, "No." He never knew how, nor ever had been "taught." 2nd, whether he ever had heard of God, Heaven, or Hell? He was a long time before he made any other answer than "No." He did not understand what I had asked him. At length he told me that "Dod" (as he called him) "was live Top," (pointing with his finger upwards). Upon my Enquiry, "where he imagin'd all the Negroes "went after Death?" he said in his barbarous speech; "dey fly up Top." This he suppos'd was the End of all whites & Blacks, except "those *Bokrahs* (White Men) who *fum* (beat) Negers too bad." "Dey be boil in de "Copper!" These were nearly his words. This

punishment was the most excruciating he could conceive. I told him the way he shou'd pray was to ask God to keep him from the punishment he mention'd, & take him " a " Top," for I assured him he shou'd not go there, unless he was a Good Boy. . . .

Instead of encouraging their Attendances on public worship, those Negroes, Mulattoes, &c, who are free, & frequently come to Church, are look'd upon & talk'd of with such Contempt & Disrespect, as if it were a place never design'd for them, & all are desirous of seats as distant as possible from them. My opinion is that, with equal Advantages of Information, many wou'd outshine, none scarcely but wou'd equal, those Creatures who despise them in any Line of Life whatever. In their present rude state they are admirably shrewd & sensible in every thing they think concerns them. Many of them are ingenious Artists, & all are confessedly endu'd with the nicest Ears for Music. There is something very sprightly & cheerful in their own invented Tunes.

8th May. 1778. O! sinful, ill-judg'd Complaisance, to what Follies dost thou betray a weak Simpleton! This & a fear of displeasing some Ladies, urged me to the public Supper, &c, &c, last night. That I were always as cautious of My Behaviour before God as I am before Man! . . .

May 9th. Felt very disagreeably this morning, when, from the words our Ladies seemed to mean as an indirect address to me, I collected that I had displeas'd them, by not repeating out of Complaisance my former Folly. Let me, in spite of what any may think or say, be henceforth more tender of the Displeasure of God, & less of that of Man.

Mr. Harrison's Attention to the Agreeableness of my Situation is very great. Yesterday he told me I shou'd go to England with some of his sons, & be ordain'd. That he had no doubt of obtaining me a Living, & that the Admiral of the station, Sir Pet : Parker [1], wou'd on the least request grant him a Chaplainship to one of his Majesty's ships for me. My heart was not, as might be expected from its frequent solicitude about temporals, much elated on hearing this. A comfortable Situation seems unattainable while I am excluded from all Society except where Profligancy & Dissipation reign. . . .

May 16th. 1778. What snares have I been betrayed into on account of my passion for Music ! How frequently has profane Nonsense, varnish'd over with the bewitching Charms of sound stolen upon my Thoughts & even broke out of my Lips in my private Retirement !

Sund. May 17th. There is at present on a visit here a young Man of most decent manners, & very friendly to Religion. His strength of natural & acquired parts is to a degree surprizing. He may almost be call'd a literary Enthusiast. When I heard him yesterday at dinner make many striking Reflections, & by pertinent Citations display an intimate Acquaintance with the subject matter of Scripture at least, I felt a great desire to enjoy Conversation with him in privacy. This morning taking a ride with him I found he was not unacquainted with those despicable Names, Whitefield, Harvey, &c. . . . When I asked him his Opinion of Sterne's Sermons, admir'd by many, & retail'd, to my certain Knowledge,

(1) Sir Peter Parker (1721-1811), Admiral of the Fleet, son of Rear-Admiral Christopher Parker. In 1777 he was appointed Commander-in-Chief at Jamaica. He was made a Baronet in 1782 after bringing to England the captured de Grasse. He married Margaret, daughter of Walter Nugent. Sir Peter Parker was a patron of the young Nelson. (*D.N.B.*)

by some Clergymen from the Pulpit, he answer'd tho' as Essays they might amuse, yet were they improperly call'd Sermons, or it was converting the Pulpit into a Merry Andrew's Booth.

May 19th. 1778. If upheld in life, many Advantages will be found to accrue from my present Situation. At Mr. Harrison's most useful literary Topics are discussed, & his own Conversation is by no means uninstructive & his Turn of mind most communicative. I am not a little informed by informing my young Charge. A well-chosen Collection of valuable Books on most subjects Mr. Harrison's Library affords, which I enjoy an unrestrain'd use of. I am generally considered an *all but* ordain'd Clergyman. This takes away what otherwise wou'd appear an Oddity, particularly in a young person, viz. that of studying Divinity.

May 20th. What wou'd I not part with for ever so momentary an interview with some of my very dear Abergavenny Xtian Confidants ? How wou'd I in the first place hasten to declare to them the tender, fatherly dealings of God with my Soul ! What Amazement fills my Breast that I am now out of Eternal Flames ! that I am now alive in the best sense, that I do not barely live, but rivers of Joy & Peace fill my Soul !

May 22nd. Pursuing my accustomed Exercise of Riding about a week ago, through my want of Care, & the too great speed of my Horse, we both came with considerable force tumbling on the Ground, but, because the Supreme has given his Angels charge, &c, &c, we escaped without any considerable Hurt. A morning or two after this I was led to consider the Use of this Fall, & soon found that it had taught me to take more heed to

my ways, & that I rode with more steadiness, *lest a worse thing should befal me.*

Let me as a Xtian ever make Spiritual Application of it !

May 23rd. 1778. . . . But why, I may be asked, take so you little notice of the pious & virtuous & animadvert so largely on the Misconduct & Folly of the profane ? The reason is at hand ; because the former is truly *rara avis* ; but the Land swarms with the latter. Where I have yet found one tolerably decent, I have never fail'd of the unhappiness of meeting with a score horridly impious. 'Twas from an aversion to cast a blot on the fairest & most engaging person I have convers'd with since my arrival that I omitted the mention of his disapproving of the most amiable of Xtians, Dr. Watts, Mr. Harvey, &c, on account of what he call'd their *Cant.*

May 23rd. As I rode out this morning with Mrs.—— I represented to her, as they struck me, many disagreeable Circumstances which unavoidably attended a residence in this Country, & which must particularly subject it to the Odium of the Ladies. For 'tis an undeniable Truth that the obscene objects, which seldom fail to meet the Eye of the least observant, will hurt their Modesty if possess'd of any ; & really I had frequently felt very much in behalf of Ladies with whom I have been travelling in the Country, when the sight of almost stark-naked Negroes have presented themselves. The Females, I believe, are more filthily negligent in this particular than the Males. . . . How must such sights affront the least spark of Delicacy !

While I censured these Indecencies, the Lady reply'd, that however some who had never been off the Island

might see nothing strange in all this, that tho' she did not give herself all the airs of other Ladies, who wou'd say, " They wou'd not bear to live here," yet she detested it in her heart as much as any.

This Lady confirmed me in the account I had before received from Mr.—— that there is a whole parish without a married Man. She has an intimate Acquaintance, a married Lady, in another parish, where through the whole is not to be found above one more married Couple.

In the course of Confab. Mr.—— lately had occasion to mention the name of a deceased Gentleman. He was, said he, a very sensible person, but (I believe) oppress'd with Melancholy (not unusual, I find, to persons in declining life), he entirely devoted the Close of it to " Wine & Negresses." O wretched End ! O deadly Pleasure ! do all thy flattering Promises find this Doleful Period ?

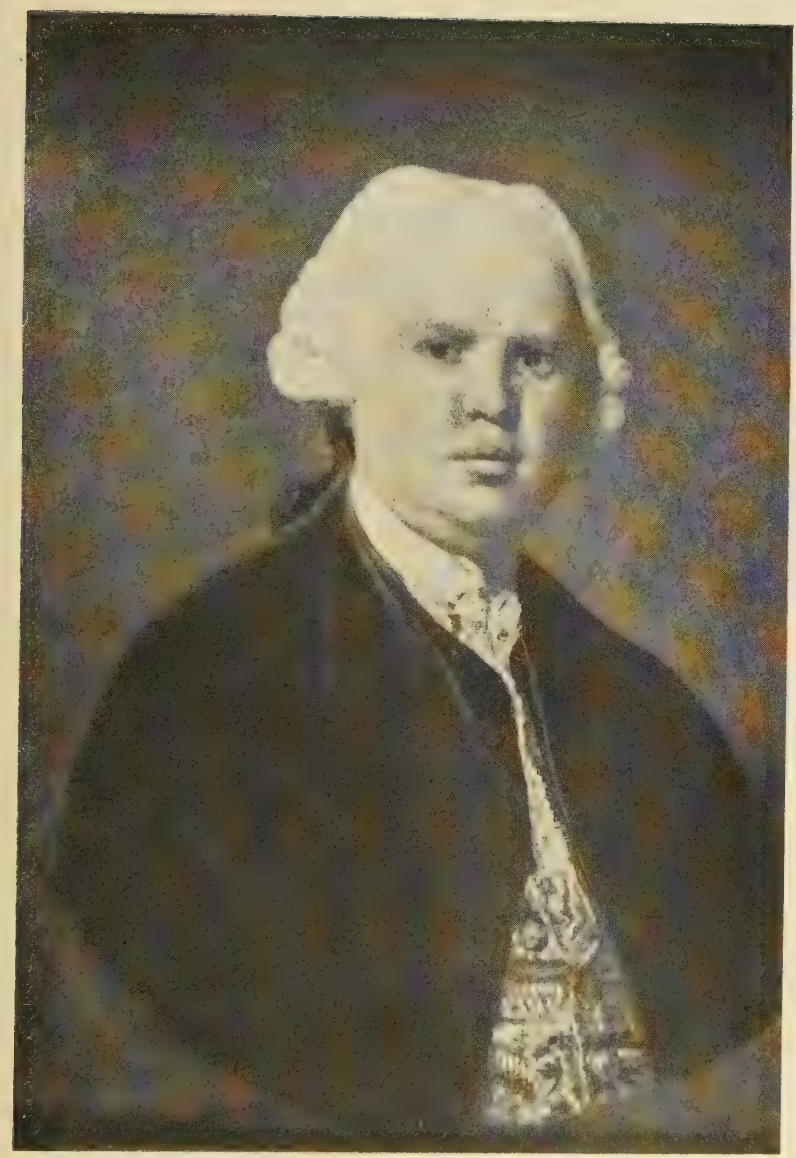
May 25th. 1778. 'Tis the prevalent Custom of the Country to live up to or beyond their Income, be it what it may. Those of my Acquaintance, whose profession brings them in 3, 4, or 500£ pr. annum, easily compass it by anything of a splendid way of Life, figuring off with a gilt Carriage or more, with other " necessary " Appendages, frequenting places of public Entertainment, Building or the like. Expence is scarcely considered as an Object by any.

May 25th. In order to form a true Estimate of this World's Happiness, I will endeavour to sketch out the Traits of Mr.——'s Character & Circumstances. He has, (for I will not omit to give the precedency to the prime of earthly blessings), a very amiable obliging Lady, a partner of his bed ; she has borne him 3 promising girls, pledges

of their mutual Loves.[1] Four very docile, sensible Boys has he by a former Wife. But you are ready to tell me, "What avail a numerous Family without the Addition "of a necessary something? To be short, has he "Affluence?" To my certain Knowledge, as I have rec'd it from his own mouth in our private Conferences, what with his Effects in England & what with those here, he is possess'd of 26,000£. His Profession brings him in at least 5 or 6,000£ yearly. They live in a very genteel style, & see a great deal of Company. I've collected from his words that the annual Expences of his House are above 3,000£. He has what he himself esteems very flattering Prospects. Has had the happiness to live on the best terms with every Governor since his arrival, & is at present so much in the good graces of the Island in general, that scarce any favour he might sue for wou'd be thought too great. He is a person of a sprightly, good-natur'd turn, the most respectable well-inform'd member of the Law in this Country without exception. I frequently see in him what attracts my Love, tho' there appears more frequently what grieves & disgusts me. The Man of the World wou'd not hesitate to pronounce him "the Happy Man," & I make no doubt but he is an object of Envy to many.

But I know there is in the mind of every Mortal a continual Absence of Rest, & when the highest summit of his desires be obtained, he still wishes for something which he imagines essential to his Happiness. Unknown to those who so readily call Mr.—— happy, are his almost-incessant Heart-aches & numberless Disquietudes, which, like a canker-worm, gnaw his mind, & ruin his peace. A

(1) There were also two sons by the marriage. (*See* Appendix C).



THOMAS HARRISON
Attorney-General and Advocate-General of Jamaica

Facing page 24.

father's, a tender father's Cares must first be known, ere we can form an Idea how oft his rest is interrupted by Apprehensions & Fears for his rising Offspring, how he may most advantageously enter them in Life. If we add to this the hours, the days his Calling engrosses, 'twill be found that the suspensions of his disquietude are very infrequent & no less short. And how are these procur'd ? they are no other than artificial Opiates. They are moments spent in bursts of Laughter, Hurry & Noise, in Wine, the profane Song or obscene Jest. . . . .

How has my Heart pitied him, while I beheld him busily planning out, or executing, cobweb-schemes of Happiness to come, his Thoughts harrass'd with Family Cares, which, more or less, attend the most prosperous state ; with Building, Alterations, etc, & an endless List of Trifles,—scarce has he a moment which he can call his own ! . . . . . .

But where, oh ! where shall his soul appear, unless a prior Change take place, a Spiritual renewal, which he now Scornfully derides & esteems Fanaticism ? It must —shall I mention it ? cou'd he hear it without horror ? scarce can I think of it without shuddering—it undoubtedly must yell forth in *Eternity* with the hellish Legions. Will the day of final Audit be a day of Joy to such ?

But will he not, if thus unhappy, & if I continue unfaithful, in loudest shrieks of Horror endeavour to accuse me of the cruel barbarous part I have acted towards him ? Lord, make me faithful. Answer those prayers in his behalf, the prayers which come not out of feigned Lips ! Oh ! graciously prevent his ruin !

May 28th, 1778. A Creole Gentle—I shou'd have said Savage—man told me, " that he believed the Negroes to

" be no more than overgrown Apes, & that a man could " not hurt them, except he killed them." Whether this person was, as he wished to appear, or no, I positively believe the Island is curs'd with those who abstain from killing an offending Negro upon the same principles that they do not choose to kill a Horse or an Ass, because they cost them so much money !

I was told, at Barbadoes, that if any murder'd a Negro, if his own, he naturally lost so much of his property ; if another's, he paid the Owner the value—And to all this nothing was added except a trifling fine of 25£. This was the case in the 1st instance ; whether the 2nd was of more serious consequence, I don't remember.

May 29th. 1778 (*A Christening*). . . . The Feast was in honor of young Miss, & after dinner " a young Xtian " was toasted. Great plenty of what is usual on such occasions. Calumny, Obscenity & Profaneness. They make a point to " roast " the parson. Was shock'd to hear a Gentleman near me say, " He had seen & heard " favorable Descriptions of Heaven, but, as for his part, " he never desired to go there."

May 30th Sat. A set of Negroes exist incog : upon one Estate & the other under the name of Obeo-men, a name as much revered & dreaded by the Negroes as is the Devil's, or perhaps more. These people pretend to Conjuration & Witchcraft, & by their craft seduce the credulous & chouse them out of much of their weekly Allowance. They hang on the branches of Trees by the roadside obeo-marks, Bottles, &c, which, if, when riding out, you desire your servant to break, he will sooner suffer Death, than attempt to obey you. . . . But this sort of men live in the strictest secrecy ; so soon as

discover'd, they are without delay hang'd up. It is incredible how uneasy & miserable they make the minds of the poor Negroes on the subject of their slavery. They by these means have most commonly instigated them to take up rebellious arms.

June 4th. 1778. Opium is greatly used in this Island, & in high Esteem among the sons of sorrow to remove their Melancholy & solace their Cares. Heard a person mentioned who always spent ¾ths of his patrimony on *crude Opium.*

There is a Gentleman now on the point of dying, who has been very industrious in destroying by this & every other mean an extraordinary Constitution. No one so sanguine as to expect or look for his recovery. A Lady, prematurely old, has been languishing for 5 or 6 months in the greatest distress. Her liquorish mouth, opium, & spirits, have reduced her from the Bloom of Youth & Health to a frightful, haggard Skeleton. All, upon Enquiry, I have heard her nearest Friends say, is, " She " is very low, the sight of her distresses me more & more " every time I visit her. Shou'd think it a mercy if she were taken out of her present misery, " not considering the dread hereafter which awaits her.

I spoke of the Slavery of the Negroes. 'Tis my real opinion that they are the happiest, most contented Inhabitants the Island can boast of. . . . . Their Life is far happier than any Laboring Man's in England. After their return from daily Labour they have no Wife, no numerous Family stunning their Ears with the pressing Calls of Want.[1] They are strangers to all Cares of this

(1) William Jones was destined himself to listen to these " pressing Calls." (*See* the entry of April 4th, 1797).

kind. Their Children, as soon as they are born, are taken care of. If they are really sick or hurt by any mishap, no Concern is wanting; when they are absent from the field, &c, on account of having been drunk, which is sometimes the case, a large Blister is applied to their backs, or a very strong dose of Jalap given to them.

June 4th. 1778, *Thursd*: In my yesterday morning's ride I met a Negro-man belonging to our house. With some difficulty I detained him, while from my horse I asked him a few of the most simple questions. He said, " he knew " nothing "—&, like many poor white fools, thought that a sufficient plea for his continuance in Ignorance. He complimented me, as is usual, with—" you got de book " —" you know all." He told me, as have all I have ever conversed with, that God Almighty " lived up a top," he had very casual ideas of him, that he was, like some of us, a man; I asked him who lived (pointing downward) in the bottom. Instead of saying, as I expected he wou'd, " The Devil "—he replied, he supposed it must needs be a *woman* in the bottom, " but you know, you can tell me." I asked him what he usually did night & morning, for I perceived that he esteem'd himself too old to have a wife (tho' by the bye he told me he had, when younger, part of 3 or 4) & now lived in a solitary hut :——" I eat, wash my kin (skin) and go sleep." " In de morning " I rise, light my pipe, take my bill, & go work. Dat's " all poor Neger know."

Sund : 7th. Out of my room window I view the Harbour I entered, & cast many a wishful Look over those Seas I have lately cross'd. Oft as I do it, I spread a Gloom over many successive Moments. Every repeated Look adds keenness to my Anguish, constrains me oft

to cry out, with a heart just bleeding with sorrow, " I " cannot bear it, I cannot bear it." I cannot write, speak or think on this source of Woe, but Tears steal into my Eyes ; or my Sorrow, too big for utterance by Tears, almost overwhelms me in black Melancholy.

Sat. 13*th.* 1778. My Happiness with regard to my little Boys is very great. The eldest is rather opinionative, yet I can easily manage him. The two middlemost are possess'd of amazing *Sensibility*. Whatever home reproof I may give either or all of them upon occasion, it never causes any Variance which lasts many moments. They never seem to bear the least resentment, nor can I : we always sit down to dinner together on the most loving Terms.

Wedy 17*th.* I have heard this remark made, that Negroes never are troubled with any, tho' the most acute pain, which steals from them their rest. One instance of this Truth among many is, that, when affected with a disorder in the soles of their feet, called by them the *Crabyaws*, they bear the pain of the Cure with the greatest imaginable Indolence. The chief of the Cure, (& none of the Faculty here have been able to prescribe any less painful), is, that the feet of the patient are put into a kettle of prepared Liquor when cold, & the kettle is put on a smart fire, with the feet still remaining in, it is made boil, & continued nearly so for 8 or 9 days with additional fuel & liquor. When these days have elaps'd, the soles are with ease excoriated, & during the whole time I have never heard that the Negro is unable to *eat*, *drink* & *sleep*.

Thursd. 18*th.* Gaming, or Gambling, has spread its noxious Contagion even among Negroes ; so has Suicide.

Not long ago I heard of two or three of the best informed Negroes, who destroyed themselves by leaping into a boiler of liquid melting (boiling) sugar.

'Tis melancholy to consider, but that there is an overruling providence, how very much the Lives of White persons here lie in the hands & at the mercy of Negroes, those belonging to the House in particular.

The Extent of Jamaica is judg'd to be a great Cause why Rebellions here are not more frequent ; for on this account 'tis almost impossible there should be a free ready Communication between the North & South sides. Another Cause is that the more sensible among the Negroes know very well that, if they got the Island into their own hands, they could not retain the possession of it. About 2 years ago, I am told, a scheme was deeply concerted by them, made very general & got kept very secret, till it broke out into actual Execution. It must have been a while in agitation on account of the great number of fire-arms, &c, they had secreted. But Providence was pleased to frustrate & blast their Endeavours : those on one side or the other began a day too soon, so that both sides did not, as was their Compact, co-operate. Those who, on this or any preceding Rebellion, suffer'd, were observ'd to die with all imaginable Unconcern & daring Obstinacy. When the Custom of Gibetting them alive prevailed, which was, I believe, 'till of late years, they were heard spend their lingering, dying breath in exhorting those around them not to discontinue the like Attempts.

Sat. 20*th.* 1778. I have always perceived in Mr. & Mrs. Harrison, & all their Connections both relative & social, the greatest readiness to establish & heighten my Happi-

ness among them. From my pupils I have always reaped every Happiness I cou'd reasonably expect.

Sund. 21st. 1778. Shockingly unfavorable have all the Accounts been which I have ever receiv'd of the Creole Ladies even from Creoles themselves. More shockingly despicable still are those Beings who have never been out of the Country. All the Breeding these seem to have is affected. As untaught, & almost as indelicate, as are those hapless Negroes they imagine themselves born to trample on.

Not possessed of the least desire or attention to please; but, on the contrary, pettish, insolent & proud. Domestic Œconomy, one would suppose, had in it something which scared them; they detest its appearance. Thoughtless Extravagance & expensive Pomp they are doatingly fond of, come the supplies whence they may. . . .

I believe now a Creole & an indolent person are generally deem'd synonymous Terms: as I recollect a Gentleman, whom I desired to permit a servant to take off his riding Trowsers; said he, "Sir, I am not so much a Creole as that comes to!"

Mond. 22nd. Mrs. Harrison, I am happy to say it with Justice, is a very pleasing, sensible, modest Lady.

As if there were reason to fear that Maturity of Age wou'd overstock them with prudence, or those graces which are the Ornament of the fair Sex; or rather, as if their Parents or Guardians were soon tired of them, the puny, undisiplin'd things are dispos'd of, some at 14, many at 15, 16, or 17 years of age, & submitted to the Tuition of certain persons, called Husbands. 'Ere they have reach'd their 24th year of age, if they live so long, they are enfeebled & superannuated.

There are very many Instances where these Wives wear out the Lives of 5, 6, or more Husbands successively. There lives at present a female Character in the Island, well-known for having survived an incredible number. When any Friends favor her with a visit, she generally makes it a part of their Entertainment to conduct them into a Parlour, where she exhibits a picture of each of her former partners rang'd in order as they forsook her. Soon she begins to retail her hackney'd, threadbare History of their several good or bad conjugal Qualities. " This " was a very Villain ;—that a Rascal ;—the third was as " good a Creature as ever breath'd," &c, &c.

Mond. 29th. 1778. This morning, the Admiral, Sir Pet. Parker, his Lady, & other Characters of Distinction, did us the Honor of a visit at our Mountain & din'd with us.

The Discourse at Dinner turn'd much on the subject of Religion, in which Lady Parker, to the utmost of her Knowledge, bore a considerable part. Atheists were abhorred & branded with a stamp of everlasting Infamy, forgetting that every unregenerate Man & Woman is, however well-informed their head may be, no other than a rotten-hearted, practical Atheist.

Thursd. July 2nd. My darkest, blackest Moments, I am persuaded, are sun-shine when compar'd with the brightest Hours of the Xtless, tho' the Monarch of ten thousand worlds. I scarce converse with Mr.——, but he raises in my Breast Emotions of pity. Riding out with him this Morning, when I renewed the Conversation of last Tuesday, with a faint hope of dealing more faithfully with him, few were the words he permitted me to utter, ere, with the deepest expressions of sorrow undisguised, he gave me a large & affecting Account of the

mighty, important Concerns, &c, he had to transact for the public, which disturb'd, & intruded on, his most tranquil moments. He confirm'd me in what I all along gather'd from his Words & Actions ; that all the schemes he projects are design'd as a kind of *Nepenthe*, to hush or suspend distressing, anxious Reflections.

He said, he lik'd much *decipere tempus in agris* ; as to the daily Exercise he has taken for some years, it has all been with a desire " to ride the Devil away." These were his words.

Thursd. 9th. 1778. Had a long Conversation with Mr. H——n's poor Overseer, who gave me an Account of many rebellious Insurrections of Negroes, many butcheries of White men, of many who had their Throats cut by the blacks in whom they reposed the greatest confidence. He mentioned many instances of Ladies & Gentlemen in the Island of respectable appearance & who pass for *Boccrahs*, tho' only two or three removes from a *sooty descent* on the Father's or Mother's side. That single, or even married, Planters, Pen-keepers, &c, have mulattoe base Children, is not the wonder of a moment ; but I now heard of more than one or two *white* Ladies, within his Knowledge, & cited by name, who had, tho' married, borne Children of Negroes.

He gave me most convincing Proofs of Jamaica being the bane & destruction of Youth in both body & soul.

Frid. 10th. I have heard Mr. Harrison remark this as an undoubted proof of the Negroes being over-work'd & underfed, viz, " *That they do not multiply.*" He knows of no Estate in the Island on which they have increased, except one ; & another where they have not fallen away in number. Nineteen out of twenty of their young

piccaninnies die thro' colds, &c, & of a Lock-Jaw, before they are a month old. Others, thro' neglect of Masters & carelessness of giddy Mistresses, are left in the hands of their Mothers, who suckle them till two, often three, years old.

What, among many other amiable Qualities, endears Mr. Harrison to me, is his great Attention to the Comfort & Welfare of his Slaves. Every pregnant Negro, about a fortnight & more ere she expects her time, is sent from the field to his Town-house. Here she is employed in some light work, on account of keeping her moving, 'till she sickens. Two suits of linen are provided for the Infant, & every care taken of the Mother. From the time of her Labor a month is generally allowed her ; &, after this, she meets with many Indulgencies, & very often provision of Rice, &c, extraordinary.

Near the mountain house are built an Infirmary & Nursery. Over the former I have the honor of being call'd Doctor in chief. To the Nursery all the children of Mr. Harrison's Negroes will be brought, after having been with their mothers a proper set Time. Here they will, in a better manner than otherwise, & with far less trouble, be properly attended by some old careful Negro-woman, whom Mr. Harrison shall set over it.

Sat. 11*th.* 1778. Am convinc'd every day more of the propriety of continuing my Journal ; for, however tedious or foolish it may appear to any one else, I know the pleasurable Enjoyment of the Mercies, Deliverances, &c, here recorded, &, to my great Encouragement, a restrospect has always yielded me redoubled Pleasure. . . . I don't know what I should do, were I deny'd pen, ink & paper ; surely I'd inscribe the mercies of my

faithful God upon the Bark of Trees, & make every Grove a recorder of His delightful Name.

Thursd. 7th. Augt. 1778. I transcribe this sentence out of a pamphlet written by the Earl of Abingdon,[1], chiefly on account of the just titles given the People who, as unnatural mercenaries, are let out to butcher & be butchered. Speaking of the Parliamentary proceedings, he says, " One hour of Justice & Moderation would have done " more than all the *German Bloodhounds*, hired from " all the *German Traffickers in Blood* in all the petty " Principalities of Germany, can atchieve in twenty " years to come " (Page 59).

Tuesd. 12th. The Admiral, Sir Peter Parker, Lady Parker, Mr.—— & Miss Parker did us the honour of dining with us today.

Sir Peter actually declared that, of all the countries he had ever known, Jamaica was the most irreligious, and all who are acquainted with his Character will allow that he has seen much of the world. What he said to the honour of the Ladies shall not be omitted,—he declared that he believed them to be the only Barriers against Evil, & supporters of whatever has the Appearance of Good. My worthy patron, who has resided here ten years, replied that it wanted a vice which some had to account for—" Hypocrisy "—for it had not the appearance of Religion. The Admiral said the same in favour of the English Ladies—&, added he, " Men are going " from England thence to the Devil, as fast as they can " —but—" it may be the *Ladies* may save them."

(1) " Are you not content with Lord Abingdon's pamphlet ? are you not more ? are you not glad he has so puffed away Burke's sophistries ? Who would have thought of this little David ? " Horace Walpole to Mason, September 21st, 1777.

The Discourse turned yesterday partly on Sir Harry Trelawny's " Misconduct." He was allowed to have been a good Scholar ; but it was equally agreed upon, that this strange, unaccountable turn of mind has entailed ruin irretrievable upon the Family. The Admiral professed having entertained very early suspicions of these religious propensities, ever since his acquaintance with him, while at Westminster School. He instanced a particular occasion on which he had, for the amusement of the young folks, gratified them with a Masquerade at his house. Sir Harry, who was then very young, was desired to be present ; but, instead of accepting the invitation, to the Admiral's great surprise he took his leave of them. Said he, " Sir Wm. Trelawny [1] shou'd " have brought him to Jamaica ; for, if this did not, he " believed that no part of the World wou'd wean him " from his *Peculiarities*, *alias—Methodism* ! "

Frid. 15*th.* 1778. After supper Mr. Harrison told me his design was to send the four sons over to England at the same time with myself, &, but that it interfered with my views of returning after Ordination, he would enter two of them at Jesus College ; the other two, whom he supposes too young to be admitted, should have lodgings, &c, in Oxford, & he would endeavour to make it worth my while to continue the Tuition of them. . . . .

Sat. 16*th.* 'Twas a familiar saying of Ld. Lyttelton,[2] when Governor of Jamaica, " that he came not here to " view his Shadow." However various the means, all

(1) Sir Wm. Trelawny Bart. was in 1770 Captain-General, Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Jamaica, also Chancellor and Vice-Admiral.

(2) William Henry Lyttelton, 1st Baron Lyttelton of Frankley of the second creation (1724-1808). He was Governor of Jamaica 1762-1766. He was not the first Lyttelton to hold the office. Sir Charles Lyttelton (1629-1716) was Governor in 1662, and founded the town of Port Royal. (*D.N.B.*)

seem to agree in one & the same End, the Acquisition of what goes by the name of " a comfortable Fortune."

Have rec'd Intelligence by this fleet that Affairs in England wear a melancholy Aspect—that all Confidence between Man & Man has ceas'd. Mr. Harrison has many thousands in the Funds, from which he has left off to hope for any further " Benefit."

Tuesd. 19*th.* 1778. 'Tis amazing how little Attention is paid to male & female Negroes. They are, in general, I believe, like *rabbits*—& esteem'd as other live-stock, the more fruitful, the more valuable. They burrow together promiscuously not unlike that species of Animals, which I have just mention'd. This brings to my memory what Mr. Harrison told me a day or two ago : pointing to a stout, lusty Negro-fellow, one of his servants, said Mr. H——" I suppose that man has upwards of *fifty* Child-" ren." To my Enquiry, how many Wives he had lived with, Mr. H. reply'd he suppos'd ten or twelve, " but he " tells me now, since he is ' become a Xtian,' he has but " *one* ! My answer was," (said Mr. H.) " I believe that " to be more owing to his being turn'd of forty, than to " his being a Xtian ; more to be ascrib'd to Age, than to " Religion." This is by no means to be set down as an uncommon Case.

Wedn. 27*th.* Dr. South, in a sermon upon Prov. 10.9., exposes to just ridicule the Opinions of Origen, & those who have furbish'd up & repeated his Errors—" That " the sufferings of the Damned are not to be, in a strict " sense, Eternal ; but that, after a certain Revolution & " Period of time, there shall be a general Gaol-Delivery " of the souls in Prison, & that not for a farther Execution, " but a final Release." He mentions some who, like

kind-hearted men, have talk'd much of, (what may be much better argued by *Wishes* than *Demonstrations*,) " annual *Refrigeriums*, Respites, as Intervals of Punish- " ment to the Damned, as particularly on the great " Festivals of the Resurrection, Ascension, Pentecost & " the like."

Strange ! that man should take licence for sinning, from Conjectures so wild, absurd & groundless !

Frid. 29*th.* 1778. I am greatly concerned for Mr. H——n, that he seems with all imaginable diligence to sculk for shelter in continual hurry & multiplicity of Business, in order to avoid Thought on the *only deserving* subjects. The longer I live with him, the more I respect & love him ; &, as my love increases, so does my solicitude & concern in his behalf.

Mond. 31*st.* 'Tis difficult for any who have never been in the West-Indies to conceive the barbarous treatment of the poor slaves. Hard is their fare, scanty & small their allowance. I cannot see the least difference between them & the brute-creation. The Abuse of them is shocking. When from a distance I have heard the loud smack of the whip from the naked body & the poor Negro groaning, & oft crying aloud—" Oh God ! " & " Oh Lord ! "—my blood has almost curdled in my veins. Yet, hard as is their fortune under white tyrants, there is no Negro who will not prefer them to any of their *own* color. The Cruelty of free Negroes to their slaves is still more excessive. I remember a remarkable instance of this appearing last friday of a fine, well-grown, young negro-man of about 17 years, whose spirits & heart were quite broken & his body reduc'd to weakness & pain, owing to incessant, wearisome toil & labour in after-

hours, & being stinted in food. The wretched starveling had endured this for about 18 months, 'till it was impossible to endure it any longer. And who was the brutal Monster who oppress'd him? Not a freeman—but a negro, a fellow-slave belonging to the same master, Mr. H——n, who had imprudently consigned him over to this villain to be instructed in masonry.

Sep. 1st 1778. *Tuesd.* The Island is under continual apprehensions of an Invasion, from the French or Spaniards. 'Tis suppos'd, never with more reason than at the present. We are in a most defenceless state, both as to men & shipping. All is tumult, hurry & confusion. A general Murmur of discontent is heard buzzing thro' every part of Jamaica, that so little Attention is paid to its safety & defence from the mother-country, to whom the Loss of it, especially at this Juncture, wou'd be very considerable. I am credibly informed, that, exclusive of the Trade, there are 800,000 Pounds yearly revenue, paid into the Custom-House.

The Governour, who thinks it his indispensable duty to make what resistance, or rather what shew of resistance, he may be able, has today called a Council of War, & intends declaring Martial Law, which will cause a suspension of all Judiciary proceedings, & remove the civil Magistrate to the Guardhouse. May now expect to hear naught but the sound of Drum, Fife & Trumpet. Mr. Harrison has procur'd us a neat stand of Arms at the Mountain. We make it part of our Exercise, under the instruction of a Sergeant who attends us, to go through with our *militia-discipline*.

Mond. 7th. There are few of the Beauties of Architecture to be seen in Jamaica—these chiefly in a few public

Buildings. The Churches in the Towns are generally in the form of a Cross, neat, airy & pleasant, but little ornamented. I have known many persons who have complained of a noisome stench from the carcases which have been interr'd within the walls, & inveighed against the continuance amongst Xtian Protestants of a custom which originated in Popery—" that they buried the " dead within their places of Worship, chiefly for the " convenience of praying for them."[1]

Tuesd. 5th. 1778. Many concurring reasons strengthen my Belief that the ships, part of which are in sight this morning, belong to Captn. Deane's Squadron. A Gentleman told me this morning that every alarm has been attended with no greater Consequences than scaring *Women*, *Children*, & *Beaux*. The chief & foremost of those who sent an Express from Northside last Sunday will be try'd by a Court Martial, for spreading a false Alarm.

A large Regiment is here made up of strong, able-bodied, effective men, Negroes & Mulattoes, who are equalled by none in the whole Island, except the Regulars, for military discipline. Were Jamaica reduc'd, either by French or Spaniards, these Wretches wou'd no longer enjoy their Liberty unmolested, whose sweets, once tasted, they wou'd give up with greater reluctance & more regret than Life itself. Their Officers, who are always *whites*, are perpetually sounding alarms in their ears, & representing to their imaginations Servitude attended with every conceivable horror. There is little reason to apprehend that they will ever flinch when put to the test.

(1) William Jones himself, in the year 1817, removed the bodies of two of his children from Broxbourne church-yard " to a sleeping-place within the Church." *See* July 17th, 1817.

Mond. 21*st.* 1778. Had a long, &, I may say, a *dangerous* Conversation, last night, with a very unhappy young man. He was the son of a presbyterian Divine, & a native of Scotland, had, 3 years ago, run thro' the Circle of polite Learning. He spoke with raptures of many sceptical & Deistical Writers, whom he pretended chiefly to admire for the beautiful polish of their style. . . . . When I gave him my thoughts on the danger attending a persual of such antichristian Writings, he seemed to assent, & said, he particularly abhorred the mention of the name of Hume, whose works he assured me had utterly ruined three youths, his most intimate familiars—one of them, having read an Essay of Hume's in defence of suicide, actually shot himself. Dreadful Example.

Tuesday 22*nd.* In the *Gent. Magaz.* An. 1754. Bolingbroke's Philosophy is considered. It is said there of him, which, as far as I have been able to learn, is applicable to every one of his mad way of thinking, it is said, that in his *life* there was not less absurdity than in his *Writings*; nor was there any difference between his life & his death, but that the folly of vice was then complicated with the horrors of Impiety.

The same writer says (p. 475), " Lord Bolingbroke " having engaged in a scheme which, by fire & sword, " would have established Popery, & written a book to " overturn Xtianity, the Philosopher died in the hands of " a quack, reviling his attendants, & blaspheming God."[1]

(1) Bolingbroke died in 1751 of a cancer in the face. " Walpole had com- " mitted himself to a quack. So did Bolingbroke. It was a feature of the " time." (*Bolingbroke and his Times. The Sequel.* W. Sichel. p. 398). " The " last words that Chesterfield heard from his lips were, ' God who placed " ' me here will do what He pleases with me hereafter, and He knows best what " ' to do.' " (*ib.* p. 399). They are very like the last words recorded in this Journal. Bolingbroke was a theist.

Mond. Oct. 5th. 1778. Incredible how dreadful the Effects of Martial Law! What distresses has it not occasioned! How many, through this, have been hurried to their graves! And, what is still worse, that it has answered any good end none have it in their power to say.

My *Sinecure* of Secretary to Chief Justice Welch, Captn. of the Troop of Light Horse, has secured me from any fatigue on this head.

Mond. 19th. Beacons were lighted up last night along the shore from the East-end on account of Vessels seen off at sea. Heard the general Beat at Kingston before day-break. Minute-Guns of Alarm fired from several Forts. One part of the Island put into confusion & cumbered for half the day with their arms, to be laughed at by the other Part, & by their Officers, most of whom knew for a certainty that it was no other than Captn. Deane's squadron returning to water & lay in other Provisions. Saw him from the Twelve Apostles Battery sailing into Port Royal with a number of fine Prizes which he had taken.

Thursd. 22nd. Mr. H—n informs me that all the Planters in the Island are so embarrassed in their Circumstances, & many of them so many thousand pounds worse than nothing, that they would willingly be subject to *any* Power, which might rid them of debts, which they want Principles of Honesty to endeavour to pay. . . .

There are vast forces in Hispaniola. Count d'Estaing has secured himself within Boston, where he may refit, &, about the close of the year, may come out unobserved & unmolested. Letters from France have reached Jamaica, directed to the Count either at Hispaniola or Jamaica.

Martial Law is not determined yet, tho' attended with very dismal Consequences.[1]

Tuesd. 3rd. Nov. 1778. Last Sunday Martial Law was taken off, after a continuance of above two months.

Sund. 8th. O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from this body of sin & death! through parleying with temptations my soul is wounded. My sins are more in number than the hairs of my head. No day so sacred, no situation so recluse, as to guard me from the evil of temptations. No strength, but that of Heaven & of grace, can secure me from foully submitting to them. That my own strength is but weakness it is time for me to be deeply sensible of.

Tuesd. 17th. Another alarming Memorial of man's frailty & mortality. The Honorable Jasper Hall, Speaker of the House of Assembly, who was reputed the most hearty robust-constitutioned man in the whole Island, with whom we had very lately dined, who indeed was hearty & well 'till 4 o'clock this morning, when, seized by an Apoplexy, he breath'd no longer than 'till 8.[2] He was succeeded by another Gentleman chosen Speaker at 12—& I expect to hear he has been committed to his kindred-dust before 4 or 5 hours of this same day have elapsed. *Sic transit Gloria mundi.* I am yet spared!

Frid. 20th. A poor fellow, who came out in our ship, called on me, & deprived me of the greatest part of

(1) On this day the Governor sent a message to the House of Assembly, "that a war with France seemed inevitable." He referred to the capture of the *Minerva* frigate, the threat from d'Estaing's fleet, and the certainty of there being a great land force at St. Domingo. He added that the King had promised to reinforce the squadron on the station, and that it had been necessary to proclaim Martial Law. (*Journal of the House of Assembly*).

(2) Jasper Hall was appointed Speaker, June 11th, 1778, on the death of Philip Pinnock. He was succeeded by S. W. Haughton. (*Journal of the House of Assembly*).

yesterday. He was a native of Scotland, robust, & hardily bred up,—'till his folly brought him here, he had been scarce ever acquainted with the slightest Pain or Sickness. Instead of life, health & strength, I saw the feeble, palsied, death-like figure of a man ! On enquiry I found that kind Providence had just spared him, after two severe Illnesses of about 13 days each. This even in spite of the rude unskilfulness of one, who attended him in his fever, more fitly named a *butcher* than a *doctor* of Negroes.

He informed me of much of the real History of plantation-vassalage. Shall forbear mentioning the unequalled, savage cruelty of barbarous overseers, inflicted on poor Creatures, whom, in order (if possible) to justify their brutality, they would many of them be thought to deem unpossessed of souls. 'Twould make the heart of any man of sensibility bleed to hear the groans & cries of negroes, tortured merely to please the wantonness of devils incarnate, who can look on unmoved. O great & just God ! wilt thou not visit for these things ? How long, O my God ! shall wretches riot in the miseries & distress of so large a part of human kind !

Because this youth would not launch into the same excesses of drunkenness & debauchery with the rest of the Book-keepers, he was branded with the odious names of " novice " & " greenhorn." I fear a longer familiarity with these objects will be his irretrievable ruin. I was sorry to understand that the shock he at first professed to receive from the barbarous treatment of Negroes, &c, seemed to be gradually wearing off.

Certainly youths, who think of exchanging England for the West-Indies, in order to obtain Clerkships, Book-keepers' places, or, which is the summit of their attain-

ment, the post of Overseers, of Attorneyships very rarely, —surely, I say, they must be *arrant fools*; & parents, who make such proposals to their Children, must be madly ignorant. Were this the alternative, to go to the West-Indies, in either of the two first-mentioned Capacities especially, or to be executed at Tyburn, I have my doubts whether the last would not be the more eligible.

When you hear the life in vogue among Overseers, Book-keepers, &c, you will no longer wonder at the very great mortality among that herd. I imagine hardly one out of 20 or 30 of those, who enter into the planting employment, survives a 2nd or 3rd year at most; before the expiration of which last term the most forward of Book-keepers cannot presume to promise themselves a promotion to the berth of an Overseer.

For the first 3 or 4 years of their servitude, the bill of their fare chiefly consists of Corned Pork, do. Beef, or the best joint of a salt-herring. I say nothing of their being debarred the taste of any bread—the Country affords them some tolerable substitutes. But, say you, with what do they allay the thirst which their briny food must necessarily create? By drinking most immoderately of new-rum punch, properly called *Kill-Devil*. And, I am informed by eye-witnesses of the fact that their general custom is to spend their afternoon hours in quaffing large glasses of rum, & syrrup, with a mixture of very little, if any, water. . . . The life of this refuse of mankind is no other than a continued scene of Ignorance, Profaneness, Cruelty, Drunkenness, unbridled Debauchery, & whatever, if there be anything else, which may disgrace the nature of brutes.

I am not able to learn how planting Apprentices are

stiled Book-keepers. . . . Their chief daily occupation is—to appear at gun-fire (day-break) in the field with the negro-slaves. Here they remain broiling with heat till 12 o'clock, the hour when the labor of negroes is suspended till 2, for they all breakfast together in the field. The Book-keeper returns with them at 2 o'clock, here they are to curse, swear & abuse the slaves till 6 ; nor are they permitted on many plantations to make use of the defence of *umbrellas*. Consider the Climate, how unfriendly to European constitutions, in spite of the greatest precautions ; their exposure to the continual scorching heat of the Sun ; & the riotous excess of their general life ; & you will rather be astonished that these wretches survive the 1st month.

He did not forget to tell me that he had seen the Parson. He receives a certain stipend annually, but entirely neglects his parochial Duty. The ordained miscreant is so void of shame, before God & men, that he travels in the face of open day, accompanied by his *sable* favorite, as a necessary appendage of a West-Indian life.

Sat. 12th. Dec. 1778. Of the Church affairs of the Island Mr. Leslie, in his *Account of Jamaica* (published in Edinburgh 1739), says he is sorry to give such a dismal account. " 'Tis surprizing that men so worthless & abandoned " should be sent, as Ministers, to a place like this "—or to any other place, say I ;—Mr. Leslie adds " The Clergy " here are of a Character so vile, that I do not care to " mention it ; except a few, they are generally the most " finished of our Debauchees."

I religiously believe that this portrait is not too unfavorable for the present unhappy times.

Mond. 14th. Of Slaves in Jamaica, Mr. Leslie says, " I

" have seen their bodies bathed in blood, the skin torn " off their backs with the cruel whip, pepper & salt " rubbed in the wounds, & a large stick of sealing-wax " dropt leisurely upon them. No wonder," continues he " if such inhuman tortures incline them to rebel."

Wedn. 23rd.

ab uno
Disce omnes,

Of the few men I have ever been acquainted with, none has exhibited to me so striking a miniature of the human Species, in its several *appearances* of Happiness, & *realities* of Woe, as Mr. H. He *seems* to enjoy as much of pleasurable life as most men ; yet, *indeed*, enjoys as little as any. Because I have a particular affection for him, the sight or thought of him very frequently distresses me. Often have I formed, & as often broken, my resolves, of faithfully stating to him the dangerous Case of every unregenerate man ; & informing him that there certainly is more in Religion than mankind, according to the tenor of their Conduct, seem to be aware of. That God would arm me with resolution & wisdom !

I have never had such flattering marks of respect & attention from any ; never been honored with the intimacy of any, so affable & courteous as Mr. H. When I consider his frank openness, I must confess my vile unfaithfulness, cannot plead the absence of opportunity as excuse.

In the midst of his Jocularity at table, he frequently looks towards me & enquires, " Jones, don't you think me a heathen ? " or " I am a noisy rattling fellow, am I not ? "

This, I think, I can pronounce with confidence of him,

that he does not imbibe sin *upon principle*, or continue in it because he thinks himself right. He resembles the merchant, in reduced circumstances, who, conscious of the ill state of his accounts, yet despairing to retrieve them, cherishes a fond conceit that things are not so deplorable as they really are ; or, banishing every consideration of the next moment, wishes to deceive away this as little disturbed as may be. May *God* arouse him from the present dream !

He gave me this morning a rehearsal of his advice to a poor, low-spirited fellow, who asked him " how he must live in this Country ? " " Why, live as if you were half-mad." For, continued he to me, " I often acted the school-boy—laughed that I might not cry." " Frequently," said he, " have I mingled in a jovial Company, " laughed, joked, &c, &c, when, at the same time, my " own feelings would, if attended to, have called for " tears."

Sat. 26th. Decr., 1778. I lay in Town last night. Was alarmed out of sleep, long before the dawn of light, by the most unnatural, hideous yellings that cou'd ever surely issue from the mouths of two-legged animals. I was not at a loss for the cause—the 26th of Decr., if it fall not on Sunday, is considered as the property of the slaves of the Island. On this day they rejoice together, unrestrained, " they hear not the voice of the oppressor," (the driver). I may say of the scene of their mirth, what Job says of the prisoners, " The small & the great are " there, & the servant is free from his master." I should not be surprised if, in the heat of drunkenness, none of them remember the sound & smart of the whip, & many dream that they are *Princes* instead of *slaves*.

Mond. 11*th Jany.* 1779. Mr. H. confesses a fatality attending the profession of the Law—" to mind every " one's business but their own." 'Tis remarked that not one Barrister in twenty but dies intestate,—& scarce one Will in a hundred, which concerns themselves, but is full of blunders, & occasions such disputes that they had better have made none : the reason facetiously assigned for this is, " that they receive no *fee*."

Any pretensions to Religion seem incompatible with the profession & practice of Law. Mr. H. jocularly says he hopes he shall be a good Divine, when we leave the Country. He reads much Divinity with myself & his young Gentlemen. We have begun the Book of Job, of which we read 4 or 5 Chapters frequently at a sitting, & endeavour carefully to weigh their contents. While thus amusing ourselves we have been twice or thrice broken in upon, by some of Mr. H.'s acquaintance. On his proposing to study Divinity for the future, more privately, I asked him if he feared the trifling Jests of his friends : he assured me that they had already given him a *name* abroad.

Mr. H., as far as I can learn, does not see it necessary to sacrifice his worldly Character to Religion. But he, this evening, shewed me a letter written to his Brother in England, to shew me how much he had adopted a religious, &, as he was pleased to call it " *my* strain " !

Tuesd. 26*th.* Mr. Harrison has made me most valuable presents of many Books on subjects of Divinity—Hooker's *Eccl. Polity*, &c, Dr. Stillingfleet's *Orig. Sacr.* &c, &c. Has made me a grant of any I may think worth receiving, on those subjects, which his large Libraries may afford.

Mr. H. is this morning, with Mrs. H., &c, &c, gone to Kingston. The young Gentlemen & myself are left in

rather an awkward situation, with a French Prisoner, who has promised me the pleasure of his Company at dinner, & who knows as little of English, as I do of French.

Monsieur Larroch & self were very quiet, almost silent, Companions. He spoke all the English he was master of, & I attempted to jabber French. Shall have a repetition of this tomorrow.

Sat. 13th. 1779. Mr. H. facetiously remarked that they marry, in this Country, as schoolboys fight—" one is no " sooner down, than another comes on." It is well known that —— married a woman, within six weeks after the decease of a former husband. It is believed by some that the contract was made ere the corpse was nailed down in the coffin ;—& it is more than probable, that it will not be the kind Lady's fault, if she is not equally expeditious in procuring another yoke-fellow !

Sund. March 7th. Have been for some days troubled with *bile*. What is worse than all, my soul is uncomfortable. O Lord ! help me !

Tho', laying my hand on my breast, I can safely profess myself unconscious of the shadow of an intentional falsehood, or of the traits of any Character being malicious or overcharged, in my Journal ; yet it has given me frequent uneasiness. Oft have I feared that the pleasure of seeing my dear English friends will be denied me. To them, or any Xtian, I would, without reserve, communicate it ; but at present I design, if I can, to commit it all to the flames, when my life may be apprehended in danger.

I resolved, that evening, in the strength of God, to unbosom myself plainly & freely to Mr. H. on religious

subjects. Oh ! that God would rescue him out of the hands of his enemies !

Thurs. 18*th.* 1779. At the last Grand Court a Cause was tried relative to the disposition of the fortune of G. Wms. &c. I perused his will wherein he had devised, excepting only a few pounds, between 34 & 35,000£ to Negro &c connections, sons & daughters by them; whose number I wou'd not trouble myself with counting.

Expressing my surprise at this, Mr. H. bid me consider how often *man* acts the *beast*, & assured me, men, married & single, openly & impudently avowed these cursed connections ; & that Creole Ladies are by no means disconcerted at that which is so fashionable among Husbands in this Country.

Frid. April 2nd. Perused, last Sunday evening, with Mr. H., much of Dr. Young's *Night-Thoughts*. I with difficulty refrained from tears, while I smiled at the simplicity, which was that of a child, with which Mr. H. (in tears) observed, " Were I to indulge in reading much " of such books, I should be extremely fond of them, " but it wou'd absolutely incapacitate me for attending " to my Business ; I shou'd not attend the next Court of " Admiralty ; shou'd not care, whether I were worth a " dollar in the world, &, consequently, shou'd neglect " my children & Family."

How mistaken are the notions of natural men respecting vital Religion ! Does the Scripture prohibit a just attention to social or relative Duties ? No. They *enjoin* it. They say, " If any provide not for his own, & " specially for those of his own house, he has denied the " faith, & is worse than an infidel."

The more acquainted any is with her ways, the more readily will he say,

" Religion never was design'd
" To make our comforts less."

Sat. 3rd. 1779. Mr. H. is not a perfect man, far from it; he is not even free from some glaring, outward faults. But, wou'd this excuse him? I've never heard him, as is now customary, impudently attempt to defend, & plead for, them.

I recollect, on our first arrival, among other good qualities which I remarked to him in his sons, I mentioned my happiness in never having heard them prophane the name of God. He made little, or no, reply to this particularly; the reason of which I presently learnt. I know not what effect attended this indirect reproof of a vice which I did not then know him to be infected with. I have reason to believe it to have been, by the grace of God, considerable; for, tho' he sometimes forgets himself, & has not, or cannot, entirely, yet he has, in a great measure, broken himself, of that which he, in words, readily allows to be a *vile*, *scurvy* habit, unbecoming every sensible man. A day or two ago, he enquired of me, " whether he had not gotten clear of the odious " practice? "

Wedn. 21st. 'Tis incredible, how general & how shameless is the corruption of this Country! *Very* many Clergymen Mr. H. has known—many he named to me, who all had 3, 4, or more children by mulatto-women. And he remarked, (such is the pride of distinction between whites, & those, in any degree, of black extraction), that those Clergymen were far least respected who married the poor Creatures they had deluded & debauched.

Thursd. 29*th.* 1779. The young Gentlemen & self have been alone since Tuesday. The family are most of them at Kingston. Shall not see them till Sundy morning. Mr. H. has committed to me the keys, & upwards of ten pounds, to make our house-keeping comfortable.

Mr. H. has been, for upwards of a fortnight, (& I don't know how much longer the fit may last), *Greek-mad.* He honors me by calling himself my pupil, in Greek, &c. We dedicate an hour or two, each day, to the perusal of the New Test. in Greek.

Sund. 2nd May. I almost forgot to note the happy night I passed on Frid. Methought I was at Abergavenny saluting my friends, particularly my mother, with whom, in chief, I held a long Conversation ; recounting the mercies of my various deliverances, &c. Much of what we said, or seemed to be said, I well recollected, after I awoke ; & I must confess the image was so lively & striking, & my Enjoyment so exquisite, that my disappointment was not small, when I found it was a dream.

Thursd. 13*th.* A Negro-man had deserted——Estate. He was caught ; &, to defend himself from those who endeavoured to flog him, he drew a knife. They assembled a large Gang, who almost murdered him with pelting, & made him so desperately stab himself, that some of his bowels appeared. He was, however, recovered.

Whether from severe Treatment or some other cause, the same Negro ran away a second time. He was no sooner apprehended, than the Plantation-Bashaw declar'd he was resolv'd to hang him. To palliate the execution of this *pious* resolve, by the frivolous authority of a Justice, or two, he took him to Porta Maria, had him

immediately, agreeably to the Police of the Country, tried & condemned. The Overseer returns with him to the Estate, had the negro's arm broken, & would not suffer it to be set; but suffered him to remain some time, in pain, to feel what a broken arm was. When tired of this sportful Torture, he boasted that, within an hour, he hang'd the negro, by assistance of a herring-barrel, & cut off his head.

How long, O Lord, holy & true, dost Thou not judge & avenge the blood of these poor oppressed Creatures!

Frid. 18th June. 1779. Somewhat more than a week-past returned to Port Royal, from a Cruize, the *Ruby*, & two more King's ships, with a fine Prize, the *Prudente*, a French Frigate, of 36 guns, & 314 men commanded by Le Viscompte d'Escar.

This vessel had made great havock among our Letters of Marque & Merchant ships. Capt. Deane's state of health not permitting him to go to sea, Capt. Everett, of the *Badger*, commanded the *Ruby*, the Admiral having promised to appoint him to the command of the *Prudente*, if his Prize. When he was come within gunshot of the French ship, he mentioned this, & said he wished only to *clip* her *wings*, without further hurt. But, while he was rejoicing in the certainty & happiness of the Capture, a random chain-shot struck him in the middle, & instantly almost severed one part of his body from the other. Thus Capt. Everett, whom I had known, a little before, youthful & robust, was (it may be feared, unthinkingly) hurried into a world of spirits, & his body consigned a prey to Fishes. Men refuse to be the better for such warnings.

The Viscompte d'Escar, & 7 of his officers, dined with

us, at Mr. H's today. There is something very pleasing in the Captn. & most of the other Gentlemen. Amazing with what easy, cheerful indifference they bear ill success !

Sat. 19th. 1779. Major Stanley, son of Lord Strange,[1] & who came over with the Liverpool Blues, this fleet, dined with us today. Was highly pleased with the humane concern he expressed on hearing of the barbarities which negro-owners & executioners commit. Whites, of the meanest condition, fancy themselves to be more than *men*, while they hardly allow a Negro to more than *brute*.

Thursd. 24th. Mr. Harrison's kindness to the French Prisoners is beyond expression. He makes his House a place of general Entertainment to them, & omits nothing which may render their present Circumstances agreeable. The French Gents, on the other hand, are " pleased to be " pleased." They put on, at least, an *exterior* of Happiness, & seem entirely *sans souci*.

When I find my spirits low, on account of my exile from my Friends & Relations, I frequently sit down & converse with them by reading, over & over, some of their kind Letters.

Frid. 25th June. The Revd. Mr. Hervey's [2] directions for keeping a Diary. " Compile a secret History of your " Heart & Conduct. Take notice of the manner in " which your Time is spent, & of the strain which runs " through your Discourse, how often the former is lost

(1) Three Baronies of Strange, of which the Barony of Strange of Knokyn was in the family of Stanley, are mentioned in Burke's *Dormant and Extinct Peerages* (1866). All three, according to Burke, became extinct long before this date. " Long after the Barony of Strange had finally passed from the family of " Stanley, Earls of Derby, the style of Lord Strange continued to be assumed " as the courtesy title of the heir-apparent of the Earls of Derby during the " 18th century." (Cokayne's *Peerage*. Vol. VII p. 271 (1896))

(2) The Revd. James Hervey (1714-1758), a devotional writer, who came under the influence of Wesley at Lincoln College, Oxford. He was the author of a once famous book *Meditations amongst the Tombs*. (*D.N.B.*)

" in trifles, how often the latter evaporates in vanity.
" Attend to the Principle from which your actions flow.
" Minute down your sins of Omission. Observe the
" frame of your spirit in religious Duties, with what
" reluctance they are undertaken, with what indevotion
" performed ; with how many wanderings of thought,
" & how much dulness of desire. Register those secret
" Faults, to which none but your own Conscience is
" privy, & which none but the all-seeing Eye discerns.
" Often contemplate yourself in this faithful Mirror."

Sund. 27th. 1779. Yester-Evening I was happy to receive a letter from my much esteemed & affectionate brother Charles. He sends me pleasing Oxford News.

I was exceedingly affected when I read of Mr. Toplady's[1] death. He was a learned & great man, &, I believe, not less *good* than *great*. In distinguishing him with such shining abilities, God declared His Power to raise up, & clothe with authority, men to defend the Church's Interests, & call home His People : by withdrawing him from Earth thus early, He declares how little He needs the feeble assistance of an arm of flesh.

Sat. July 3rd. I mentioned, some days back, in my Journal, that I had lost one of my Pupils. The kindest offers of services were made to Mr. H. by the Admiral, Sir Pr. Pr., & many other naval Gentlemen, on this station, who thought it strange, that one son out of four was not sent to sea.[2] Mr. H. was, at last, by their solicitations, &, greatly & justly, by consideration of the

(1) Augustus Montague Toplady, Vicar of Broad Hembury in Devonshire, the writer of hymns and a zealous Calvinist, was born in 1740 and died in this year.

(2) In later years William Jones himself admitted the force of this patriotic argument, and followed his patron's example (*See* entry of September 2nd, 1805).

numerous Family which he has to provide for, prevailed on to believe it to be a profession, in which a youth of proper spirit & active diligence may acquit himself with very considerable advantage & credit. . . .

Mond. 5th. 1779. I hardly ever remember any Event in my life, which gave me more uneasiness, for the time, than the disposal of my dear friend Edmund, which I considered as his ruin. I discovered to Mr. H. my utter abhorrence from a sea-life, & represented the danger of his son's falling into the thoughtless dissipation & vile practices which mark out generally men of that Profession. Strange, from a Father's lips, was the advice he intimated a design of giving his son, respecting the sensual gratifications I had hinted to him. These he, & many of his " serious," respectable friends, consider as *necessary* & *lawful* Pleasures, under a very few restrictions. I begged him, for many reasons, to be absolutely silent on these points.

Tuesd 6th. Frequent sighs & tears, whenever his son's choice of a profession was mentioned, discovered how greatly Mr. H.'s feelings were affected. . . . I enquired of Edmund whether anything in his Papa's, or my own, conduct towards him, had given him a disgust to continuing his Studies ? He gave me every assurance, I could wish, to the contrary ; & acquainted me that he had conceived a passion for the sea ever since he had gone on board Captn. Cooper's the *Lady's Adventure*.

Wedn. 7th. Mr. H. submitted the disposal of Edm. to Sir P. P. He was entered on board the *Niger*—Frigate, Capt. Lambert. There seems a something in the appearance & temper of this Gent. which does not promise great encouragement to young persons. He is by most con-

sidered as a man whom cross accidents & disappointments in life have render'd discontented, gloomy & suspicious.

Thursd. 22nd. July. 1779. Part of a letter to the Revd. T. Charles.[1] " The fate of these Islands has long seemed " in suspense & uncertainty. We are impatient to learn " the results of the general Engagement which, we are " assured, took place, & which, we have reason to think, " will be decisive.

" If I do not deal faithfully with Mr. H., I shall never " be able to excuse my Conduct by saying that I wanted " an opportunity. He is a most amiable, affable Gentle- " man. You wou'd greatly admire & esteem him.

" Your Oxford News was highly pleasing. Pray make " my Love acceptable to all your Friends & mine."

Mond. 9th. Aug. In consequence of a Letter I recd. from Mr. H. 9 o'clock Sat. night, I went to Town early yesterday morning. An immediate invasion is apprehended. The Governour has laid on an Embargo, & declared Martial Law.

Tuesd. 10th. It seems that what has been called, & considered as, " a decided superiority," in these seas has proved otherwise ; & in consequence of Byron's[2] being reduced to act only a defensive part, our hopes of succours from him & from the remaining British Islands to windward are become very precarious. We have receiv'd the most certain intelligence that D'Estaing is now at St.

(1) Thomas Charles became a famous Methodist preacher, *See* April 27th, 1799.

(2) Vice-Admiral John Byron (1723-1786) was the second son of William, fourth Lord Byron, and the grandfather of the poet. He fought an inconclusive action against d'Estaing, off Grenada, July 6th, 1779, in which he displayed more bravery than tactical skill. (*D.N.B.*) " In the naval battle between " Byron and d'Estaing, our Captains were worthy of any age in our story." (*Horace Walpole to Conway, Sept. 13th,* 1779).

Domingo with a powerful Fleet & Army. His descent on this Island may be daily expected.

I have believed that, speaking after the manner of men, to enter into most of the Corps of Militia would be to expose myself to tenfold danger. What with the risk of being exposed to scorching sunshine, or unkindly rains, & danger of being shot by the clumsiness of my right-hand or left-hand man, &c, &c, I should imagine myself under sentence of almost certain execution. The main of these Corps are made up of Overseers, Book-keepers & Scribblers of various denominations, who, in general, are the most *obstreperous* & *uncivil* of Brutes.

Thursd. 12*th.* 1779. A Corps of *reformado* Officers, & many other Gentlemen, who did not choose to herd with other Companies, embodied themselves Tuesd^{y} evening. Mr. H., who has been a Colonel, introduc'd his son Thos. & myself, in the most respectful manner, & the Corps did us the honor to accept us with *unanimity* & pleasure. Mr. H., & some of the most decent, genteel men in the Country, do not, & I'm sure that his son & I cannot, consider it any degradation to be *privates* in this Corps. . . . We provided our Accoutrements yesterday, & I have, for the first time, put on my scarlet coat, & Cockade. We assembled at near 6 o'clock, & a sergeant-major of the 79th began to form us. About the same hour we shall appear out every evening. Wm. & George are to accompany their Mamma & young Family to the Country, & hand Hartshorn to the Ladies.

Frid. 13*th.* Must not consider my young charge, nor a decent, or frequently black, coat, short-cut hair & plain shirts, as a further security from my taking a disagreeable part in the present confusion.

I confess it wou'd be shameful, wou'd a young fellow, in health & strength, sculk unnoticed, & refuse what the old & young, the gouty & clumsy, endeavour to give, a shew of assistance. Tho' I endeavour to seem pleased, & put on the air of a volunteer, my present employment is of necessity rather than choice. As to turning out & handling my musket, for an hour, morning & evening, it serves the purpose of other exercise, which I must necessarily take, to continue healthful : but the uneasiness of mind the distraction of the times has caused me is incredible. I believe that the hurry & bustle is infectious : I forget that I have nothing to *defend* ; for I have nothing to *lose*.

Mond. 16*th.* 1779. Various & inconsistent rumours every day produces. The Town is thronged with Militia, who, poor fellows ! are, many of them, squandering away their last, this, & perhaps next, year's pittance ; while many are starving.[1] Comparing myself with others, in every *outward* sense, I can hardly be happier. I have nothing to fear, for no person or thing can possibly hurt me. " God with us," is the Gospel in miniature.

Wedn. 25*th Aug.* An alarm was spread, last night, in Kingston, that many ships were seen off ; the militia, consequently, were kept all night under arms, & the troopers galloping their horses to & fro : as if this toil were necessary to qualify them for facing an enemy on

(1) About this time, officers commanding troops of horse and regiments of foot-militia made representations that their men were suffering hardships through lack of pay. The Assembly resolved that the complaints of the former amounted to " conduct highly reprehensible, unmilitary, unbecoming good " citizens, and of dangerous tendency." As to the infantry, an amendment proposing a weekly allowance of five shillings for " washing and keeping their " clothes in order " was lost. On these matters there was friction between the Governor and the Assembly, especially as to the rations of the militiamen's negro servants. These servants were denounced in the Assembly as an " Asiatic train." (*Journal of the House of Assembly*).

the morrow, if the event should realize the fears of many. At 1 o'clock this morning, an express reached the Governor, reporting authentically the appearance of 11 ships the evening before. I was rouzed from sleep, about 3 o'clock, by a loud general beat, & soon after got up. A great muster was made.

Wedn. 1st. Sep. 1779. Mr. H., wishing to send a duplicate of his letter to Mr. B. H., desired I wou'd transcribe it. He says, " . . . May they, whose wickedness or folly " (whether of the minority or majority), has brought us " into this labyrinth, be dealt with according to their " deserts ! D'Estaing has pledged his reputation, as a " soldier, that he will not leave the King of Gt. Britain " sugar enough to sweeten his tea. Where are our heroes " of the last war to make it a gasconade, & treat him " accordingly ? Many bodies of them are again in action, " but where are the souls, or the military genius, that " inspired them ? We want some such daring & success- " ful Villain as Pitt, (alias Chatham), to breath life into " the whole."

Sund. 5th Sept. Shall I, in any part of future life, remember with indifference the dangers of my present station ? Will any laugh at my recorded distresses ? I am sure, no *Christian*, who has experienced any of the like, ever will.

Mond. 13th. I have frequently thought that I must soon intromit the keeping of a diary, for want of matter ; but I am, this moment, less than ever at a loss in this respect. I attended, some hours of this day, to the oratory of the august House of Assembly. They took under consideration the defensive works which have been long carrying on by the superintendants—Brown & Sewel.

Then came on the Business of Lieutenant Col. Jno. Gardiner Kemeys, which, I must confess, appeared to me *black* & *vile*, in the highest degree. A Committee of 5 Gentlemen, appointed by the House to visit the lines, batteries, &c, erecting, returned much displeased, & of Mr. Kemeys's conduct they made the most unfavorable report. They said they had found a large Party of the negroes billing & clearing a Pasture ; another clearing out a Pond ; other carpenter-negroes mending or making Wains ; in short, they professed to believe that the works about Salt-Island were calculated more to serve *private* purposes than *public* benefit.

However plausible poor Kemeys's apology seemed, I hardly think the suspicions of any were entirely removed. After much warm debate, the resolve was, that the House, upon K—'s explanation, were satisfied of the uprightness of his *intentions*.[1]

Sat. 18*th*. 1779. Mr. H. told me, with an oath, that he was amazed that men formed any other than black or brown connections, in this Country. By one folly or another, the temper of the husband & wife becomes soured ; & she begins hardly to care how soon she may get rid of him, in hopes of a better. He returns to his former acquaintance, to wallow in the mire of sensuality, which old & young, the married & the single, in this cursed Country, would fain believe alway allowable. His chief happiness is now placed anywhere but at home, in beastly drunkenness & obscenity. The Lady, from the multitude of her black train, seldom remains long in ignorance of the

(1) On this day, the House of Assembly resolved " that Lieut-Colonel " Kemeys had not any private interest in view relative to the public works at " Salt-Island, in directing to carry on the same ; but that the works answered " no purpose of defence, and should be discontinued." (*Journal of the House of Assembly*).

" brute's " course ; & there are not wanting *rakes*, especially in the *military* line, who have scarce a thought about anything but intrigues ; & who, under pretence of advising her, will take every advantage of her girlish imprudence, to her ruin.

Saty. 25th. 1779. Major Stanley, whom I have mentioned in a former part of my Journal, of the Liverpool Blues, became very soon tired of Jamaica. I have been told it was customary for the officers of the 79th to go on their knees & execrate this Country. 'Tis however certain that Major S. has to many persons, & to the same persons many times, expressed his longings for a putrid fever, in hopes, if he should recover, of procuring leave to go home. To Mr. H. he lately remarked his disappointment in all his industry to bring on a serious illness.

About 4 o'clock yester Evening a putrid Fever, seconded by a blunderer in physic, carried off the poor Major. The flattering expectations of himself & friends are blasted. His body, which a few days ago was truly amiable, now is become a lump of corruption, offensive to his servants, or his dogs ; &, no less than the carcasses of Adam's vilest sons, must rot, a prey for worms, without respect to " pride of family," & " dignity of " character."

Frid. Oct 1st. Frequently remarked Mr. H.'s great inequality of temper ; but he has so much the art of concealing inward melancholy under a face of laugh & *Jollity*, while in company, that his nearest intimates are deceived. This was the case at Mr. Crosse's, on the 29th. He was apprehensive, I believe, that he had hastily said something after our return home, which had displeased me. He assured me he had never been so troubled

with the " blue devils " as all that night. Went to bed early in the evening, & had no rest all night ; when in his chamber, his eyes poured out continual streams of tears ; & his distress & agitations of mind were such, that he really feared he was going to lose his understanding, & should need a *strait waistcoat* & *cowskin* before morning.

What an ingenious self-tormentor am I ! Can I ever forget what my rudeness & folly betrayed me into this evening !

Frid. 8th. 1779. Martial Law, which was proclaimed Augt. 7th, was taken off about Sepr. 11th. The Corps of Reformado officers, in which I had the honor of being a private, was, after little more than a month's continuance, to my great satisfaction disbanded.

It was terrible, indeed, to hear the particulars of poor Major Stanley's death, (see Sepr. 25th). I had them from the mouth of one of his Aides-de-camp ; for it must be known that Majr Stanley was made a General[1] in the militia. When the interval of fatal ease, usual at the commencement of the mortification, came on, & which was not long before his death, he was amusing himself with the hopes of soon seeing Engld. Tho' all around him were apprised of his danger, yet all long shrunk from the unpleasant task of communicating it to him. One of them, however, at last dared it. He exclaimed against the Ministry in the bitterest terms, for sacrificing him to the inclemencies of an infernal Clime. He was vexed at

(1) On September 11th, the House of Assembly had complained that the Governor nominated " young officers of the regulars to the command of sub-" divisions, to the exclusion of almost all the field officers of the militia, some of " whom may be presumed to have more experience, and equal military abilities." (*Journal of the House of Assembly*). The Governor replied that he had chosen the best men, and that many militia officers held high commands.

not dying by a ball, in the field ; rather than by a putrid fever, on his bed : & I believe his last words to a brother-officer were—" Dick, who's afraid ? "

Tuesd. 19th Octr. 1779. Insert Jamaica in place of—— & the following lines well describe it.

Malcolm (to Rosse), just arrived in England. " Stands Scotland where it did ? "

Rosse. " Alas ! poor country !
" Almost afraid to know itself. It cannot
" Be called our *mother*, but our *grave*, where nothing,
" But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile ;
" Where sighs, & groans, & shrieks that rend the air,
" Are made, not mark'd ; where violent sorrow seems
" A modern extasy ; the dead man's knell
" Is there scarce ask'd for whom ; & good men's lives
" Expire before the flowers in their caps,
" Dying, or ere they sicken ! " (*Macbeth*).

Frid. 22nd. How disgraceful to Christianity are those professors of it, who imagine poor, oppressed negroes to be formed *by nature* for no other end than the exercise of their cruelty, & the gratification of their brutish lusts ! I have been shocked at hearing those, who pride themselves on being considerate men, rejoice in the great happiness of this Country, where the great variety of shades & complexions, " lawful game," make it unnecessary & unpardonable in anyone to disturb the peace of private Families.

Frid. 12th. Went on board the *Niger* with Mr. H., breakfasted there, & paid my friend Edmund a visit. Captn. Lambert is just come into harbour with 5 valuable captures. Do not envy poor Edm's berth.

We rowed from the ship to Port Royal in quest of

Captn. Knatchbull. Here Mr. H. very opportunely interfered & put a stop to a duel which a pair of " spirited, " fiery " youths were going to engage in. They had impiously vowed, each of them, to kill, or be killed by, the other. Mr. H. has shewn great firmness in combating, as he did, the cursed fashionable ideas of modern Gentlemen ! I pity poor military & naval men, who, with or against their inclination, are to make sword & pistol, a contempt of butchering or being butchered, the test of their courage & " honor " ! !

Wedn. 17th. 1779. . . . I soon perceived my pupils had not been accustomed to close application. This & their backwardness in classical learning I cautiously avoided noticing to any of their friends, knowing it to be often the disingenuous practice of pedants to blame their predecessors without any just cause. I likewise soon learnt that Mr. H. was exceedingly disgusted at the manner of Mr. Drake,[1] the Superintendant of Felstead School, & that the placing his sons there was matter of necessity (for convenience of his English Friends), & not of choice.

Frid. 19th. Copy of part of a letter to B. H. Esqr, dated 17th Novr. " Have the pleasure to inform you " that Edmund has, a few days ago, brought into Port " Royal 5 valuable Prizes. By his assiduity & attention " he has made a friend of every one on board. They all " speak of him in the highest terms, & say he stands well " to his gun ; for you must know they have exchanged " some shot since he has entered. How will you be " astonished to hear that your nephew Thomas has made

(1) William Drake (1723-1801), an antiquary and philologist, was the son of a well-known antiquary, Francis Drake. In 1750 he was appointed head-master of Felsted Grammar School and Rector of Layer Marney. He continued head-master of Felsted till 1777. (*D.N.B.*).

" choice of that line ? But so it is. He is gone a cruize, " on board the *Pallas*, Capt. Spry. . . . . I expect to " visit England very soon, being now of age to take full " orders. Mr. H. intends honoring me with the con- " tinuance of my remaining charge : &, with the appro- " bation of his greatest friends here, Wm. & George are " to accompany me."

Tuesd. 14th Decr. 1779. On Thursd. 2nd. inst I went on board the *Leviathan*, & sailed Friday the 3rd, with design to take the Windward Passage. After much hazy, rainy weather, the most unfavorable winds, & now & then squalls, after much rolling & pitching, & of course seasickness, we with difficulty made Port Royal, with many of our fleet disabled, & came to an anchor on Sunday Decr. 12th 1779.

Wedn. 15th. My pain at the hour of parting with my dear friend, Mr. Harrison, was truly indescribable. He fell on my neck, & embraced me in the most cordial manner, in a flood of tears. . . .

Thursd. 30th. I have mentioned a difference which arose between a pair of " Gentlemen," & which Mr. H., by mediation, wished to adjust amicably. It was decided by pistol, & one of the men, Mr. Pleas of the 60th, received a ball into his thigh.

Sund. 2nd. Jany. 1780. Mr. H. had his youngest son, Peter Parker H., baptized yesterday.[1] The Admiral, Lady Parker, & a great number of Captains on this station, dined with us.

Mond. Jany. 10th. Conjecture says we are to sail next Saturday. I wish it may be truth !

The night before I went on board I desired Mr. H. not

(1) Peter died in infancy.

to be surpris'd at my requesting his acceptance of a small but valuable book of Divinity; which, as I flattered myself he was always open to conviction, would certainly give him, on certain material points in it, ideas very different from his present ones. He very gratefully accepted it, & assured me he would give it a most attentive perusal.

Capt Knatchbull was here yesterday. As I knew him to be fond of amusing himself with chess, without distinction of day, I on Saty. eveng. desired my friend Wm. to conceal the board. It must, however, late in the eveng., be produced to kill a few " innocent " moments. After supper, when it was time to think of withdrawing, Mr. H. hinted about the chess-board, then, looking towards me, said,—" Jones does not like it,—he looks very *serious* about it." I told him I could not forbear observing his great attachment of late to that play, & that I thought, however innocent it might be, it might as well be pursued another day. The former order was accordingly contradicted. . . . I thank God for enabling me to speak to Mr. H. with more faithfulness than I have ever done before.

Thursd. 13*th Jany.* 1780. Tuesday last, Dr. Lindsay, Minister of Span-Town, did me the honor of requesting my perusal & Judgment of a Sermon, (for so he calls it), which he is about to publish relative to Sir Basil Keith, late Govr. of this Island.

Mond. 24*th.* We weighed. The Admiral followed us on Tuesd. 25th & we trifled that day & night in attempting to beat to windward. . . . To my very great satisfaction, on Frid. the 28th. we lost sight of the Island; & *I never desire to see it any more.*

Sund. 6th. Feby. 1780. I shall never be able to say I have suffered more than one fit of weariness & disgust at sea, but I am sorry to say that will extend from the hour of my embarking to that of my landing. I think nothing but a sight of England & my dear friends will compensate for the disagreeable circumstances of the voyage.

O Lord ! hasten the happy, happy moment !

Frid. 18th. Feby Another fit of blowing, rolling & confusion came on Tuesd. night & Wednesday.

Sat 19th. Thank God, we had last night very fine weather. Today blows a clear, dry, keen North West, which seems to be set in, & shoves us forward with ease at the rate of six knots an hour.

Tuesd 22nd. All hands were desired to take a spell at the Winches, passengers & Officers (among whom were 3 sea Captains) not excepted. We hoisted the signal of distress, spoke the *Charon* & represented our situation. Were informed that the *Susanna*, one of the merchant-ships had sprung a leak the night before, & gone down in the morning ; but happily every life was saved.

Letter from Mr. H. to the Right Revd. Dr. Lowth,[1] the Lord Bishop of London.

" Spanish Town, Nov 29th 1779

" My Lord,

" I presume on the condescending notice, with which " your Lordship has formerly honored me, to add my " testimonial to the one which your Lordship will " officially receive of Mr. Jones's very commendable " conduct, during his residence in this Island.

" I can, with the strictest truth, affirm that he has

(1) Robert Lowth (1710-1787), Bishop of St. David's (1766-1777), Bishop of London (1777-1787).

" fully answered the high expectations my friends had " taught me to form of him ; &, in every instance of his " tuition & care of my sons, acquitted himself with " assiduity & abilities.

" A continuance of the two youngest under his guard- " ianship & instruction, wherever he may be settled, is " the best proof he can receive, or I can give, that my " good opinion of him, & best wishes for his prosperity, " are sincere.

" I leave to those Gentlemen, with whom your Lord- " ship may entrust the enquiry, to judge of his qualifi- " cations as a scholar; it would not become me to exer- " cise an opinion on that subject, but I should be wanting " both in justice & gratitude to him, if I omitted to be " responsible for his endeavours to be a living example " of the Truths he is ambitious, under your Lordship's " authority, to teach.

" I have the honor to be,

" &c &c &c

" Thomas Harrison."[1]

(1) The Journal of the House of Assembly of Jamaica, of which there is a copy in the Inner Temple Library, confirms the accuracy of this Journal as a narrative of events that happened in the Island from 1778 to 1780.

PART III LONDON, OXFORD, ENFIELD.

" Whoe'er she be—
" That not impossible She
" That shall command my heart and me:

" I wish her store
" Of worth may leave her poor
" Of wishes; and I wish—no more.

" Her, that dares be
" What these lines wish to see;
" I seek no further, it is She."

Richard Crashaw. *Wishes to his Supposed Mistress.*

New Court. March 31*st.* 1780. " Dear Betsy & Peggy,
" Last night I put into the Post Office my 2nd Letter to
" Aberg^{y} addressed to my dear Parents.

" About 1 o'clock today it gave me great pleasure to
" receive a very kind & affectionate Letter from my dear
" Mother. That it was not longer I have only to blame
" the Tuesd. night's hot supper.

" I am very happy to hear you are all alive & in health.
" When I reflect on the distressful situation I was in a
" few days back, I scarce know how to believe that I
" still live. . . . It has been my lot to see much of what
" is called ' Life ' & ' polite Life ' too; yet, my dearest
" Sisters, have I never tasted the least solid Happiness
" out of Religion's path. Tears, I assure you, fill my
" eyes, while I think it possible you may never have
" known the sweets of this, & may not be convinced of
" it's truth till too late.

" Dear Betsy & Peggy, tho' you & I are now in the
" same Island, possibly we may not be so happy as to see

" each other on this side of the grave. If death appears " cloathed in terrors, as he frequently does, to the Children " of God ; only think what intolerable anguish must fill " the unregenerate soul at that hour. And will, *if it end* " *there*. But it does not—there immediately follows an " Eternity big with nothing but torment & despair. God " forbid that we may ever experience such woe ! . . . " This Letter, tho' addressed to Betsy on the outside, is " meant for Peggy likewise. In a letter which Jabez " shewed me from Mr. Theo. I was highly gratified to " see you both represented to be ' fine Girls.' If you pay " a proper attention to the precepts of your dear Mother " & mine, & conduct yourselves becomingly, as I doubt " not but you will do, you will certainly want for no " encouragement. . . ."

New Court. April 14th. 1780. " Dear Brothers, . . . " Relative to the money matter, mentioned in my Father's " letter, I know not what at present to say. I have, since " my arrival, only recd. what my present exigencies call " for. I shall soon balance accts. with Mr. H.—, & then— " then I shall endeavour to assure my parents how very " trifling I consider every thing within my power to repay " them for their numerous favors. Don't let them think " this what you call ' a mere hum ' or put off. Have " only had it in my power to call on my Brother Jabez " once. Frequently has he called on me. He supped " with me the last time I saw him, about a week ago. He " has behaved to me, both this & the last time of " my being in Town, with the utmost kindness ; &, " as to his over-reaching me, I believe he has too many " fashionable notions of honor, &c, &c, to attempt doing " it. . . ."

" Viro Reverendo Iltyd Nicholl B.D. [1] necnon et " hujus Collegii Socio dignissimo.

" Vir Reverende,

" Peractis jam tandem annis, completisque omnibus " quæ ad gradum Baccalaurei in Artibus capessendum " requiruntur, nil restat nisi ut, aurâ tui favoris aspirante, " in portum peroptatum laetus ingrediar,

" Sum, Vir Reverende,

" Tuus observantissimus."

May 2nd. 1780. The hour is coming when my mind will be fuller of anxiety, or, in university-language, *funking*, than it has ever yet been. It is so already. I am to be examined tomorrow for a Bachelor of Arts degree. I hope nothing will prevent my Examination. I have not read any book in Greek or Latin preparatory to it ; nor have I made myself blindly & servilely acquainted with the *Schemes*, as they are called. The troublesome impertinence of forms & ceremonies attending the taking of a degree has perhaps chiefly inclined me to this. How much of my time & thoughts has been employed vainly in attempting to facilitate my taking Orders ! If all this unmeaning form & nonsense be called " the regular way," I must confess myself almost sick of it.

Sund. May 7th. Thank God, my Examination is happily over. My mind is exceedingly relieved. I do not find myself & pupils perfectly settled. We want our books—we want, we want many other things. But I believe there will be always—something wanting. I think frequently that all my rage of wishing would be cured, should I obtain that prime of temporal blessings,

(1) Iltyd Nicholl, son of Whitlock Nicholl, of Llanhirt Major, Glamorgan, Fellow of Jesus College from 1765 to 1780, died Rector of Tredington, Worcestershire (a College living), October 9th, 1787.

which, at present, employs so much of my thoughts, & I hope will relieve me of much distress & anxiety. I may be disappointed. As far as my nature, temper, &c, are concerned, I frankly confess I have a right to expect, in that as in every other state, a very moderate share of happiness. However, if I succeed, my worldly wishes shall centre in——, my " better half," my " second self " —*animæ dimidium meæ*. If in this instance I am disappointed, I am almost ready to say I'll defy this world's disappointing me in another.

I fear I promise myself too much from a state of matrimony. My ideas are, if I may be allowed the epithet, *novelish* & airy. I am sure I shall be unhappy while I propose to myself any happiness out of God.

June 26th. 1780. Entered Jesus College Oxford Michas. Term 1773. Vice Chancell : Tho. Fothergill,[1] Provost of Queen's College.

Kept
- Easter, Act, Michas, — 1774
- Easter Act, Michas, — 1775
- Easter, Act, — 1776
- Lent, Act Michas, — 1777

Went to Jamaica in Feby. 1778—returned to England

(1) Fothergill was Vice-Chancellor when Johnson received his degree of Doctor in 1775. (*Boswell's Life of Johnson*. G. B. Hill, Vol. 2 p. 331).

in March 1780—kept my 13th. Term Easter. Took the degree of B.A. in Act. Term 1780.

Was admitted *Communarius* of Jesus College April 19th, 1780. Took the degree of B.A. May 25th 1780.

Sund. 2nd July. 1780. Before I exchanged an undergraduate's for a bachelor's gown, I thought the degree of B.A. & Orders would make me very comfortable & happy. But this charm vanished when enjoyment took place. Dulness, flatness & dissatisfaction attend the fulfilment, not less than the disappointment, of all schemes, the growth of earth & of opinion !

I am now sollicitous *where*, & *how*, I shall preach. I am pestered with cursed suggestions from the Devil ; I am almost continually oppressed with " the fear of man, " which bringeth a snare." For this reason I dread taking St. Aldate's in Oxford which Mr. Sergrove has offered me a few days ago : I dread the thought of a settlement at Enfield, in the neighbourhood of my friend Mr. Harrison, lest I should not be faithful. Will he not, will not all others, revile me as an *Enthusiast*, & a setter forth of strange Doctrines ?

Whether is better to fear & obey God than man ? May my soul answer this question sincerely & as in the presence of God ; & may I receive strength to act accordingly !

Tuesd. 25th July. Heard a sermon preached this Evening by Dr. Cooke[1] of our College, who has joined

(1) Thomas Coke (1747-1814) was the son of Bartholomew Coke (the name of the family being originally Cooke), and matriculated at Jesus College in 1764. He ascribed his " conversion " to Maxfield, one of Wesley's evangelists. He received the degree of D.C.L. in 1775. In 1778 he began his Methodist ministry in London, and in 1782 was the first President of the Irish Conference. In 1784, Wesley appointed him Superintendent to discharge episcopal functions in the American Methodist societies. In 1787 this title was changed from Superintendent to Bishop, and this led to the secession of the " Radical Methodists." Coke was President of the English Conference in 1797 and 1805. (*D.N.B.*)

Mr. Wesley's connections. He seemed to ape Mr. John in the mode of wearing his hair. His appearance, however, in the pulpit was very amiable ; & he spoke many very important truths.

Wedn. 2nd Augt. 1780. My pupils & self have gotten into a course of entertaining, useful reading at breakfast time. We are now perusing Locke on Education. May I be able to copy the sound, admirable advice he gives persons engaged in the tuition of youth !

A brace of more pleasing, attentive, hopeful pupils I shall never have. I am very happy in them.

What an Evening did I spend last ! I have too many acquaintances in Oxford. This makes me waste many hours, to my sorrow.

Thursd. 10th Augt. Last Saturday Evening I rec'd a very kind Letter from Mr. H. In consequence of this I determined to take leave of North Moreton & Toot Baldin parishes the day following. On Sunday, the Stable-keeper of Magdalen College, whom Mr. Bridges[1] had ordered to furnish me with a weekly horse, mounted me on a vile, stumbling beast, which fell under me about 3 miles from Oxford. That I had not dashed out my brains, by the extreme violence of my fall, was amazing. 'Twas because angels had charge of me. Providentially he fell on even, dusty ground. Had it happened 3 or 4 yds. onward, where the ground became very stony ; falling, as I did, on my left temple, (to speak after the manner of men), my skull, if not composed of steel, must have been fractured.

I am safely arrived at New Court, our accustomed Lodging in London. Our ride, yesterday, was very

(1) For Dr. Brydges *see* also December 26th, 1816.

warm, & rather disagreeable. As we passed Hyde Park corner, we had a transient view of the encampments there, spreading over a large space of ground.[1] What bustle & confusion appears to one at his entrance into this great, overgrown, populous city! What labors & pains taken for the things that perish! How few care for substantial riches!

The fall I had last Sunday ought to teach me great caution when riding, especially when the horse is a strange one. I have reason to apprehend many misfortunes of the same kind, which may, perhaps, be of the most serious consequence. May the Lord continually preserve me!

I have exchanged my situation. What will follow from this exchange I can by no means tell. But, whatever it be, this I can simply & ingenuously declare, it is not what I have devised as sought for myself; for I had great inclination to stay in Oxford. Mr. B. H. expressed great desire of our becoming neighbours with the prospect of my succeeding to the Lectureship in Enfield parish, if soon vacant. He has proferred me the tuition of 2 of his sons. Mrs. H. has done me the honor of calling me her son; &, after frequently cautioning me about the choice of a wife, has engaged herself to recommend me one. Frequently have I reminded her of this engagement; & have thought for many reasons, that I have known the person to whom I might, with her approbation, make my addresses. Her fortune I conceived to be about 4 or 5,000£: but, upon enquiry, a person, who, I am positive, is not well affected to her, & consequently little likely to magnify, declared it to be above 14,000£. But this

(1) In June 1780, at the time of the Gordon riots, a camp of ten thousand men was formed in Hyde Park, as a measure of security.

is one of the least material considerations. Her person, &c, is by no means disagreeable. The chief, the only reason of my not embracing with chearfullness Mr. H.'s proposals of a visit to Enfield, & of my not endeavouring readily to improve the hints I have received relative to the concern just mentioned, has been, that I fear much conversation & intimacy with the worldly wise & great will do me great harm, & render me unfaithful to the cause I have undertaken.

Aug 6th. 1780. Since I wrote last in my diary I have removed from London to Enfield. Much time before & after every removal is always lost in hurry & trifling. My mind was exceedingly exercised with thoughts on a certain subject. The evening on which I came hither, which was Wednesday, our welcome was so very cordial, that my heart could not help being elated. We supped at Mr. H—'s, & I thought I had great encouragement to hope. M—P—appeared, I thought, a thousand times more beautiful & charming than ever my warmest imagination had represented her. But what am I doing ? Am I, as they call it, in love ? With what ? with my own folly and, it may be, my own misery. I fear there is something very mean & base in my attachment to my present object. She seems to be an utter stranger to God ; & yet I fondly think that I could be happy with her. But how can two travel together, except they be agreed ? Were I, (as I now think happy enough), to marry her, what distress might it not occasion ? The more I loved her, the more would it pierce my soul to think that I was embracing in my bosom one who, perhaps, must be after this life everlastingly separated from

me. With respect to the training up of children, if we had any, & the management of other parts of our family, how distinctly opposite must our sentiments be! In spite of these, & 1000 other considerations, I cannot help finding my affections on the wing towards this object. Oh fickle, foolish heart!—This moment I am full of hope; the next almost in despair. Have seen her every evening since my arrival at this place. This evening I have been greatly depressed. She talked of many distant connections etc, and intimated that she was desirous of leaving this neighbourhood in about a fortnight's time, & visiting Brightelmstone. If I cannot, within that time, discover my passion for her, I have resolved to communicate it to her Sister. I am sure I shall not want opportunity, & I am almost sure I shall not want courage, after the many flattering handsome things Mrs. H— has been pleased to say of me. But oh! what am I dreaming of? Is it not time to awake? When I consider matters soberly, I must needs be assured of enjoying more true happiness in marriage with a pious woman, tho' possessed not of a farthing, than with a graceless, gay, dissipated lady, who has a million a year at her command. Guide me, O my heavenly Father!

1st Sep. 1780. To what purpose have I been ordained? Not, I hope, to spend many Sabbaths as I spent the last. Is God my Father? Why then am I not employed in his service?

Sep 28th. What a number of executions do we read in every week's paper! Their frequency makes them less shocking and terrible; and a list of poor wretches launched into eternity is now read by many with as much indifference as if it were a list of Births or Marriages. I

was present at the last Oxford Assize, and saw a villain' the most daring & hardened the Devil ever possessed' receive sentence of death. By one of the papers now before me I learn that he is executed.

Sunday 8th Oct. 1780. I am unemployed yet as a Minister. I fear I am misspending my time. This vexes me. I endeavour to lay out my time in cultivating the minds of my dear pupils, which I have found highly instructive to myself: yet I long earnestly for an opportunity of pointing to poor sinners the blessed way to life.

Oct 16th. I officiated yesterday in 2 churches belonging to Dr. Griffith, St. Mary at Hill & St. Michael Cornhill.

Oct 30th. It is dark, gloomy wet weather. November is at hand, the melancholy month of November in which the people of England hang and drown themselves.[1]

Nov 1st. I long to hear how poor Mr. Hall, of Butcher's Row, Oxford, is—whether alive or dead. When in Oxford, I was sent for, some time in Augt. last. I went and prayed by his bedside. His daughter was present. On my happening, without any design, to read a prayer appointed for one of whose recovery small hopes are entertained, his apparent pain, his distortions of countenance are not to be described. He seemed racked. He seemed in an agony. I prayed that God might bless the opportunity to him. Mrs. Hall appeared distressed, as if she imagined it would hasten his end.

During his father-in-law's illness Mr. H.—took it into his head to read some part of the scriptures. His re-

(1)" A celebrated French novelist, in opposition to those who begin their " romances with the flowery season of the year, enters on his story thus : ' In " ' the gloomy month of November, when the people of England hang and " ' drown themselves, a disconsolate lover walked out into the fields.' " (Addison. *The Spectator* No 387).

marks were curious. Much of St. Paul's Epistles he disliked. They were, in general, very " methodistical."

Mrs. H—believes that her Coachman, and the man & woman who live at New Court, are Methodists. She speaks very kindly and respectfully of them, and says all the lower class of people, who pay any attention to religion, in general follow the Methodists.

Nov 2nd. 1780. Mr. H. & Miss— are returned from Brightelmstone. I saw them tonight. Miss——appears so affable and pleasing that I believe I shall break the matter to my friend Mr. H. Received this morning a very affectionate letter from my dear Aunt Price. She says " you may remember that, when here last, you thought a " wife that had no grace might do very well, provided " she was decent, etc——But, if you take a Philistine " woman, she will put out your eyes, & your spiritual " strength will go from you." God grant that I may not find this prophecy fulfilled to my sorrow !

Thursday 9th Novr. 1780. A notable day ! Have done a bolder thing today than I have ever before done. Have done what I had resolved & re-resolved on a thousand times. How many times did I open my mouth before I spoke ! How many times did I speak, before I said anything intelligible, or to the purpose ! The awkwardness of my situation, and what I felt on the occasion, I know not how to describe. But what has my communication of my thoughts to Mr. H— availed ? It has contributed much to my ease of mind, if nothing else. I am already happier ; and my desires will, I hope, be moderated. Mr. H. did not give me much pains to explain myself. He soon understood me ; & spoke in a very friendly, sensible manner. His offer to hint the matter

to—was exceedingly kind. Her fortune, I find, amounts to what Mr. C—mentioned. Handsome as it is, I find her present expences are equal to it. As to her education, she appears very accomplished, and her manners are remarkably easy, affable & unaffected. Her person is pleasing. All these circumstances considered, I wonder no offer has been made which she has thought proper to accept. Now she has passed her prime, she may be disposed to notice, or perhaps accept, proposals which a few years ago she would have rejected with the utmost disdain. She has enjoyed a great deal of the pleasures & amusements of this world ; yet, possibly, instead of being as one might well expect, cloyed with them, she may be unhappy in a quiet, sedate life. But she knows not God ; nay, she despises religion. How then can I have a thought of her ? Better, perhaps, for me to marry a decent woman, who fears God, with a small fortune, or without any. May the Lord direct me !

7th Decr. 1780. Yesterday evening I spent at Mr. Gough's.[1] Mr. Richd. Gough is considered as a learned and ingenious man, and is the author of *British Topography*. Dr. Griffith of St. Mary at Hill introduced me to his acquaintance. My vanity was not a little gratified with the pleasure of dining at Mr. Gough's, in company with the very celebrated Mr. Pennant,[2] writer of the Welch & Scotch Tours.

To Dr. Griffith I am likewise indebted for my ac-

[1]Richard Gough, F.S.A. of Gough Park, near Forty Hill, Enfield, son of Harry Gough, M.P. for Bramber, succeeded to Gough Park in 1774, and died 1809. He bequeathed his books on British Topography to the Bodleian Library.

[2] Pennant was admired by Dr. Johnson, who had a difference of opinion on this subject (which ended amicably), with Bishop Percy (Boswell's *Life of Johnson*. Birkbeck Hill, Vol. 3 pp. 271, 4, 5.)

quaintance with Dr. Owen,[1], rector of Edmonton, who was brought up at Jesus College, Oxford.

Dec 19*th*. 1780. The scenes of Mr.——'s life appear to have been remarkably various. I am frequently amused with his stories. He has led a very dissolute, debauched life, & I have cause to be ashamed for not properly reproving him, when he relates his vile intrigues.

To what purpose have I been ordained? This is a question which I cannot answer without pain & uneasiness.

Jan 22*nd*. Heaven has been extremely gracious to me in every respect, and shall I be ever employed in murmuring? I have need to be ashamed & blush. Let me only look back seven years. Where was I at that time? What were my expectations? Little, very little, my conscience well knows. Without fortune, destitute of friends who seemed capable of advancing my *worldly* interest. When made assistant master in Abergavenny school, what was my yearly salary? Twenty Pounds a year, while I assisted Mr. Morgan. Not so much in Mr. Sandford's time, when the school began to dwindle. At this time, with difficulty, and with the frequent murmuring of those who contributed to my support, I compassed now & then a journey to Oxford. Little was I the better for any of my visits, for the expense of University lectures put it out of my power to attend them. I scarce knew where to look for money to defray the expenses of taking my degree, when the time should arrive; and by my indiscreet, imprudent zeal I had rendered my ordination highly improbable. While I was thus circum-

[1] Henry Owen, son of William Owen of Dolgelly, Rector of St. Olave, Hart Street, 1750-1795, and of Edmonton, 1775-1795, where he died.

stanced, it pleased God to banish all my fears & apprehensions. I had four pupils & £120 a year with board &c included. . . .

Sunday. Feby 4th, 1781. Recd. this morning a letter from Mr. B. H. who is now with Mrs. H— at Bath. He informs me that Miss P—— is just going to change her name. 'Tis now too late, & little worth my while, to be sorry for what passed between Mr. H. & self about 3 months ago. It will, however, I hope [5 *lines erased*]

7th Feby. Tanti eris aliis, quanti tibi fueris. Unless I take care to time my visits [to Chaceside], and to make them no oftener than agreeable, I must frequently expect to be treated as a " Toad-Eater," or a " Led-Captain." As a man, I had rather live on bread and water, than be condemned to the vile drudgery of studying and humouring the caprice of any fools, however rich. As a Christian, I cannot think of doing it, without bringing the utmost disgrace on the name which I bear. O my Lord, give me prudence to despise the taunts & impertinences of all ignorant, pitiful creatures !

Mar 7th. I long to see my Pupils, for I have been from them near a fortnight. Nothing will, I hope, prevent my leaving Oxford on friday next. The exercise which I have been engaged in is called determining, a syllogistic disputation, in the Schools, upon 3 questions each day, & 3 mediums on each question. I came to Oxford on friday evening, whereas to have come here on Shrove tuesday (the first tuesday after my arrival) by 10 o'clock in the morning would have been early enough. Three or four hours of Shrove tuesday I was obliged to loiter away, with the Bachelors on the same errand as myself,

in "Pigmarket,"[1] before I could be *presented*. Since university exercises are become empty, unmeaning, spiritless forms & ceremonies, is it not very surprising that the Vice Chancellor, Proctors, etc, etc, can appear with grave, solemn faces on the trifling occasions which generally call them to congregations, convocations, etc ?

On wednesday, all the determining Bachelors, with their hoods and lambskins on, were forced to hear a paltry Latin discourse at St. Mary's. From one o'clock till 5, four hours of the same day was laughed and trifled away in the Schools. Three or four hours of three other days I have since spent in the schools, but on neither of all the days have I been put on by the Proctors or Masters of the Schools. I have one day more. Tomorrow, I hope. What miserable work ! To be engaged in it is a butchering of time, and to recollect it is a prostitution of memory.

9th March. 1781. Have this day received my Caution-money (10£) all but the deductions made by the Junior Bursar for having kept my name on the books since July last. 'Tis with great pleasure I take my leave of College, for I have no attachments here. The Principal, Dr. Hoare, [2] and three of the Fellows, Jno. Jones B.D.[3], Edw. Carne B.D., [4] and David Hughes A.M. [5], have subscribed my Testimonials, and set the College seal to

[1] "Pigmarket" is the name of the vaulted passage near the East door of the Divinity School, which joins the Bodleian Quadrangle to the open space behind the Sheldonian Theatre.

[2] *See* Oct 26th 1777.

[3] John Jones, son of Edward Jones of Gresford co Denbigh, Fellow of Jesus College from 1747 to 1796. He was for many years the senior fellow in residence.

[4] Edward Carne, son of John Carne of Mareham, Berks. Fellow of Jesus College from 1764 to 1786, Vice-Principal 1783 to 1786, Rector of Marcross, Incumbent of Holyhead (a college living), Prebendary of Llandaff.

[5] David Hughes, son of John Hughes of Llanrwst, Fellow of Jesus College from 1774 to 1802, when he succeeded Dr. Hoare as Principal, Rector of Bessilsleigh, Berks, died by his own hand March 7. 1817.

them. Have prepared everything for tomorrow's journey.

Sat. 10*th.* 1781. Set out about 10 o'clock from Oxford, & arrived in Town by the Henley road at ½ past 7. The whole of this Excursion, except only the plaguey exercise at determining, has been the pleasantest I ever made to Oxford. I was able to place such confidence in the conduct of my 4 pupils that I was in no care about them: and I have not been disappointed. Near 10*£*, one way or other, I have expended. What a mercy it is that my circumstances are easy! I brought back with me near 30*£*, and am out of debt.

April 14*th.* About noon I accompanied Mr. Hamston to his grounds, with Benj: & Matt: H. Near the windmill, on Chace-side, we met a Gentleman in black, who readily & familiarly accosted me by name, and enquired when I had heard from my friends in Wales. Who was this but a Mr. W——, whom I remembered in Lady H——'s connections,[1] & who is now resident at Enfield, as stated minister of the "new methodist divinity shop," as Mr. Hardy calls it. I confess, with shame, that I was disconcerted when he addressed me. From having of late frequently appeared in the reading desk & pulpit of Enfield Church I am become somewhat known. Two or three persons, besides B. & M. H., observed our meeting, who are very likely to spread abroad that the strange clergyman is an intimate acquaintance of the Methodist parson's. Mr. W——spoke to me very properly and kindly. Have made an assignation to meet him at 6 o'clock this evening. . . .

[1] There is still a Lady Huntingdon chapel at Enfield, on the N. side of Whitewebb's Park, close to a very ancient inn called *The King & Tinker*. Lady Huntingdon founded Cheshunt College, a mile or two distant, (now a Church of England Training College).

Met Mr. W—— according to appointment, and spent about 2 hours in pain lest any should notice us together, while we were conversing in the pathless, woody parts of the Chace.

25*th April*. 1781. I remember hearing Mr. Clement, an accidental acquaintance of mine at Portsmouth, about 3 years ago, express his fondness for the fair sex thus :— " Did I certainly know I was going to Heaven, & were " a fine woman to beckon me, I verily believe that I " should, if possible, return."

I have found, (shall I say to my sorrow ?) a something bewitching in the character & composition of woman. I mean to speak only of women who are modest & outwardly decent. I have always felt a strong desire of pleasing and of appearing agreeable to them ; and am sorry to say that nothing on earth has given me greater anxiety & uneasiness than my acquaintance with them. If ever I have a female partner of life, God grant that she may be a sincere Christian, not a vain, flaunting, giddy creature, such as has seemed, for a moment, to ravish my foolish heart. I ought to blush while I confess, or even while I think of, my follies. Lord, pardon them ! Let me not, in this very material concern, mar my happiness ! Choose out one of Thy children who will indeed be a help meet for me ! I must lay my journal by. Methinks I can write or rather scribble a volume on this subject. I have promised some of my female acquaintances that one of the first texts after my marriage shall be—" It is " not good that man shall be alone."

1*st May*. Officiated last Sunday for Mr. Boutflower at Waltham Abbey. . . . Preached twice, churched 3 women, visited another poor sick woman, & baptized a

child. 'Twas remarkable that I was called upon, accidentally, as Mr. Newbon was from home, to baptize an infant of a week old, in terrible convulsions, exhibiting a sad spectacle of that misery entailed on all the posterity of Adam, & which I had been describing, the same afternoon, from Romans 5. 18.

My mind is today in a strange *muddle*, after the various scenes of Sunday & yesterday. Took Mrs. Boutflower & her darling son Samuel in a chaise, with me, yesterday afternoon to Southgate, accompanied by Miss Jessopp [1] & Miss Nancy Hanshaw, & two Beaus, Mr. Boutflower & G. H. The excursion was very agreeable. We were house-hunting. If it were possible that any human eye might see these Papers, I ought to be particularly careful not to mention the many fine handsome speeches which——. The voice of praise, or rather of flattery, is highly intoxicating & dangerous. May God preserve me from pride & its consequences ! for " Pride goeth before a fall."

May 3rd. 1781. How happy, I had almost said blest, shall I be, says my heart, when in possession of a dear partner ! But I have my fears, which oblige me to apply to the Throne of Grace.

I have my eye upon a Lady of Waltham Abbey, whom Mr. Boutflower represents as a [25 *pages are here torn from the Diary*]

[1] William Jones married this year Theodosia, da. of Thos. Jessopp, solicitor, of Waltham Abbey.

PART IV CURATE OF BROXBOURNE.

" Not thus our Curate, one whom all believe
" Pious and just, and for whose fate they grieve ;
" All see him poor, but ev'n the vulgar know
" He merits love, and their respect bestow,
" A man so learn'd you shall but seldom see,
" Nor one so honor'd, so aggrieved as he."
(Crabbe, *The Borough*.)

Nov 7th. 1781. The bleak winds and rain, the trees stripped of their leaves, & the naked desolate appearance of the country, tell us that we are now in " the melancholy " month of November." But I should hardly have felt any of it's gloom, tho' born in this month. My charming Theodosia's absence makes it November to me—But she will return. Happy, happy thought !

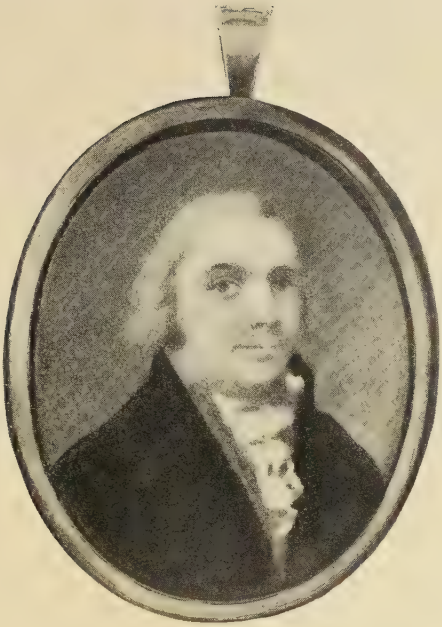
Extract of a letter to Mr. Charles Jones. " My dear " brother Charles, You will not, I hope, imagine that I " have forgotten you. It is, I can assure you, far other- " wise. Multiplicity of business is, confessedly, a hack- " neyed excuse, but an apology, somewhat of this nature, " I must, & can very justly, make. Will you not, with " your usual good nature, smile at it & accept it ? What " constant solicitous care attends a large, extensive " Parish, with two sermons a week & a long list of " etceteras, I hardly need attempt to describe to you. " Add to this my Pupils. And you know that I am " married. This makes many, very many hours steal " imperceptibly away, amidst a thousand various, reci- " procal attentions which greatly increase matrimonia-

" happiness. But are you not married yet ? May you " soon be, and happily ! . . ."

Jan 3. 1782. I have now entered on a new year. May my soul praise the Lord for the mercies of the past year, & humbly trust Him for all which it may want in future.

That I am married, happily married, to one who is so good a woman, must, in chief, take the lead of all other temporal mercies in my hands. May I never undervalue this blessing ! I am employed as a Clergyman, & in every respect comfortably situated. May God, if it be His will, continue to me & my dearest Theodosia our present mercies ! May He deliver us from all uneasiness & distressing anxiety ! May we be blessed with all spiritual consolation, & happy, for ever happy, in each other !

Sunday Oct 6th 1782. I am sorry, on looking at the last date, that there is a chasm of 8 months in my journal. And what has been the result of my experience during that time ? A confirmation of what I before well knew, that my heart is stupid, ungrateful & full of all iniquity. I have had prosperous & adverse providences, but they have been lost upon me ; for the former I have not been thankful, nor have the latter made me humble. When I wrote last, my mind was full of a most disagreeable subject. I had 4 Pupils, 2 of whom I was just going to lose, without any prospect of others. My heart was anxious & uneasy, day & night, relative to that dearest of all human beings, my dearest Theodosia, who was then pregnant. The 6th of June arrived—and I may almost as well attempt to describe fully the miseries of the damned, as to express the horrible pain, the anguish with which I was racked during her labour. I am aston-



WILLIAM JONES

THEODOSIA JONES

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ished, & shudder at the bare recollection of it. May it never be erased from my memory ; but may it always engage me to treat her with grateful tenderness, & to consult her inclination & pleasure on all occasions !

Monday Apl 28th. 1783. Have, not long ago, had no small trouble with S. but have treated him very plainly and faithfully. Hope it will teach him more modesty, & to pay greater attention to those who ought to prescribe to him ; & I have reason to think it has had this effect. Let his conduct be a lesson to me to begin with every pupil as I would wish to go on, & never, in any instance, to allow improper liberties.

Tuesday 20th. May. Last Sunday, just before morning service, Sir Thomas Rumbold's [1] butler came to me with his master's compliments, and that with my permission the Bishop of Clonfart, in Ireland, who I understand is Lady Rumbold's brother, would preach at Watton.[2] His Lordship's text was out of St. James' Epistle— " Speak not evil one of another ! " The discourse contained many judicious & useful observations. Speaking

[1] Thomas Rumbold, born 1736, was the son of an officer in the Naval Service of the East India Company. At the age of 16 he obtained an appointment in the Company's service in India. In 1777 he had become Governor of Madras, and in the same year bought the Watton estate for £87,000, and rebuilt the mansion. On the capture of Pondicherry in 1779 he was made a Baronet. In 1782, the Company sued him for £1,000,000, alleged to have been obtained by his malpractices ; but the action was compromised. His second wife was Joanna, daughter of Edmund Law, Bishop of Carlisle ; she died in 1832. It was said that Rumbold, as a youth, had been a shoe-black or waiter at White's Club, (*see* Horace Walpole's letter to Sir Horace Mann, April 30th, 1783). No doubt he was the original of John Warren, Lord Fitz-Warene, in Disraeli's *Sybil*. A portrait of him and his son appeared in *The Times*, 3rd Aug. 1922, and is described as *An Unrecorded Gainsborough*.

On Rumbold's death, in 1791, the Watton estate was sold to Paul Benfield, who had had a very similar career. Benfield failed, and died in indigence. It was then sold in 1801, to Samuel Smith, great-grandfather of the present owner, Colonel Abel Henry Smith, D.L. (Cussans' *Hertfordshire*).

[2] William Jones' Vicar, the Revd. George Stockwell, was also Rector of Watton, 1781 - 1798.

of the prevalent custom of miscalling things, in order to deter persons from what is right by frightful names, he said it was not unusual to style piety & devotions, preciseness, hypocrisy & methodism. His father, who is likewise Bishop of Carlisle [1] & Master of Peterhouse, Cambridge, was at Woodhall on a visit, tho' he did not make his appearance at Church. Sir Thomas was so obliging as to invite me to dinner in the most polite manner, & the Bishop behaved with the greatest affability, but I could not conveniently accept of the invitation, & therefore denied myself the honor of dining with a Baronet & his Lady, & 2 Bishops etc etc. The former part of this honor is by no means strange to me, having a little while ago dined with Sir Abraham Hume,[2] Wormley, the day on which I inducted the Revd. Dr. King[3] into the possession of that living. 'Twas astonishing how broad & countryfied Bishop Law's pronunciation was, from his having been brought up at Carlisle, I suppose.

August 18*th*. 1783. I have the greatest reason to bless Heaven for the dear partner of my life. A better, one more calculated to make my life comfortable & happy, I firmly

[1] Edmund Law (1703-1787), Bishop of Carlisle 1768, came of a family of Westmoreland yeomen or "statesmen." Of his sons, Edmund became Lord Ellenborough, Lord Chief Justice of England; John was made Bishop of Clonfert 1782, Killala 1787, and Elphin 1795; George Henry was Bishop of Bath and Wells; Thomas entered the East India Company, and wrote works on the Indian revenue (*D.N.B.*) Horace Walpole writes in a jocular strain about the Bishop of Carlisle & his son-in-law, in a letter to Mason (May 1780).

[2] Sir Abraham Hume of Wormleybury, 2nd Baronet, born 1748, succeeded his brother 1772, and died 1838, leaving no issue; his two daughters, Lady Farnborough and Lady Brownlow, having predeceased him. He was a great collector of pictures and precious stones, (*see An Eighteenth Century Collector, The Morning Post*, 3rd April 1923). He is mentioned in Farington's *Diary*, April 15th, 1807.

[3] The Revd. John Glen King D.D. died Nov 2nd 1787, in his 56th year, and was succeeded by the Revd. Bernard Fowler, who died June 9th 1798, aged 59, (*see* entry of June 10th 1798).

believe Heaven could not have given me. Only myself have I to blame, if I am not, in all circumstances, to speak in moderate terms, one of the happiest men living. While, on the one hand, no woman can be a greater ornament to a splendid, ample fortune, than she would be, if possessed of one ; on the other hand, none would more decently & economically manage a slender portion.

Sat Oct 25th. 1783. Went Thursday morning last to see poor Fossy, who, together with his wife & one or two of his children, has been ill of the epidemic fever for 8 or 9 weeks past. He is now in a deep decline beyond the power of medicine or the help of man. Tho' his body is languishing & every moment seems at the point of death, yet I praise God that his soul is flourishing & chearful, & appears firmly grounded in the love of Christ, expecting salvation through His merits & mediation only. . . .

Poor F——'s wife seemed, when I saw her last, to be greatly concerned for her soul. May the same divine work be, in due time, perfected in her as in her dying husband. Mr. Lewin told me yesterday that the poor man & his wife have almost worn themselves out, for some years, with continual hard labour, and starved themselves, at the same time, almost to death, through an anxiety of saving something for their numerous young family.

Feb 25th. 1784. A day or two ago I received from my sister Betsy an account of my brother John's death. He died the 27th of last month. While I am greatly affected by the loss of so near a connection, yet I am very much rejoiced in that firm assurance which I have of his being by the grace of God prepared for that awful event. . . . I am happy to observe that Betsy seems serious. May

her partner in life, if ever she marries, be one who may promote her best interests! Otherwise, *my* wish is, (it would not affront her, I hope, were she to know it), that she may live & die a stale virgin!

Sunday. Apl 11th 1784. Easter. Providence seems now to frown on me, & to blast all my schemes—An increasing family & a decreasing income—What is to be done? Where is Ign[s] Sancho's maxim—"The more children, "the more blessings." ? I will not despair. The prospect will presently brighten. It struck a damp on my spirits yesterday, when, on casting up my accts. I found that the expences of the last quarter exceed 36£ which sum is almost double my income for the same quarter.

Friday night, April 16th. 1784, ¾ *after* 9 *o'clock.* My dearest, dearest Theodosia is now on the rack. I scarce know what my hands are doing, while I attempt to write. May Heaven preserve her, &, as much as possible, mitigate her sufferings! . . . Her cries & groans do tear & rend my very soul. Now she has been for some time silent,—I was going to say—"what a happy respite" does my soul enjoy!—when, beyond my most sanguine expectations, Alice came down to inform me that all was happily over. What shall I render to the God of my life for all his blessings? My heart overflows with gratitude to Him. God has certainly answered my prayers for my sweet, lovely Theodosia. Let then my future life be one interrupted scene of grateful praise to Heaven!

Friday April 15th 1785. 'Tis now near 2 months ago since Govr. Law left Broxbourn. At his departure I lost the best friend I had in the world; tho' indeed I have not lost him, while he lives, for he has desired me at all

times to apply to him, whenever he may be able to render me any services. Knowing my income to be small, he was for ever writing me to tell him whether I met with any difficulties, declaring that it would always give him the highest pleasure to assist me, & assuring me, at the same time, that none but God should know it. I on all occasions declared, what I now desire to repeat with gratitude, that I had never, in my own circumstances, known what either difficulty or calamity meant ; but that, owing to the blessing of Heaven on Mrs. J——'s œconomy & attention, we were considerably beforehand with the world. This however did not prevent his making me many very generous presents, 3 or 4 guineas at a time, & that sometimes twice in the same half year. He has likewise, at different times, supplied me with some dozens of most excellent wine, besides leaving an order, at his departure, of 6 dozen to be delivered to us. The day before he left Broxbourn, I waited on him to take my leave of him, & could not help being exceedingly affected on the occasion. The good old man, with a flood of tears in his eyes, commended me to the care of the Almighty, adding many pieces of most excellent advice, with regard to another world, which alone, he declared, was worth a thought. I had not been long with him in his study, before he told me that he had left me (what he called a trifle) 20£ in his will, which, he said, it just occurred to him, might be, perhaps, of more use to me then than at any future time. Without waiting for my answer, he immediately wrote me a draft on his banker for the sum. In short, I cannot mention the many instances of his kindness & generosity to me, his supplying me with many useful admirable books for my own use, as well as that of

poor children, his desiring me at all times to apply to him when I knew of any in distress, etc, etc.

1786. *Sep 3rd.* What a vast chasm from June 1785 to Sep. 1786! I really believe that my neglecting to journalize has very much contributed to my soul's decline in spiritual things!

1787 *Nov 7th.* Another vast chasm! How ardently do I wish that I could spend more time in retirement & in converse with my own soul! This would teach me many useful lessons of self-knowledge, be preventive of much sin, & consequent sorrow, & rouze my spirit from every tendency to indolence. . . . .

Thursday Nov 13th. Recd. yesterday a most insolent scrawl from some fellow in the service & interest of Mr. Stockwell.[1] He subscribes himself *Aristidus*. I imagine the blockhead meant *Aristides*. Let me at all times endeavour to follow the thing that is right, & then I may bid defiance to all the insolence & spite of men & devils!

Friday Nov. 28th. Since I wrote last my mind has been much disturbed by a difference which took place between Mrs. J—— & myself ; &, what is still worse, we carried it to very high words in the presence of Miss R. A. Müller and both the assistants. The origin of it was my insisting on dining at 1 o'clock, which I find the most convenient time for my school.

I wish I could never lose sight of what Lord Chesterfield has strongly recommended—" *Fortiter* in re, *suaviter* in modo." The observance of this would undoubtedly be attended with the most desirable effects.

I can truly say that from my soul I wish every one about me to be happy ; but my temper is alas! too warm &

[1] Mr. Stockwell was William Jones's Vicar.

hasty. And my *Dosy's* temper is too much like mine in this respect. Every misunderstanding we have I sincerely wish may be our last. But I too soon forget my good wishes & resolutions. May Heaven strengthen & confirm me ! My mind, like an instrument that has been for some time out of order, is now beginning to recover its tone.

Sat Feb 28th 1789. Surely this life is like April weather, alternate sunshine & rain. One moment elated with hopes, the next depressed with tears. Have now 26 pupils, but perhaps many of these present pupils may soon be gone ; but let not my mind be made gloomy with this consideration ; other new ones may perhaps come from unexpected quarters.

Sunday 24th October. St. Paul says (1 Cor 7. 28) " Nevertheless such shall have trouble in the flesh : but," (adds he very tenderly), " I spare you."——In this place he particularly means those who marry. Married persons will, I doubt not, all to a man, vouch for the truth of the Apostle's assertion. As to myself, when I reflect on my present numerous family, and the large addition to it which I may in all probability expect, & think of the uncertainty of my employment, or the uncertainty of my own life, should I be ever so successful in my school, I seem oppressed with an insupportable load of cares and anxieties. But when other, alas ! too common, vexations are added, my mind is indeed almost overset !—— O Thou Strength of Israel, confirm my mind ! Suffer not the most grievous of all human calamities to come upon me ! Oh ! strengthen me with might in the inner man ! . . . . May this night be a night to be remembered by me ! From this moment let me date my fresh en-

trance on the lists as a soldier & servant of Christ Jesus ! Let me now recommence the warfare against the World, the Flesh & the Devil ! In God's strength I subscribe myself His for ever. William Jones. Sunday Octr. 25th 1789.

Wedy July 28th 1790. What an insolent set of wretches are servants & ushers in general ! I have at present a charming party of them ! I may however blame myself for much of their insolence ! ! !

Let Miéville the Swiss's drunken, insolent behaviour be a proof to me for ever of the necessity of laying down every agreement on paper !

Sunday 20th Feby 1791. With what astonishment should I have been struck, had any one assured me 7 or 10, or still rather 12, years ago, that the time would come, when I should be circumstanced as I feel myself at this present moment ! !

How dark, how dismal the gloom that broods upon my mind !

The greatest enemy I have in the world would, (if he knew how much I suffer), be ready to say—" It is enough."

Even my Theodosia, (for I will yet call her so), whom I am ready to think most unrelenting, would say to the avenging spirit which seems to persecute me, " Stay thine hand."

My wife & I, (for let me not forget to give precedency to whom precedency is due), seem to be disputing about the mastery. At the end of every contention I am ready to say—" Let me submit, since you will not."

Oct 23rd. 1792. I Thessalonians 5 vv. 6. 7. " Let us " not sleep, as do others. They that sleep, sleep in the

"night." Night seems to be the most natural time for sleep. Never surely was the order of times, & seasons, & things so much *perverted*, or rather *inverted*, as by the wiseacres of the present generation. They sleep, when they should wake, and wake, when they should sleep. They wake in the night, & sleep in the day. I lament from my soul that this is too much my own case. How often have I resolved, & re-resolved, to retire to bed early, & to quit it early in the morning! But how soon have these salutary resolutions died away!

I am ready to urge in excuse for this—the foreigners at my house flatter me by saying they wish for my company at supper,—& what has, & ought to have, much more weight with me, my wife urges that, on account of our several employments dividing us throughout the day, I ought to give up some portion of the 24 hours to the mutual gratification of private chit-chat.

What with the interruption & not unpleasing prattle of our children throughout the day, & the society of foreigners, etc, at every meal, it is only at a late hour that we can at all insure to ourselves anything like retirement.

Oct 25th. 1792. I cannot help thinking it very hard that, while my duty, as Master of the Family, in some measure obliges me to be the last person *in* bed at night, the sluggishness of my Ushers should compel me, however sleepy or unwell, to be the first *out* of bed in the morning. I am apt to think that this is a case which does not very commonly occur in the history of Schools. I will still hope that an alteration on their part will soon take place.

Sunday March 31st. 1793. Gracious Heavens! what a

gloom overspreads my soul! Nothing in this world seems capable of giving me the least comfort. My Soul seems oppressed with a load, which no length of time will ever lighten. O my dear little infant, lying dead under this roof! whose spirit I watched departing yesterday! Mistaking, misplaced sorrow! While I was hanging over its expiring body, & bathing it with my tears, Angels were commissioned to wait around, ready to convey its redeemed, purified, soul to the place where God's Holiness dwells, & present it spotless before His Throne! . . . . . Dearest innocence! her short span of life has been filled with sickness. But she is now an inhabitant of that " city which has no need of the sun, nor of " the moon to shine in it, for the Glory of God doth " lighten it, & the Lamb is the light thereof." . . . . . May the lesson of her illness, & of her dying moments, never be erased from my mind! I was her father,—she has been my dear little Monitress!—" I shall go to her," (I trust), " but she will not return to me."

The above reflections were occasioned by the death of my dear little girl, Ann Mary, who died when about a year & a half old.

April 29*th*. 1794. I lost another sweet babe, (Eliza), about five months old. She died in Jany. last. How much happier those dear children, who are gone to certain, everlasting bliss, than those who are left behind!

March 31*st*. 1796. What a spectacle of misery & distress did I behold Nancy G——! Few, very few, women have been brought up more genteely, or better educated! Few women have read more than she! But, alas! her education, her reading, & her experience, have been lost to her! Her Aunt, who brought her up at Bristol, left

her what might have supported her decently, at least, but she has squandered it away, together with almost every article of her well-furnished wardrobe. She was once a pattern of the utmost neatness, & now she is quite the reverse ! ! How dreadful an instance is she of the consequence of deviating from sobriety ! . . . Poor creature! From my soul I pity her ! And what no doubt the more inclines me to pity her is that, seventeen or eighteen years ago, (before my going to Jamaica), she was something of a *sweetheart* of mine. She was at that time *apparently* very pious & religious. . . . By this time she has I fear been forced to seek an asylum in the parish workhouse ! !

Sunday Augt. 14*th* 1796. What is now become of the poor wretch whom I have mentioned in the last page, dated five months ago ! It is not an idle curiosity, but an anxiety, which I cannot help feeling, which urges me to inquire into her present circumstances, had I an opportunity of knowing them. Perhaps, ere now, under the pressure of distress, overcome by the instigation of the Devil, she has followed the wretched example of her Uncle & put an end to her existence ! This event I too well remember. But I have so many urgent concerns of my own to engage my thoughts, that I have hardly a particle of time or compassion to bestow on the distresses of others !

Sunday Sepr. 18*th.* On the night of the 14th died poor Mrs. Webb, a young woman, not more than three or four & twenty years of age. She languished for many months. I saw her frequently during her illness. She never appeared to have any bodily complaint, which medicine could relieve. She certainly died of a broken heart arising

from the unhappy state in which she & her husband lived together.

On the night of the 15th died Mrs. Hilton, the greatest miracle of length of illness & excruciating sufferings I have ever known in all my life! When I was sent for to visit her full 14 years ago, I expected she would die before I left her room. She was suddenly seized with paralytic & convulsive affections, which never afterwards entirely quitted her. She kept her bed nearly the whole time. On the bed on which she died she had lain, I believe, 9 or 10 years, *without having ever been once taken up to have it made*, or having been once able to turn herself. Two or three persons were necessary to do this, and the shrieks I have often heard her utter at such times were most dreadful! . . . .

Mar 25th 1797. My poor dear children little know what passes in my mind, & I am truly glad of it. May they ever rejoice with me when I rejoice, but never weep when I weep! May their cheerful spirits remain as long as possible unbroken! . . . At any rate while my dear, dear children are under my protection & roof, let me not envy them all the little happiness which they can possibly enjoy! May no impatience or fretfulness arising from my painful feelings ever check their sweet smiles or interfere with their innocent cheerfulness! Never let me grudge them all the happiness they can enjoy!!

March 28th. The letter I received on Saty. from Ryland, the corn-factor, Savage-Gardens, has filled my mind with the utmost uneasiness. I well know how much it will grieve my poor *wife*, and therefore have not yet felt resolution enough to communicate it to her; and I am uncertain, when I shall be able to do it. He tells

me with the greatest *sang froid* that he has " fixed T.W.—, " with a nurse, at Miss Plantier's in Mare Street, Hackney, " and his brother at Mr. Palmer's just by him."——A pair of more *insolent*, *haughty savages* than R——d & his wife I think I never have seen. The epithet of their place of residence suits them well . . . . *Narrow-minded* dissenters ! having got the lads among people of that description, they will be more easily pleased.

My poor wife ! I now truly pity, & feel for, her. The anxiety she feels will, I am afraid, increase that complaint in her chest, which is too likely to end fatally. According to *her* estimate we shall not be able to support our dear family of nine children, even if we adopt a plan of the utmost prudence & economy. I thank Heaven that one of my sons (William) is to all appearance well settled with Mr. Lukyn, a stationer in St. Paul's churchyard. Mr. & Mrs. Lukyn treat him very kindly & liberally. I have a little boy of theirs under my care for 7 years in lieu of a premium. He is a charming little fellow, & it will give me pleasure to return to him all the kindness & attention they shew my son.

March 30th. 1797. I with pleasure acknowledge that my wife, tho' wanting in mildness & gentleness in her general behaviour to me, is in every other respect an excellent wife, frugal & attentive to all her domestic concerns, & a pattern of a Mother—May Heaven, for her sake & my children's, give us not poverty, if it withold riches from us !

Of late the rude & deep-searching hand of misfortune has borne heavily upon me. On Friday last I lost two very fine calves—the next morning I received the letter referred to, respecting the loss of the Warrens. Yester-

day a very valuable cow died. Not many days ago I heard for a certainty that the Jamaica Pacquet is taken, which contained a remittance of some considerable amount from Mr. Parke for the education of his two sons. These & other less considerable ills have seemed to tread on each other's heels like Job's messengers of evil. . . . When we are duly humbled & resigned, Heaven will, I doubt not, lay aside the rod, & change our present mourning into joy.

Tuesday April 4th. 1797. I seem overpowered by the largeness of my family, & am continually dinned by my wife's complaints of the dearness of the times, & the absolute impossibility of our living on our present income.

May 6th. 1798. On the subject of *ipse dixit* I hope I shall never forget what Mrs. Humphreys of Abergavenny told me of an old lady who, hearing a preacher boldly advancing his own opinions, & neglecting to quote the Scriptural Authorities on which those opinions ought to be founded, exclaimed—" Don't tell me, good man, ' I " ' say, I say,' but ' thus saith the Lord,' & then I will " listen to you."

Mrs. Humphreys was alive when I visited Abergavenny two or three summers ago. I saw her, but I fear I did not sufficiently express the sense of obligation I felt, or ought to feel, for her kindness to me. Let me now endeavour to compensate for my neglect. She was the widow of an Apothecary in the Town, a remarkably sensible & well-educated woman. My dear Mother sometimes, & my Aunt frequently, accompanied me to my worthy, excellent " Mammy " Humphreys, as I used to call her. I read to the good Ladies, & they gave me tea

in return, mixed with a considerable quantity of just information, arising from their experience & the number of years they had lived longer in this "wicked world" than I had done. The information they gave me in reading Young's *Night Thoughts* etc, etc, was of great use to me at the time, (at the last of my acquaintance with them I was 19 or 20 years of age), & I can now, in the 43rd. year of my age, pronounce it to have been very good. Mrs. Humphreys was a truly elegant, correctly-informed old lady.

My Aunt Price was, in spite of a great deal of peevishness & testiness, a very good woman. Her knowledge of the English language was more than commonly exact. I think she deserved to be called, in that Country at least, a prime Classical, English, lady-scholar.

My dear, dear Mother, tho' last mentioned, by no means least in love, was everything that was good & excellent. I cannot recollect a fault, nor the likeness of a fault she had. Her manner towards her children was gentle & persuasive, & her address to a rough husband, (such was her lot), was mild and conciliating.

See more, but not a thousandth of what my heart would say, did I know how to give it utterance, of the best & tenderest Mother that a son ever was blessed with, page 2, 3, etc, of my *Domestic Lamentations*.

Sunday. June 10th, 1798. Poor Mr. Fowler is gone—he died about 11 o'clock last night. He is the third rector that has died in the time of my being the poor curate of Broxbourn[1]. I hope they will have him opened, to endeavour to trace out the cause of his death ; for, I be-

[1] Mr. Fowler was Rector of Wormley, a neighbouring parish. He was succeeded by the Revd. Thomas McCulloch, who held the rectory till 1832.

lieve, it is little known. It was an internal complaint, but the Faculty can hardly guess what. (I saw two large pieces of thick, tough, brown film, which he discharged from his stomach).

His poor wife & three unestablished daughters, (the youngest of them not very young), are, I fear, left in distressed circumstances. How must their hearts droop at exchanging their present large, convenient, beautiful house for a cottage ! A rectory, or a vicarage house, is certainly but a caravanseray ; for it frequently exchanges its inmates.

Friday 15*th June*. 1798. This day I waited on the Bp. of London[1] at Fulham, under an idea that two alternate presentations[2] were vested in the Bishop of London & Sir Abrm. Hume[3]—& well I know that Sir A. H. has had the two last. The Bp. could find out no claim on his part to the appointment, but he received me very graciously, desired me, & urged me, to take some refreshment, after having refreshed my pocket with a 10£ check on his Banker. He has really behaved liberally towards me ; for not many months ago he enclosed a cheque of the same amount to me.

Sunday Dec 30*th* 1798. How near is the year to its close ! Yet near as it is, how many,—thousands of souls I may say, will be summoned into the eternal world, before this year is closed ! . . .

I have never spent a more happy evening, than the present ! It has been with my dear, dear children ! They read to me, & I exhorted them to early seriousness & to devote themselves without delay to their God &

[1] Beilby Porteus, Bishop of London 1787-1808.
[2] i.e. to the Rectory of Wormley
[3] *See* 20th May 1783.

Saviour. We were so much affected, that we were at length all of us in tears. May God ever regard them as His own dear children! May He guide them through the dangerous, ensnaring, thorny paths of this wilderness, & at last receive them all to His everlasting glory! To Him I dedicate & devote them, this moment, in the integrity of my heart! What may be their lot in this life I little regard, only let them be kept from the evil of this world, and be at last ranged at Xt's right hand!

Monday April 1st. 1799. My poor, dear William! I spent almost every day of last week with him. We shook hands & parted on board the *William & Mary*, lying at Blackwall. His behaviour on this occasion was manly. I felt very severely, (Heaven knows), but I struggled with my feelings, & resisted them; so did he very evidently. The whole ship was lumbered, & the cabin in the utmost confusion, owing to trunks, chests, etc. etc, piled one on the other. He must needs feel himself very uncomfortable for some time. How glad should I have been to go round with him on the ship to Plymouth, & then spend a few weeks with my sisters Tanner & Birt! But I am shackled with my school, (wretched employment!) & with my curacy. . . . . His destination is to the isle of Providence, one of the Bahamas, & may the Providence of the Most High God direct every step of his future life!

Sunday, April 7th. I hold a post of solemn trust, as a clergyman, by my poor Father's will, not my own wishes. Heaven grant that he & myself may have reason to rejoice in the event!

My dear son, Wm, occupies very much of my thoughts. I knew not the strength of my love & attachment to the

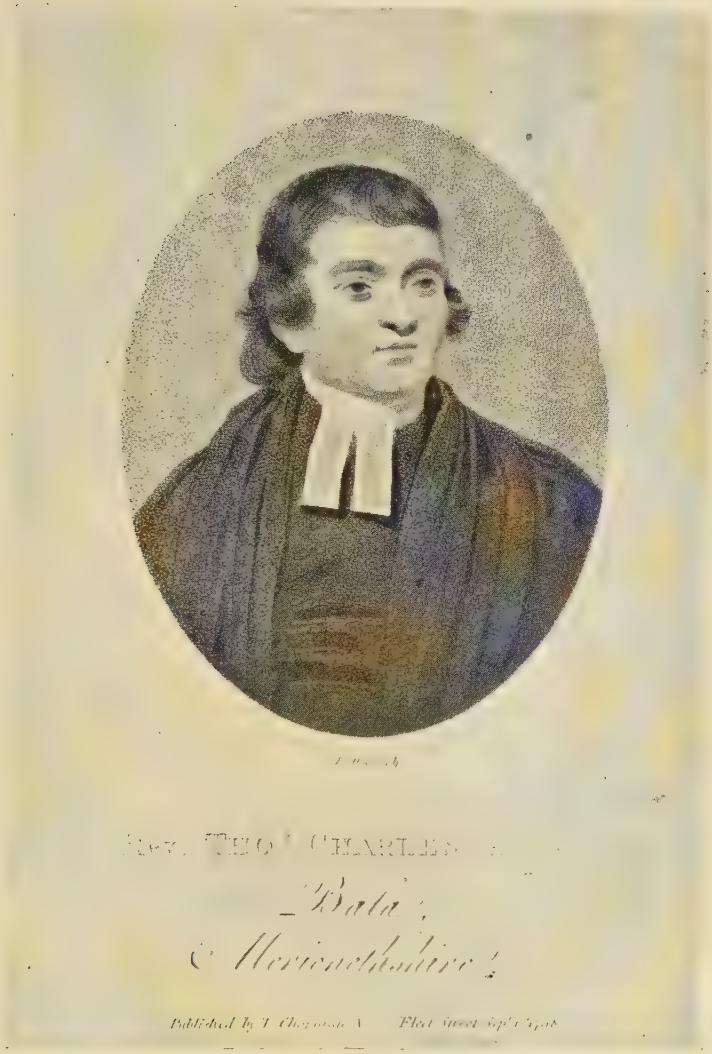
dear fellow, till I parted with him. It is now drawing towards one o'clock Monday morng. I trust he is comfortably asleep on board the *Wm. & Mary*. Perhaps he is now dreaming of myself, his dear Mother & his Broxbn. home.

Saty. Apl 27th. 1799. A few days ago I heard a most desirable account of my once very intimate friend Mr. Thomas Charles, formerly my fellow-collegian. His situation, now, how different from mine! How much more useful! Mr. Davis told me that, on account of his talents, & the faithful, industrious application of them to preaching, superintending the Sunday-schools, etc, he is considered as the Bishop & Apostle of North Wales[1]—— How I envy him!—but, I correct myself, it cannot be envy. What I feel is a *wish*, not *envy*—a wish to be in a situation to imitate him in his usefulness, however humble & inferior that imitation may be.

Different indeed, far different is my lot! My school-employment, my private reading, my compilation of extracts, &c, in short my whole life, (to describe it as favourably as I can), seems scarce anything but a course of laborious trifling.

May 1st. 1799. Of what rivers of blood has the French Revolution been the source! At the origin of it, when it was supposed that only real, substantial abuses were to be corrected, every friend to liberty rejoiced. But how direful have been the consequences of that madness which soon tainted the whole French nation! Their

[1] Thomas Charles of Bala (1755-1814), the son of a small farmer, was at Jesus College, Oxford, from 1775 to 1778. Charles became famous as a preacher; he made long journeys through North Wales, and was the first to spread Methodism in that part of the country. He helped to found the British and Foreign Bible Society (*D.N.B.*) Wm. Jones corresponded with him from Jamaica, *see* July 22nd 1779.



THOMAS CHARLES OF BALA

Facing page 108.

example ought to be a lasting warning to this & every other civilized nation, how they set about reforms.

May 4th 1799. This is my dear Henry's birthday. He enters on his eleventh year. He & I are very good friends, & I have therefore done everything in my power to gratify him. He is a very docile, even-tempered, good fellow—& *may Heaven bless him*![1]

Tuesday May 21st. What thousands, (I may rather say tens of thousands), of pounds have been contributed for the relief & support of the widows & orphans of those seamen, etc, who fell in the glorious victories obtained by Duncan, Jarvis, & Nelson!! Heaven bless the man who first suggested these public contributions! Besides the good they do to the poor, distressed objects on whom they are bestowed, they must act as a stimulus, on future occasions, to the bravery of those seamen who survive. There was great policy, as well as benevolence, in the measure. How many women, who either with or without reason supposed their married lot hard & unfortunate from having crusty, untoward husbands, would much rather receive their dividend of these more than princely collections than see their high & mighty lords return, with the loss of some of their fins, or full of scars, or even entire! And not a few of these widows, (bitter *pills* as they have been to their former poor husbands, who have been glad to go to sea, or almost anywhere, to escape their persecution,) will be so *gilded* over by their quota of the subscriptions, as to induce some silly Gudgeon to swallow them again. This will, I suppose, be the case with Mrs. Wootten, my wife's former wet-nurse, & with many others!

[1] For death of Henry, *see* July 18th 1816.

Saty. June 29th. . . . . Thus have I seen some do wrong, yet in such a manner (I am at a loss for an epithet to apply to it), that the edge of my disapprobation has been taken off, & I have been unable to resist smiling, while too many others have I seen who have a most unpleasant harsh way of doing right. I must, & will, do my dear wife the justice to say that she very often does right, but I am sorry to be forced to class her with the above-mentioned right-doers.

What I have just written I should have entered in what I call my *Book of Lamentations*, but that a copy of my address to my dear children is unfinished.

The history of this Address is as follows :—I had long meditated or intended one, chiefly from an apprehension that the suddenness of my departure might deprive me of an opportunity of addressing my dear children *vivâ voce* —or by word of mouth. This, together with a *justly-altered* edition of my Will, I wished to finish before I entered on my excursion to Plymouth. I felt, or thought I felt, a presentiment that some fatal accident might prevent my return to Broxbourn or ever seeing my dear children again. But my ardour for the excursion was more cooled by an apprehension that justice to my numerous family would not allow the necessary expenses of so long a journey, however œconomically undertaken, as to outside conveyance etc, etc . . . .

I am not to go. I can get no one to do my duty without great expense & inconvenience. This, together with the above considerations, & the very heavy make-weight of my *dear* wife's often-repeated *veto*, take very much from the disappointment, which I should otherwise very much feel.

Clerical Chronology can, I think, hardly record many instances like that of the poor Curate of Broxbourn. This is my first curacy—I am now in the nineteenth year of my servitude ; for I believe it is usually called *serving* a cure, or curacy, &, to the very best of my recollection or my clerk's, two, or at most three, Sundays are all that I have ever been absent from my parish in all that time. And I ought to add, with humble yet chearful gratitude, that I have been indulged by Heaven with a more than common share of good health.

Aug. 19*th.* 1799. Truly sorry am I that I staid so long at Mr. Cawthorn's, particularly last night, but my sorrow is unavailing. A clergyman's life should be chiefly spent among his books, & particularly in studying, upon his knees, that best & most useful of all books, the Bible. Whatever time he can spare should be laid out in exhorting, advising, comforting, & assisting his poor parishioners, especially those who are sick. In other respects, his life cannot be too recluse. If he mixes with the rich, he will be very apt, if of my volatile, naturally-gay temper, to speak " un-" advisedly " & " unguardedly with his lips." How must this damp, & daunt, his spirits, for some time afterwards, in his pulpit-exertions ! How destructive of his usefulness, as a Minister, must be every instance of misconduct ! Those who watch his conduct, with too severe an eye, in his convivial, thoughtless, unguarded hours, are not witnesses, cannot be privy to, the sharply-gnawing remorse & anguish of spirit which he feels when he reflects on his misconduct. Were they to over-hear him, in the retirement of his closet, on his knees, unsparingly rebuke & accuse himself, & sincerely lament his folly,

this would, I am sure, take off much from the bad effects of it.

Aug 24th. O that it was my lot to exchange this wretched, ruinous house [1] for a comfortable cottage & a cheerful competence! How thankful to Heaven ought I to be that the barn fell in the night-time! It might otherwise have been attended with the loss of many lives, & the total ruin of my school. May this, & every other instance of the goodness of Providence, be ever remembered with gratitude!

Mr. B——, [2] (who is at present at some watering place), on hearing of the disaster, wrote to Rogers, desiring him to notice what had happened. The reversion of the house & land I occupy is his, after the death of the Dowager Lady Monson. . . . I have thought, & so has my wife, that his behaviour has been more strange & unaccountable, since my son's being placed in the India-house. To Heaven's goodness I ascribe this event. The gracious God, who directs the hearts of *the highest earthly directors*, in whose rule and governance are the hearts of Kings—that God, whom I love & fear, softened his heart, when subdued by affliction for the loss of his truly amiable wife, & opened it in benevolence to me & my numerous family.

Thursday, Jany. 9th, 1800. Amidst various causes of disquiet within my breast, I feel no small satisfaction in

[1] I have heard that this house is the present Club-house of the Broxbourne Golf Club.

[2] Jacob Bosanquet, for 44 years a Director of the East India Company, and repeatedly elected Chairman, bought the Broxbornebury estate from the Monson family in 1790. He married in 1790 Henrietta, daughter of Sir George Armytage Bart; she died in 1797. Mr. Bosanquet was High Sheriff of Herts in 1803; and died in 1830 aged 73. His great-grandson, Major George Richard Bosanquet Smith-Bosanquet, Master of the Broxbornebury Foxhounds, is the present kind & hospitable owner of Broxbornebury, and now (1928) High Sheriff.

my not being likely to have any misunderstanding with Mr. Bosanquet on the subject of the tumbling-down old house I now inhabit, & that I have some prospect of soon leaving it ; for my Commanding Officer, (no one can be at a loss to known whom I mean), has almost given her consent. But my heart will feel many anxieties at leaving a curacy I have served for near nineteen years, & which produces me towards the support of my family, upon an average, near £60 a year. Heaven will, I trust, furnish me with some counter-balance for this loss. It is worth risking something, to have my dear son Augustus, & any other of my sons who may be in Town, under my eye & direction.

May Providence direct me what to do !

Mar 30*th* 1800. [A torn page] . . . yet had I nothing to do, but to submit, & that peaceably too, I assure you.

I have just observed that I ended the last sentence with " I assure you." I suppose I may have frequently used the same form of expression, as if appealing to some listening friend, some person at least attentive to my lamentations & woes.

To Heaven I appeal.

My *dear* wife is a lawyer's daughter, & possesses such a wonderful volubility of speech, such a miraculous power of twirling & twisting every argument to her own interests, that I am no match for her *High Mightiness*. She right well knows how " to puzzle right, & varnish wrong." No Old-Bailey solicitor, no *puzzle-cause* throughout the Kingdom, better knows this sublime art.

Whether she has by dint of application, or in the management of me, acquired this faculty, I know not. . . .

April 18th. Instead of a Journal or Diary, owing to the various chasms or interruptions which take place in it, I ought rather to call it a Mensuary.

Sep 6th 1800. I write now under the strongest sense of ill-usage, from a poor wretch in this parish, *Rogers*. I wish most heartily I could divest myself of these painful feelings. But I cannot—I cannot help feeling as a man! Every action of this man's life seems marked with overbearing insolence & injustice. How miserable must be his own feelings! Tho' he seems neither to fear God, nor regard man, yet he must be inwardly conscious that he holds a wretched place in the account of both! . . . . This wretched being seems so intoxicated with his own success, that it is to be feared he hardly ever thinks of hereafter! How mortified would he be, were he to know how universally he is hated & despised by his fellow-creatures; for, if he meets with anything like outward homage, it is on the same principle that the poor Indians are said to worship the Devil,—through fear. But the tyrant's motto is his favorite one— *Oderint, dum metuant.* He is contented with the *hatred* of his neighbours, provided he can enjoy their *fear*. . . .

After all I have written on this, & on former occasions, I can appeal to the Searcher of hearts that it would give me the greatest pleasure to observe a thorough change take place in the heart & conduct of this poor wretched being. I would freely forgive him all the injuries he has done me, & shake hands with him in token of most sincere reconciliation. . . . .

Well may the wise man say, (Prov. 28, 3), " A poor man " that oppresseth the poor, is like a sweeping rain, which " leaveth no food." . . . .

A few years ago this great *mushroom-man* began his career in Lord Monson's[1] stables. I had heard it frequently declared, but could hardly believe it, on account of his affected consequence, till Mrs. Shuldham, a most amiable lady, a relative of the Monson family, assured me it was truth. By degrees he worked himself into the house, &, in the absence of the *great* family, he had charge of the *great* house, which, I suppose, inspired him with *great* ideas. He continued in it till Mr. Bosanquet bought it together with the rest of Lord Monson's property in this parish. Rogers had continued in the house so long, & tasted so many sweets arising from the house, that he almost seemed to dream that the whole was his own.

The house, & some old, neglected paintings in it, were " the *Lion* " of the place. His wife shewed it in person, for many years, & regularly received a shilling from the party, for which she dropped one of her best curtseys— & these several shillings served for her pin-money. I cannot help doing her the justice to add that I have always heard her spoken of as a very benevolent, good sort of woman.

On the death of Mr. Parkinson, the Steward, a very

[1] The Manor of Broxbourne had been for some centuries, and until the dissolution of the religious houses, the property of the Knights Hospitallers of St. Jerusalem. In 1528 John Cokk (or Cock) of Broxbourne was appointed by the Prior of the Order, (Sir William Weston), bailiff for life of the Manor. In 1543 John Cock, by grant from Henry VIII, obtained " the manor of Brox- " bourne with two water-mills called Broxbourne mills and lock on the river " Lee." (Tregelles, *A History of Hoddesdon* pp. 76-78). Cock's son, Sir Henry Cock, entertained James I at Broxbornebury when the King, on the death of Elizabeth, was journeying from Scotland to London. The Monson family, which also had estates in Lincolnshire, became owners of Broxbornebury through the marriage of Sir Henry's granddaughter, Ursula Oxenbridge, (d. 1692) with Sir John Monson (d. 1683). For the pedigree of the Cock and Monson families see Clutterbuck's *History of Hertfordshire* Vol. II p. 55. In 1790 the 3rd Lord Monson joined with his mother in selling the estate to Jacob Bosanquet (*See* Aug 24th 1799).

honest, worthy man, (whom I well remember), Rogers started up into a great, a very great man ; for he now received the rents. He ploughed up a great part of the park, &, I suppose, gave his employer a part of the profits. . . . However, had he not merely, (as the children do), licked the gilding off the gingerbread, but taken to himself a part, a considerable part, of the *substance* of the gingerbread, he could not have been half so rich, as some of his weak neighbours seem inclined to think, and as his empty vanity would suggest. If he has any claim to be called *rich*, which is generally esteemed as one of the most honourable titles on earth, I can, with great readiness, point to him a text of Scripture for his credit & comfort, (Prov. 28. 20), " A faithful man shall " abound with blessings : but he, that maketh haste to " be rich, shall not be innocent."——N.B. Only the latter part of the verse belongs to *Lord* Rogers, (as he is ludicrously called), for I fear he does not so much as understand what faithfulness means, & I am sure his ears, as well as his infamous tongue, have been accustomed to *cursings*, not to *blessings* ! I read in Prov. 18. 23, " The rich answereth roughly." If answering roughly, & general *savageness* & *brutishness* of manners, be a proof of riches, then is this worthy fellow abundantly blessed indeed !

I could easily fill the present book with texts applicable to the present unworthy, & disagreeable subject, & fill another or two with my own reflections—but I am heartily sick, at least for the present.

April 29th. 1801. Were I writing for the perusal of my worthy friend Rogers, I might as well quote passages out of the Koran as texts of Scripture. Tho' I am far

from supposing that the Bible is almost the only book he is unacquainted with, yet he can hardly be supposed to make that a *favorite* ; for he can find nothing in it either to please or comfort him, while his heart remains unchanged, devoted to gain, the most unjust gain, instead of godliness. I never heard him suspected of reading any books, &, to judge by his conversation, every one would acquit him of the guilt of reading, if it were a *sin*. All the knowledge which prompts his overbearing, overreaching spirit, is purely mother-wit, the bountiful gift of Dame Nature : and I have been told, & so has he, I'll warrant you, that 1 oz. of *Mother-wit* is worth 1 lb. of *Clergy*, i.e. *learning*.

I think I have heard an observation to this effect, about 25 years ago :—if there is a man in any parish who reads & sings worse than anybody else, it is usual to make him church-clerk. This, in my parish at least, neither is nor has been the case. But what I am going to add does, I verily believe, take place in most parishes. If there is a greater *rogue* & *villain* than ordinary, he obtains the honourable post of tax-gatherer, etc, & usually elbows & shoulders himself into the chief parish-offices. The tax-gatherer has generally a considerable sum of money in hand, which he disposes of agreeably to his Sovereign will & convenience, & he is seldom at a loss for false pretences to the Receiver. As Overseer, he may enter into his acct. many shillings, as if given for occasional relief of the poor, which shillings have never escaped from his clutches. To others, he pretends to give part of their allowance in poor, watery, half-rotten potatoes, which the miserable wretches dare not grumble at, & for which he will take care to charge an uncommonly high price.

The above is a likeness taken from real life—I hardly need add whose likeness it is.

May 1st. 1801. I doubt not but if one knew the history of his secret hours, poor Rogers passes many very uncomfortably, not to say *wretchedly*. He must be very ill at ease, for he has war in his own breast. When he lies down, his pillow must often seem planted with thorns, & the gloom of night must feed the dark melancholy of his wretched mind. He is better able to dissipate the clouds which hover around him by the bustle of the day, & when the friendly alehouse is open to admit him ; but even here he is always an unwelcome guest both to the landlord, & his customers,—for he is almost always quarreling with both. He grudges a poor labourer a pint of beer, which he pays for out of his own scanty earnings, while he himself is spunging with every gentleman who has not resolution enough to repulse, & kick out of his party, such an impudent, niggardly intruder.

May 2nd. How tired I am of my present subject! and still I go on, as if urged by some irresistible impulse.

Rogers brags of his power, & makes it an engine of terror to all around him, who have not the happiness to be out of the reach of his clutches. In short he considers himself to be the *mainspring* of the parish, & presumes to govern all its motions, & dictate at vestries, &c. Mentioning vestries, I recollect an anecdote told me by the Lewins, who were present on the occasion, & it completely accounts for the irreconcilable hatred he has conceived against all parsons. He has become a *housekeeper* in this parish, only a few years ago. While in no higher

capacity than that of a menial servant to Lord Monson, he presumed to foist himself into a corner of the vestry-room, but he did not escape the eyes of the Vicar, Mr. Stockwell,[1] who enquired of the Lewins & others present who " that man " was ; for he was so inconsiderable a being at that time, that Mr. S——, who had been Vicar since July 25th. 1748, (as appears by the Register now before me), had not the *honour* of personally knowing this *mushroom*, or shall I rather say—*toad-stool* ? On being asked his business in that place, he replied that he came in behalf of Lord Monson ! ! Mr. S—— assured him that no representatives were ever admitted, & without any further ceremony turned the poor fellow out. How altered now ! How is the vile *dross* & *refuse* become *gold ! !* Surely his present bloated consequence would make him forget his former insignificance. And so, I believe, it would, but that one or other is ever or anon impertinent enough to jog his memory, & remind him of his native dunghill. Not many years ago, some one was so bold as to alter the song of *The flaxen-haired plough-boy*, & apply it to Rogers. As far as I remember it was printed off, & circulated in all the public houses, (not forgetting to leave a copy at the *Six Bells*), by a waggoner from Lincolnshire, which had the happiness to give birth to our hero. This being the case, it strikes me that it was done by some waggish wight out of his former neighbourhood, who perhaps had been formerly a fellow-stableboy with him, & heard,—with evil envy heard, that from so low an outset he had crawled to his present pitch of elevation & notoriety ! ! . . . If Heaven

[1] The Revd. Geo. Stockwell was Vicar of Broxbourne from 1748—1774, when, on his cession of the living, he was succeeded by the Revd. Geo. Stockwell junior, who held it till 1794.

spares his life till autumn, he will be great indeed ; for then he will take possession of a farm now occupied by Mr. Joseph Lewin, the last of a very respectable family, who have been farmers in this parish for above 200 years[1] . . . . When his horses & other cattle are tired of devouring & trampling on my 4 acres of springing grass, they go into the adjoining ground, & do the utmost damage to the poor widow's wheat, but she hardly dares complain.

Copy of a note I sent him yesterday :—

" Fiend Rogers,

" Your horses & other cattle are in my fields every " night. I know they must be *turned* in. It is of no use " to mend the hedges, for tho' done thoroughly, on " Saturday last, by a man who shall appear as a witness, " the stakes & thorns were pulled up, *designedly*, by one " o'clock on Sunday. I chased the horses out, on " Wednesday night, with a view to pound them ; tho', " when your boy was told by the carter they were in the " fields, he pretended not to believe him. I have put in " nothing since Xmas & your cattle have entirely spoilt " the crop. You will hear soon from Mr. Jessopp on the " subject, & in spite of your pretended consequence I will " convince you that you have no more right to let your " beasts stray about the roads, & commit trespass in " consequence, than the poorest wretch in the parish. " I am now actually preparing instructions for my " Attorney & Counsel, for a cause of still greater impor-

[1] The Lewins, of whom frequent mention is made in the Journal, lived in a mansion on the western slope of a field opposite the Broxbourne Schools. Of this house nothing now remains, but some ponds probably indicate its site. " Men of that name seem to have held land here from the days of Edward the " Confessor at least, and their tombstones are many in the churchyard." (Tregelles, *A History of Hoddesdon*).

" tance to you, wherein, I trust, you will be made to " smart with exemplary damages."

May 2nd. 1801.

" Fiend Rogers,

" Here's another note ! which you may shew to whom " you please, as I hear you bragged at Hertford market " last Saturday of your insolence, the night before ; but " I am told the laugh was very much *against* you. It " was a mercy for yourself that you had prudence enough " to restrain your mighty wrath ; for, were the *devil* " himself, promising to be your second, to urge you to " dare lift up your hand against me, you should have " cause to repent it to the latest hour of your life. You " would soon find that you had not poor Davis to deal " with. But, as I told him, poor fellow ! he or any other, " not strong enough to manage you otherwise, would be " authorized, in *self-defence*, to strike at you with a poker, " or anything that might first come to hand, (whatever " might be the consequence), if you durst offer him any " personal injury. I am sorry to feel towards any creature, " which a good & gracious God has made, such senti- " ments as are excited in my breast towards *you*, by the " *gross* ill usage which I have experienced from you. " I assure you, I strive to subdue these feelings ; for " I own frankly, they give me no pleasure. I endeavour " to feel pity only towards you, as a Christian ought to " do, since a merciful God continues to exercise long- " suffering towards you ; but I cannot help feeling too " much like a *man*, too much of that unruly passion, " which bears full sway in *your* breast.

" I most solemnly warn you to alter your conduct, for " you may weary out even the patience of Heaven—it

" will not last *for ever* ; &, if you die unchanged, what " must become of you ? Believe me, when I think " seriously upon your present dangerous condition, all " resentments dies away in my breast ; for I would " rather, infinitely rather, be the poorest of all the poor " wretches, whom the Providence of God, (for wise " purposes, I doubt not), now suffers you to *trample* on " & *oppress*, than be in your case, if God does not give " you ' repentance unto life,' before you ' go hence, & " ' are no more seen.' As to myself, I endeavour, on all " occasions, so to act that I am unconscious of having " ever given cause to any good man to be my enemy. " Such unshaken trust do I repose in the protection of " Heaven, that I am thoroughly persuaded that neither " you, nor the most powerful enemies I may have on " earth, aided by all the *fiends* that *Hell* itself could " lend you as *auxiliaries*, can ever do me or my numerous " family any material or lasting injury.

" This is in all probability the last time I shall write " to you. I hope it is. Remember I have warned you " of your danger, therefore, if you die in your sins, your " blood must be upon your own head ; for, when you & " I are confronted at the last awful Judgment, you will not " be able to say that I have not done my duty to you " *faithfully*.

" I began this note under no small impression of anger " towards you. What I now feel is only pity for you ; &, " in return for the innumerable insults & injuries I have " recd. from you, for near twenty years, I subscribe " myself your *well-wisher*

" Wm Jones."

May 4th. 1801. The old grammatical example, cited by

Lily, which I committed to memory when a boy,—*Gratia ab officio, quod mora tardat, abest*—is very true. A favor certainly loses much of its value, if unnecessarily delayed.

My mind is kept in a state of constant suspense & fearful anxiety,—& what if, after all, the Bishop should alter his mind ? He will have played with my feelings most *cruelly*. " The boys & the frogs "—it may be sport to a Rogers or a B—p ; but it is almost *death* to poor *me !* But I ought to acquit the Bishop, & only condemn my enemies, who have imposed on him by the grossest misrepresentations. If he says, " no," it will, I trust, be, because he thinks in his conscience he *ought* to say " no."

Often have I said, " I shall bear my disappointment as " a *philosopher*." I can truly say, " I intend to do so." May Heaven enable me to bear it as a *Christian* ought to do ! . . . I will never cease to trust in Heaven, that my good & gracious God will provide for me & my dear family, during our passage through this wilderness, however it may be infested by *wild*, *ravenous*, & *devouring beasts*.

The following is a copy of a letter that I wrote yesterday to my good friend Mr. Jordan,[1] desiring him to communicate it to the Bishop, if he has an opportunity,

May 1st. 1801.

" My dear Sir,

" When I parted from you last, you were so good as " to say, you hoped I should soon have an agreeable " summons to Town. I am quite unable to describe to " you what I feel in my present state of suspense, & " my poor wife suffers, (if possible), still more than

[1] The Revd. John Nesbit Jordan resigned the Vicarage of Broxbourne this year.

" myself. She is incapable of resting either night or " day ; for she knows we are living in a large, though " ruinous, house, burdened with a great rent, heavy " taxes, & other expenses, in the present severe times, far " beyond our income. As soon as his Lordship declared " his benevolent intentions towards me, & my numerous " family, I had no doubt on the subject, if it rested on a " fair estimation of my character & conduct. I have " indeed, faithfully & conscientiously, for twenty years, " discharged my duty as a minister ; &, on all occasions, " endeavoured so to conduct myself that I feel un- " conscious of having deserved the enmity of any good " man. As to my *loyalty*, I have reason to apprehend, " (between ourselves), that it has very far exceeded what " has been agreeable to two or three of the most con- " spicuous characters in my neighbourhood. In conse- " quence of what I thought a well-grounded expectation, " I immediately parted with the house at Edmonton, to " a considerable loss, & my school has dwindled to 3 or " 4 boys. But this, in such expensive times as the " present, is not very much to be regretted, & a sedentary, " confined life for 24 or 25 years having brought ailments " & infirmities upon me, in spite of my appearance of " health & strength, it was my fixed intention to give up " my school entirely, & devote the remainder of my life " to the *solemn* & very important duties of my parish.

" But, how shall I tell you ? if the bragging of my good " friend, Mr. Rogers, be true, he has, according to his " own phrase, *done my business with the Bishop*,—by " writing him a letter full of calumnies & misrepresenta- " tions, & by inducing a person to second his efforts. . . . " If they have any fears, that I should not be content

" with everything as it now stands, I will, (if his Lord-
" ship thinks proper), enter into any engagement to
" take the Vicarage at its lowest estimate, for so desirous
" am I of reconciliation with every man, that I shall be
" happy to make almost any peace-offering, for so
" desirable a purpose.

" The man, who keeps the alehouse opposite Mr.
" Rogers's, & where he spends a great part of his time,
" called on me, only about 10 days ago, to tell me he
" *knew* it to be so, & that Rogers had left a copy of his
" letter to the Bishop on a table in the public house.
" The landlord of the Bull soon afterwards assured me
" Mr. R. had communicated the same to him, for such
" people are his chief confidants.

" The persons, who signed my Testimonial, are the
" most respectable & independent in the whole parish,
" & some of the first of them the only remaining in-
" habitants, of any consequence, who were in the parish,
" on my first taking the curacy. Mr. Rogers has thought
" proper to represent them as persons of little or no
" consequence, & it has suited his purpose to describe
" *himself* as a very great *landholder*, because Mr. Bosan-
" quet has promised him a trial of the farm, which Mr.
" Lewin intends quitting next Michaelmas &c &c

" Wm. Jones."[1]

Sunday Aug 9th, 1801. Since the last date, May 1st,

[1] Mr. Jones has written in the Church Register of Births & Deaths, "*Notitiae* " *Parochiales*. Postscript of a letter of mine to the Bishop of London, Dr. " Porteus, dated May 19. 1801." In this he accuses Rogers of having added to his own farm by setting back the fence on the E. side of the churchyard,— " Even the poor labourers employ'd on this occasion were shocked (as the sexton " assured me), when, on setting up the fence within the Yard, they could not " help ramming down the posts with the *human bones*, which were everywhere " mixed with the earth. I assure your Lordship this man is the terror of the " whole parish."

& for a considerable time before, what anxiety & torture did my mind suffer, owing to the villainous machinations of two or three worse-than-assassins! Two of them, who swagger in this parish, *a noble pair of brothers in iniquity*, plotted together with all their mean craft, & at one time had so far influenced the good Bishop's mind, that he appointed me to meet him at Sion College, on the day of the anniversary meeting of the clergy there, & gave me to understand, as plainly as words could do, that I must give up all thoughts of Broxbourn, & proposed to me Parswick[1] a donative in Essex.

I then despaired of ever obtaining the happiness I now enjoy, & these inhuman plotters had no doubt that their triumph was sure.

But, (blessed be Heaven!) Providence triumphed, & defeated all the petty schemes & devices of these *Achilophels!*[2]

[1] Mr. Tregelles thought that this name should have been Pattiswick. (*A History of Hoddesdon* p. 422).

[2] About this time Mr. Jones made the following entry in the Church Register of Births & Deaths :—

" June 3rd 1781. Wm. Jones entered on the curacy of Broxbourne the first " & only one he ever had. Mr. Stockwell at that time became Rector of Waton " in this County. Mr. Ripley succeeded, but soon exchanged this vicarage " for the rectory of Kelvedon in Essex. The next vicar was Mr. Jordan, who " held this living till Easter 1801—when he was presented by the Archbishop " of Canterbury to the Rectory of Halsted in Kent. After many difficulties & " impediments, Wm. Jones had the grant of the *Vicarage* from the good Bishop " of London, June 4th 1801—having been *Curate* of the parish for nearly 20 " years!! How long he may enjoy the Vicarage God only knows."

PART V. VICAR OF BROXBOURNE.

" *Bene vixit qui bene latuit* "
The Vicar's Motto

Monday, Sepr. 7th. 1801. Blessed be Heaven ! I now enjoy what my soul has long wished for, a considerable share of *otium*—time at my own disposal. Let it be my constant endeavour to enjoy it *cum dignitate* !—in a manner suitable to my real views of things, & not unworthy the place I hold in life. The term which Virgil, with impious adulation, applies to a fellow-worm of high rank, I can use with religious strictness, & grateful adoration,

Deus nobis hæc otia fecit.

To God alone I owe all my present happiness ! To his never-failing goodness I ascribe all the calm content & tranquillity which my mind enjoys ! I think I have somewhere read or heard an observation to the following effect :—the man, who ceases to *hope* or *fear*, ceases to be happy. I am, (thanks to Heaven), an instance of the untruth of this observation. I am not conscious of having any *fears* or *hopes* excited or actuated by any objects within the compass of this world. Most sincerely do I desire to hope for nothing but the favour, & to fear naught but the displeasure, of my gracious & benevolent Maker.

I know not what envy means. I know not the human being with whom I would exchange situation. I *have*

everything which I can wish for, or at least which I *ought* to wish for.

Sep 23rd. 1801. I frequently have a slate & pencil by my bed-side, & when I wake, at perhaps far too early an hour to rise, I scribble down any thoughts or reflexions which present themselves to my mind. The following I found by chance yesterday, which appear to have been committed to the slate in April last, when my poor body was suffering under the gout & rheumatism, & my bodily pains were, (as I can well recollect), greatly heightened by the torturing anxiety which my mind underwent, almost despairing of the happiness I now enjoy ;—

" If we cannot bring our means to our wants, let us " always endeavour to bring our wants to our means. " Due attention to the above rule will preserve us from " extravagance, & from distress, which usually treads " upon the heels of extravagance. Let us cheerfully do " without what we cannot have, at least prudently : & " thankfully let us enjoy whatever the Providence of " God is pleased to give us, however little it may be. . . ."

Monday, Oct 5th, 1801. My good friend Mills is released from all aches & pains of body & mind ! He died about six o'clock yesterday evening.

In the case of Mr. Lewin & some others I have opposed the opinion of the medical men who have thought the complaint hopeless, & the event has justified my opinion ; but Mr. Worthington, who attended poor Mills at first, & Mr. Harrold, who succeeded him, as I learnt from the widow this evening, endeavoured to buoy him & Mrs. Mills up with hopes of his recovery, whereas I pronounced him, from the first, to all but himself a condemned man, & his case a lost one.

Broxbourne Church and Vicarage 1798

Facing page 128.

His complaint was brought on by what, in modern times, kills few men—*hard labor*. Violent heats & colds, & changing his linen frequently, not always for what was well-aired, chilled & seemed to have corrupted & poisoned the whole mass of his blood. Boils, abscesses, etc, gathered in various parts of his body, & immediately assumed a black & mortifying appearance. A neighbour of mine told me he lived very low, which hastened the complaint. I believe he did so, especially in the present hard & severe times, but not from penurious motives, but from the most benevolent & laudable ones. He had many indigent relatives, who looked up to him for relief ; & he chose to forego all the *comforts* of life, that they might not want *necessaries*. So humane & kind was his heart that he could not enjoy any good without communicating it with others. Such a man is a blessing to the world !

I congratulate his soul & spirit on their being released from their painful confinement in his frail, uncomfortable body. It was a crazy, wretched prison. He was well-prepared for eternity, & ripe for glory. He has not, I verily believe, left a better being behind him in the form of a man. His faith was sound, & dwelt not in his head, but in his heart also ; for his religion was truly practical, & experimental.

Many of the fulsome, unmeaning panegyrics, foisted into newspapers, magazines, &, (still more shameful to add), into what are called funeral sermons, respecting departed worms, would be merely truth, if applied to poor worthy Mills ! It was not *death* which taught me his worth, for I felt it while he *lived*, & I now write under a full conviction of the truth of what I write. I have lost

one of my most valuable friends & best well-wishers in losing honest Mills,—a man, whom the first nobleman in the land, were he acquainted with his genuine, sterling worth, would not, & need not, blush to call his *friend*.

Adieu !

(See my *Journal of Health* p. 849).

Nov. 28*th.* 1801. I have a great desire to leave off snuff-taking. To speak properly, I ought to say—to *endeavour* to leave it off ; for I am by no means certain I shall be able to accomplish it. I intend to consult my worthy friend, Dr. Andree, whether he thinks it may occasion the unpleasant humming in my ears—or whether it may increase it. Does it not stimulate & urge—what I believe medical men call—the emunctories,& cause an unpleasant & hurtful discharge of *mucus*, or *nasi pituita ?*

I have sometimes thought it might clear & lighten the head, where there are symptoms of repletion. Before I took snuff, I hardly ever had occasion for a pocket handkerchief. If I thought it hurt me in the least, nay if I supposed it did me no good, I would instantly break off the filthy custom, as I did smoking 7 or 8 years ago. The filthy custom is attended with no small expense, to me at least ; for I gave away almost as much as I took. I suppose it to have cost me about 3 guins. a year.

I feel great fear & self-distrust on the subject of leaving off the scurvy practice of snuffing. I have continued for 8, or I know not how many more, years, till I am become a *slave* to it. But so was I formerly to smoking, & I had resolution to give it up. Let me then hope that I may be victorious in the present instance ! !

Dec. 8th 1801. Left off snuff, & hope I shall never return to the *filthy*, worse than *beastly*, practice ! Gave

Mrs. Jones my whole stock—four ½ lb. canisters full of No 37, & Strasburgh—1 lb. 37 in lead, ¾ lb. of Strasburgh in lead, & my common box full.

O that my *deary* would give up *snuff* & *novels ! !*

Dec. 11th. 1801. I may write huzza ! huzza ! for I have hitherto succeeded beyond my most tip-top expectations. My poor, grumbling nose has kept a complete fast since the last date ! ! In all this time, (& it has not appeared very short), my snuff box has not been, for many minutes together, forgotten. It may therefore be truly supposed that I have been in a sort of *snuffy* purgatory. And my *hands* have not been idle, for again, & again, have they involuntarily been rummaging all my pockets, in search, I suppose, of my snuff-box ; for, after every repeated disappointment, they have generally rubbed my craving nose, as if wishing to solace it. (*see* Snuff—*Journal of Health*).

Friday afternoon—Jany. 15th. Have just recd. a letter from my poor son Wm. mentioning his arrival in London. As he says he has been shipwrecked, I expect to see him return pennyless, & almost naked. But I shall be happy to see him again, & he shall be kindly received, by me at least. I trust his sudden & unexpected return does not arise from any misconduct of his own.

March 18th. Spent the evening very agreeably, only 5 days ago, at Mr. Farington's[1]—& yesterday dined, drank tea, & supped there. I know no place where I

[1] William Farington, (eldest son of the Revd. William Farington, Rector of Warrington), married Anne Frances, daughter of William Nash of Hoddesdon. She died in 1816. They had eight children. William Farington's grandfather was William Farington of Shaw Hall, Lancashire, representative of the ancient family of Farington of Faringdon in that county. The Farington here mentioned was the brother of Joseph Farington R.A., whose *Diary* has during recent years been published in several volumes. There are monuments of the family on the N. wall of Broxbourne Church.

pass the time so agreeably. The conversation is of a different sort from that which takes place in most circles. They are all extremely kind to me, & I feel quite *at home* with them, but I am almost ashamed of intruding so very often.

What a blessing to her family is so truly good & pious a Mother as Mrs. Farington. Her children will have cause to bless her to all eternity for her excellent discharge of that high trust reposed in her by Heaven. Her precepts have been confirmed by her own accurate & correct example. Miss F——n is equally excellent, pious & amiable. Were I a young man, & possessed of the largest fortune possible, I should certainly pay my *devoirs* to her ; for such a wife would certainly be a treasure. She has that meekness & gentleness of character, sanctified by religion, which, I hope, would not be lost in matrimony. I am, really, tho' not a single man, almost in love with her. Heaven grant she may ever be happy, whether married or single !

March 19th. 1802. To justify my preference of my very amiable young friend, Miss F——n, (if it needed any justification), I could cite two or three remarkable instances of young men, who, from their situation in life, must have been conversant with young women of the first sort for charms & accomplishments, & who preferred my *favorite* to all the English ladies they had ever seen,— & they had seen not a few. This was, particularly, the case with my worthy friend, Mr. Heiliger, an Officer in Prince Ernest's regiment of Dragoons, who admired Miss F——n extremely, & spoke his admiration to me frequently, when his tongue could have no temptation to belie his heart.

March 27th. 1802. On Elkanah Winchester's *Universal Restoration*, published by W. Vidler, the Monthly Reviewers, Jany 1801, observe—" That man must have " an amiable mind, who supports Mr. Winchester's " hypothesis of Universal Restoration ; &, considering " the infinite benevolence of the Deity, it must, on the " first view, appear to be an extremely reasonable one. " It is fair to conclude that, in the divine government, " punishment is a *mean*, not an *end* ; & that, when it " has accomplished its intended purposes, it will cease. " The *perpetuity* of misery, it may be argued, is incon- " sistent with our ideas of infinite goodness." " But " many " (they go on to observe) " are like the pious " old gentleman, who loved to have hell-fire flashed in " his face, & who contended for the eternity of hell- " torments as a very wholesome doctrine."

March 27th. I read in Psalm 145th verse 9th—" The " Lord is good to *all*, & his tender mercies are over *all* " his works." I confess I know not how to reconcile this most benevolent declaration of Holy Scripture with the eternal damnation of any soul which a wise, good, just, & all-perfect God has formed.[1] But I have often

[1] A famous Philosopher-King felt the same repugnance for the doctrine of Eternal Damnation. " A pity for the human race, Madam, that men can- " not be tranquil,—but they never and nowhere can ! Not even the little " Town of Neufchâtel but has had its troubles ; your Royal Highness will be " astonished to learn how. A Parson there had set forth in a sermon, That " considering the immense mercy of God, the pains of Hell could not last for- " ever. The Synod shouted murder at such scandal ; and has been struggling, " ever since, to get the Parson exterminated. The affair was of my jurisdiction; " for your Royal Highness must know that I am Pope in that Country ; —here " is my decision : Let the parsons, who make for themselves a cruel and bar- " barous God, be eternally damned, as they desire, and deserve ; and let those " parsons, who conceive God gentle and merciful, enjoy the plenitude of his " mercy ! However, Madam, my sentence has failed to calm the minds ; " the schism continues ; and the number of the damnatory theologians pre- " vails over the others." (Letter to the Electress Marie-Antoine of Saxony. May 1768. Carlyle's *History of Frederick the Great* Vol. 6. p. 445).

reflected on the great wickedness of mankind, & what would be the state of things on this wretched earth, if these apprehensions were done away! . . . I have sometimes been sorry to remark a sort of *ill-nature*, or spirit of *revenge*, seeming to shew itself in some rigid professors of religion, while they were contending for the eternity of Hell-torments. . . . Surely Heaven would be no less Heaven, & the happiness of Heaven would not have less value to them, if God in his infinite wisdom & mercy should admit to a participation of it many, or even all, of those pitiable sinners, who seem to us short-sighted mortals to die, having no hope in their death. Away then with all grudging, since we are assured that in our Heavenly Father's house there is bread enough, & to spare . . . Who of us, poor, erring mortals, shall presume to limit the mysterious ways of the most High God! Who of us can declare what passes in the dying moments of many of our fellow-worms, whose situation may appear to us desperate! Human reason is ready to suggest :—Can any sins, committed by poor, wretched man, during his existence here, deserve to be punished eternally? His days on earth, at the *longest*, are but *few*, & to a sinner they must be evil—can that which is finite bear any proportion to infinity? . . . .

Many poor outcasts, whom these Jonahs, these religionists, or shall I write damnationists, seem to consider as in a state of reprobacy, will, I firmly believe, be cheered with as welcome a greeting to the right hand of their Redeemer & Judge, as they themselves can possibly expect.

Let not the most abject penitent say, what Jonah could not justly say, even in the whales' belly—" I am " cast out of thy sight, O Lord!" . . . .

I hardly know how to break off. The subject is so rich, & so delightful.[1]

April 3rd. 1802. I have at last introduced myself to the family of the Kempes[2] in Lord's lane. They are four maiden-sisters, & seem to live together, as sisters ought to live, in the utmost harmony. The lane abounds in poor families, to whom they show great benevolence. They have always some of their children under their roof, whom they themselves instruct in reading, etc, & train them up as neat, useful servants. In short, they appear to be very pious, well-informed women. Among many sensible remarks, one of them observed that she had universally noticed that the better poor people are *dressed* the better they behave. This surely ought to encourage the rich to assist in clothing the naked, feeding the hungry, & endeavouring to conciliate the grateful esteem of those who are companions of want & wretchedness ; for, tho' poor & destitute, they are our *brethren.*

April 7th. 1802.

Segnius irritant animos demissa per aures,
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus.

To save myself repeating any introductory speech to my friends & parishioners, in my perambulation at the approaching Easter, I intend to present them, for their perusal, a short address to the following effect :—

Easter 1802.

Mr. Jones has the pleasure of waiting on his worthy

[1] But *see infra* Dec 16th 1816.

[2] The Misses Kempe lived at Rose Hill, a house built about the year 1800 at the western end of Lord's lane, now Lord Street. (Tregelles, *A History of Hoddesdon* p. 128). William Ellis, the missionary to the South Sea Islands and Madagascar, lived at Rose Hill from shortly after his marriage with Sarah Stickney, 1837, till their death within a few days of each other, 1872. (Thorne's *Handbook to the Environs of London*, Vol. 2 p. 359).

friends & parishioners, to solicit the offerings usual at this season of the year, which constitute the chief value of his Vicarage, together with an equivalent for the tenths of gardens, etc.

He hardly needs suggest to his friends that the liberality of many individuals, which cannot impoverish them, will, (if it does not enrich), at least conduce to furnish him & his very numerous family with a cheerful competence, which is all that he desires,—not for his own sake only, but that, after twenty one years' residence here already, he may be able to attend to the solemn & very important duties of his ministerial office, for the remainder of his days, with as few worldly cares & distractions as possible.

Wm. Jones.

April 8th. 1802. The papers inform us that " the " Bishop of Winchester's[1] new residence in Baker Street " is furnished in a style of uncommon splendor," etc. How unlike this to the outward condition of our blessed Saviour, who " had not where to lay His sacred head " ! Yet was He the true Shepherd & " Bishop of souls." (1 Pet. 2. 25). Are splendor & parade necessary to enforce the doctrines of *modern* Bishops ! !

Dreams. I am seldom " a dreamer of dreams " (Deut. 13.1.), & consequently cannot say that " I suffer many " things " from that quarter—but though dreams generally come through " much business," (Eccles. 5.3) &

[1] Brownlow North (1741-1820), elder son of the 1st Earl of Guilford and half-brother of Lord North, Bishop of Coventry and Lichfield 1771, of Worcester 1774, and of Winchester 1781. He spent a large sum of money on the improvement of Farnham Park and Castle. When comment was made on the rapid preferment of Brownlow North, Lord North is said to have observed that " his brother was no doubt young to be a Bishop, but, when he was older, " he would not have a brother Prime Minister." His portrait, a copy of one by Henry Howard R.A., hangs in the Hall of Trinity College, Oxford. (*D.N.B.*)

present vain images to the mind, yet have I reason to say with old Homer—" ὄναρ ἐκ Διός ἐστι "—dreams come from God.

The very first serious impressions I am conscious of receiving were by a dream, which, tho' twenty seven years ago, I yet perfectly remember, so far is it from " flying away, as dreams " generally do, (Job 20. 8) for I believe it cannot die away except with the last traces of my memory. I communicated it the next morning to my dear & very excellent Mother, & to her only ; for I had no friend on earth like her. She saw my anxiety, & distress, on the occasion ; and her tender, yet striking remarks made the impressions yet more awful & serious. Long has she done with earthly trifles, & forgotten all her momentary pains & sorrows, in the possession of her bright crown of eternal glory ; yet how rejoiced should I be, if I were sure that her dear, departed spirit were privy to all the thoughts, which occupy my mind, while I endeavour to recollect the numberless instances of her tender kindness to me ; for then must she be assured, in a way which passeth all human understanding, that my heart, & mind, & all that is within me, pays her as unfeigned a tribute of love, of gratitude, & respect, as a son, groaning under the burden of this tabernacle of earth, *can* pay to departed excellence, which has, for so many years, fostered him with unremitting care, together with her many other children, in the tender form *of a mother*, & *the best of friends*.

O my dearest Mother, how fresh to my mind is thy image, & every feature of thy earthly form ! How often, as at present, do tears, welcome tho' unbidden, flow from my eyes, while all my thoughts are engrossed by thee !

I have been compelled, not against my will, to lay aside my pen to give them free course. I am just going to lay myself down on my bed, & often indulge myself in the pleasing thought that there is a much nearer communication between the world of *spirits* & this *earthly* scene than mortals generally imagine. Were it possible that a vision of thy dear image could present itself to me, this night, I feel assured that I could, at this distance of time, see & converse with thee, unappalled ; for I well know that thou wouldst come on no errand of unkindness ; never, during thy sojourning on earth, did anger, or any evil passion, find a place in thy breast.

When I lost thee, I lost my best, I may almost say, my only earthly friend. The gracious God & Father of the spirits of all flesh knoweth, (unless I deceive myself), that, did I suppose my poor children could do equally well without me, joyfully would I quit this world, before tomorrow's dawn, to rejoin thee.

Adieu ! Adieu !

April 10th. 1802. I generally wake before the day dawns, & after thanking Heaven for its care & protection of me, during my four or five hours' rest, my mind oft-times, insensibly, slides into unavailing reflexions on the favorable opportunities, which I fancy at least I once had of settling for life. Many scenes of old date then present themselves afresh, & in a striking point of view. " There " is a tide in the affairs of men——"

Monday. April 19th 1802. I am going to start for the Collection of the Easter-offerings. My heart feels no small anxiety. May Heaven prosper me !

In most towns & villages the poor & indigent class, I fear, have very wretched accommodations. They are

generally crowded together in dark courts & narrow alleys, in cellars, or in garrets ; where damps, stagnated air, & accumulated filthiness, injure their health, and facilitate the progress of contagious diseases. The poor house, as it is called, in this parish, is a wretched hovel, considerably below the level of the adjoining road. The workhouse of Hoddesdon[1] is not badly situated, but its almshouses[2] are in a miserable, confined alley. These receptacles of the poor in the parish & hamlet will, I trust, be improved, through the benevolence & humanity of the present worthy churchwardens. The sooner, the better—since it is, certainly, for the benefit of the rich that the poor should be healthy ; for " the Head cannot " say to the Foot ' I have no need of you.' " (1 Cor. 12. 21)

See more on the late fatal illness in Hoddesdon, in *Medical Commonplace Book* p. 100 &c.[3]

April 26th, 1802. From time immemorial it has been

[1] The Hoddesdon Workhouse from 1737 to 1833 occupied the site of *The Five Horseshoes* Inn, in Burford Street. Before 1737 the premises were an inn, & in 1833, slightly remodelled, they became an inn again. (Tregelles, *A History of Hoddesdon*, p. 137).

[2] The Hoddesdon Almshouses, five in number, were built and endowed in 1440 by Richard Rich, and stood S. of the Brewery, behind the (still existing) jutting block of buildings in the market-place. After an user of 400 years, they were sold in 1841 to pay some town debts, and subsequently pulled down. (*ib* pp. 138, 432).

[3] The following entry in the Church Register of Births & Deaths refers to this epidemic :—" 1802 March 3rd. A fever, which might almost be called by " the frightful name of plague, has raged in Hoddesdon for 3 or 4 months, & " rapidly cleared off a great number of poor people. I may truly say poor " people, for it has been almost confined to that class. A disorder of the same " sort has likewise raged amongst the paupers in Hertford, Ware, &c. . . . . " I verily believe the disorder (whatever it is) has been generated from *poverty* " and *filth*. The poor, notwithstanding the assistance of parishes, & the " charity of benevolent individuals, were so reduced by the severe pressure " of the times, that they had not anything like strength remaining, which " might resist, or throw off, distemper in any form." Mr. Tregelles says that " Geddings, the old manor-house, not the present dwelling-house, was then " used as a ' pest-house,' and a dismal place it must have been." (*A History of Hoddesdon*, p. 428).

the custom in this parish to have one churchwarden for Broxbourn, & two for the hamlet of Hoddesdon. The right of nominating the churchwarden for Broxbourn has been claimed, invariably, by the Vicar, & this claim has never been disputed till last Easter Tuesday, when Mr. Bosanquet insisted on having two appointed, tho' one had, hitherto, been sufficient, & I had nominated Mr. Peter White, one of the most respectable men in the whole parish, & both able & willing to perform, faithfully, every duty of the office. Mr. B——thought proper to nominate a second Churchwarden——& who should he be, but a man of the name of John Rogers, who had already assumed the office for five years, & has generally engrossed 2 or 3 of the parish offices together, ever since he has quitted Lord Monson's service, & has raised himself to the rank of a *housekeeper* in Broxbourn. Will it add to the qualifications of this worthy man, when I declare that he was indicted at the last Qr. Sessions for an assault on a poor, helpless woman, the wife of a soldier, (Bull), who was absent, being engaged in the service of his King & Country. The poor creature was so far advanced in pregnancy, that she fell into labor the very next day. It is a tale too shocking & bestial to be recorded here. The minutes of it are recorded by Mr. Stanley,[1] the chairman. The indictment was found, & this very day I saw John Rogers tried, found guilty, & fined five pounds, to the no small satisfaction of a crowded Court. Had the indictment expressed that the assault was committed, with an intent to commit a *rape*, he would most certainly

[1] Mr. Alfred Baker, the late Town Clerk of Hertford, informed me that Richard Stanley, of Much Hadham, a Bencher of the Middle Temple, was appointed Recorder of Hertford in 1780 & held the office till 1810, and that he was also for some time Chairman of Quarter Sessions.

have been *imprisoned*, as well as *fined*, or perhaps been treated with a voyage to Botany-Bay.

But, poor wretch ! he is in a truly pitiable state. His body, from the accounts I hear, seems decaying & mortifying, & he must be wretched indeed ; for his breast is a stranger to peace.

Some of the poorest & most abject labourers in this neighbourhood I have asked, whether they would exchange conditions, in every respect, with this man. All, to a man, have said—" No, No "—& some of them to their prompt negative have added evident surprise that I should, for a moment, imagine them capable of such a wish. . . . .

I am, however, & so is the whole parish, very thankful, that the aforesaid John Rogers is disappointed, for, when it was put to the vote whether he should continue any longer in the office, the hands of all present at the Vestry were instantly raised against him. . . . .

June 22nd. 1802. How different was the apostolic company of fishermen, tentmakers, etc, from a college of cardinals, or a bench of bishops !

The times are changed ! but I trust many of our present bishops & clergy are men of great piety as well as learning, tho' Lord Chatham, Mr. Pitt's father, declared in the House of Lords,—" We have a Calvinistic creed, a " Popish liturgy, & an Arminian clergy."

July 1st. I wish very much to read Norris's sermon on the influence of the Female character. The anti-jacobin reviewers (Feby 1802) say—" The author coincides with " Professor Robison, in the opinion, that affection, ad- " miration, filial reverence, are those sentiments in " which the women far surpass the men ; & it is on this

" account that we find them so much disposed to devotion."

As women are more exalted in their virtues, so are they more depraved in their vices than man ; & of this woeful truth many modern instances, in addition to those recorded in the Scriptures, & in the ancient writers, are adduced in the notes from Professor Robison's work, etc.

The female character was generally holden in sovereign contempt by the heathen world ; & it never acquired its due weight, and estimation, until the establishment of Christianity, to which it is indebted for the consideration it now enjoys. I should hardly think my ears safe, were I to show my dear wife how unfavourably, not to say ungallantly, the naughty ancients thought, & dared to write of the poor ladies, as appear by many testimonies in the notes subjoined. Surely the dear creatures ought to love us good modern husbands, &c, who have found out their value ! !

I cannot help adding one remark more on this interesting subject. Virgil, who very rarely, in express terms, says anything disrespectful of women, yet, when describing the *Elysian* fields, does not make mention of one *woman* in that heathen paradise.

Sunday, Nov. 14*th.* 1802. Broxbourn was my first, & my only, curacy. The good Bishop of London, in whose gift the living is, cannot, I am sure, conceive half the happiness he has conferred on me, by making me the vicar of the parish. I should write, every day at least, on this happy lot of mine, were I to copy into my journal the grateful emotions I daily feel for Heaven's goodness in granting me such an asylum for my declining years.

Possession seems to take away half, & sometimes more, from most earthly blessings ; but this has not been my case : possession was, to me, everything that the fullest enjoyment can mean, & I feel as if my pleasure daily increased. May God make me abundantly useful among my parishioners ! & may the office of preaching never be misunderstood by me, nor the duty of hearing God's holy word, & due attendance on his ordinances, be ever neglected or misapplied by them!

Nov. 17th. 1802. *Bene vixit, qui bene latuit.*[1] Some poet[2] whose name I do not this instant recollect, expresses a wish to this effect—

" Steal through the world, & not a stone
" Tell where I lie."

Those men consult their own true happiness, who endeavour to pass through life with as little noise & bustle as possible. This is, in truth, " doing good to "themselves, as well as to others, by stealth." The man, who strives to set his nest on high, & courts high stations, & popular applause, does, in a manner, court the honor of the pillory ; for he will have far more of pelting than of admiration, be his deserts, or his expectations, what they may . . . Give me neither poverty, nor riches !

When I began to write on p. 1511, I had in my thoughts Mr. W——'s unfortunate daughter, his only child, Susannah, who eloped, about a year ago, with the vile

[1] The phrase is from Ovid's *Tristia* III, " Crede mihi, bene qui latuit, bene " vixit."

[2] Pope (*Ode on Solitude*)

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown,
Thus unlamented let me die,
Steal from the world, & not a stone
Tell where I lie.

attorney Wms., a married man. Her father & mother have suffered much, & Heaven only knows when their sufferings may end. She is now at a great distance from home, ready to lie-in, & likely to suffer great hardships ; for the villain's circumstances are greatly embarrassed, & he, no doubt, heartily tired of the poor, unhappy victim.[1]

Her ruin is, I believe, chiefly to be ascribed to what has destroyed thousands of girls before her—being published too early in life. Poor Suzy was taken out into company, introduced at balls, etc, etc, when she ought to have been safe in the nursery, & put to bed at an early hour. This her parents vainly thought would procure her an early establishment in life. It certainly made her impatient for it, for mixed society is a sort of hot-bed to our passions. It just strikes me, that girls, exhibited very early in life, fare somewhat like articles exposed in shop-windows. The sun & air have faded them, they are tarnished & soiled by frequent handling, or—, or— ; & if they are sold at all, it is frequently with considerable abatement.

The application is easy.

Sunday, Dec. 5th, 1802. " Deliver me from blood-" guiltiness, O God, Thou God of my Salvation ! "

This verse was suggested to my mind, this morning, on poor Unwin's communicating to me the true cause of his wretched wife's melancholy, & her drowning herself in the New river, which she did August 27th in the dusk of the evening. The passage suggested to my mind, on the occasion, is extremely apposite ; for this Psalm of David was composed upon a sad occasion, (the matter of

[1] *See* further, Aug. 24th, 1816.

Uriah), but too well known, & furnishes a perfect model of penitential devotion.

The poor, unfortunate woman left an explanatory letter, setting forth the burden, from which a lapse of twenty years could not relieve her wounded spirit. How afflicting to her poor husband's mind to read this ! But who can attempt to describe the feelings of the unhappy, surviving criminal, when the injured man (Unwin) presented this sad letter to him ; for he has, indirectly, been the *murderer* of the woman !

From my soul I pity the wretched widower, whose whole life, since his marriage, has exhibited an example of laborious industry, & the kindest attention to his wife & children, amidst many difficulties ; for tho' he " hasted " to rise up early, & late took rest," yet was the bread he ate himself, & furnished to his family, the bread of " extreme carefulness." I likewise pity, sincerely, the miserable author of this calamity ; for he certainly did not foresee the fatal consequences of his crime, otherwise he would have shuddered at the thought of committing it.

May his example be a warning to all who are acquainted with so unfortunate a case ! Tho' he has not been to Church since the calamity, yet he can hardly avoid passing, now & then, by her grave, for it is near the road, as well as the main path, leading to Church : & he must, as he passes, almost imagine that he not only hears the voice of innocent blood crying from the ground, but sees the poor murdered wretch starting from her unturfed grave, & coming upon him, for vengeance.

God grant that neither he, goaded by his conscience, nor the wretched widower, overwhelmed with melancholy,

may come to an untimely end ; for I almost fear this will be the case.

The pleasures of sin are momentary—its effects and consequences are woful, & lasting ! (Prov. 23, 32).

Sunday Jany 2nd. 1803. The year seems to me to revolve more rapidly now than at any former period of my life ! Death has been of late, & still is, unusually busy in my parish. . . . . No less than four corpses now lie unburied !

Mr. James's sister, a young woman, cut off in the bloom of Life ! Mr. Lewin, Dr. Breton, & a poor man's wife at the extremity of Hoddesdon !

Mr. Lewin, tho' 63 years of age, appeared uncommonly strong, & had hardly known a single day's illness . . . . It is very remarkable that he & his Brother & Sister have died, in the course of three years, in the same month, & within a day or two of each other ! There is only one sister of the name now remaining. She is considerably older than the last brother she has lost, &, from the repeated shocks she has lately sustained, is almost broken-hearted. When she dies, the name of Lewin, which has been known, & highly respected, in the parish, for some hundreds of years, will become extinct.[1]

Dr. Breton was 76 years of age, but an uncommonly active & vigorous old gentleman. His death, (humanly speaking), might be ascribed to his fatigue & unreasonable exertions at the Hoddesdon ball. He acted as Master of the ceremonies, from a benevolent wish to promote the Xmas festivities among his younger neighbours & friends. His death is deservedly lamented. His kind &

[1] *See* note on entry of May 2nd 1801.

ready attentions to the poor, in his medical capacity, might entitle him " The Good Samaritan."

Wedy. Jany. 6th. How happy, how very happy, do I feel myself in my dear little room, which some delicate folks would, perhaps, rudely call a *hog-stye !* I am undisturbed, I have my cheerful little fire, my books & in short every comfort which I can reasonably desire. I read, I reflect, I write, & endeavour to enjoy, as far as I can, that blessed leisure & absence of care with which the good Providence of my Heavenly Father has indulged me, particularly since my retirement into this happy cottage.

Wedy. Jany. 26th. 1803. I am confident that I am *defrauded* by many of my parishioners of various vicarial dues & rights, to which the laws of Heaven & earth entitle me ; but, (as I have honestly told some whom it concerned), it is at their *own* peril they do this. And mine is by no means a singular case ; for the very word " tithe " has ever been as unpleasing & odious, to farmers especially, as " cuckoo " to the married ear. Those, who pay them, pay them very partially, & I may add—" grudgingly " & of necessity." I can truly say that those of my little flock, from whom I ought to expect less than from many others, who are fatter & more richly-fleeced, present more in proportion, & more readily, of their wool to me. Heaven grant that their " barrel of meal may not waste, " nor their cruse of oil fail," & may they never want confidence in the word of the Lord, to be " liberal after " their power "—& " do their diligence gladly to give " of their little " a cake-offering to their Elijah !

Jany. 27th. Surely the life of a clergyman, if his mind be properly disposed, & attuned, & his outward circum-

stances at all competent, is of all lives the most happy! But how do I pity the poor unfortunate, who enters into an office so solemn, as a mere profession, or business! What up-hill drudgery & how tedious must the several services appear, when not the *heart*, but the *lips* only are engaged! It is to be feared that there are too many of this unhappy sort. Some unwary youths aspire to the profession, as what is styled " a genteel one." To others their friends & relations dictate this, strongly seconding their cruelly unkind suggestions with the immediate possession of " handsome preferment " from family, or friendly patronage. These are your " master-men," who do their duty by proxy, haggling with poor curates, till they can find those who will starve with fewest symptoms of discontent.

As to the fine gentlemen themselves, they are far more anxious to attain the fame of being " excellent shots," giving the " view halloo," well-mounted in the field, & being " in at the death "—than raising their voices in the desk or pulpit, or feeding the flock, whom they are eager to fleece.[1]

In this I rejoice, as one of the services most acceptable to my own feelings, which I have rendered as a tutor—I have diverted many young men, of this description, from the Church, & recommended the Army, in which I doubt not but they will appear to proper advantage. As to those who court this *genteel* profession, with no other prospect but of being " journeymen "—" soles "—not " upper-leathers "—which is (being interpreted), poor curates—they are truly to be pitied. If they regard

[1] Arthur Young quoted an advertisement: " Wanted, a curacy in a good " sporting country, where the duty is light and the neighbourhood convivial." (*The Devonshire House Circle*, Hugh Stokes, p. 12).

present circumstances, without " having respect unto " the recompense of future reward," they would, I am sure, do better for themselves, & for their families, by making interest for upper-servants' places in a genteel family, than by being mere " *soles or understrappers* " in the Church. A journeyman in almost any trade or business, even a bricklayer's labourer, or the turner of a razor-grinder's wheel, all circumstances considered, is generally better paid than a stipendiary curate.

The sum of this matter thus appeareth unto me— " He that is despised " as a common servant, or a day-labourer, & hath wherewithal to procure the common necessaries of life, " is better " off " than he that *honoreth* " himself " as a curate " & lacketh bread."

Jany. 30*th.* 1803. Rogers, (not *Lord* Rogers, as the farmer was wont to be ludicrously called), it was Mr. Rogers, the tailor, who officiated yesterday as deputy, or vice-clerk, for Mr. Hill. Tho' I had previously informed him of the particular service of the day, & waited till he had found it out, & was, (as I thought), surveying & *taking measure* of it, with a great deal of self-sufficiency; yet did he some unfortunate how or other contrive to lose the place, & did not fumble it out till the service was very little wanted. Upon the whole, he made a sad, bungling piece of work of it, & if he acquits himself no better in his tailoring capacity than he does in supplying a Church-clerk's place, he must be what is called a miserable hand, a mere *botcher.* The whimsically wretched mistakes he made, & which I have heard too many fixed in that high office make, in reading the psalms, etc, are incredible. They are, indeed, often so—(I hardly know a word to describe), & come upon one so

unexpectedly, that they are enough to relax the most saint-like, inflexible countenance, in despite of the solemnity both of the place & of the service. In some parishes, one might almost suppose that miserable reading was considered as a first-rate qualification in a parish-clerk. They *jabber*, as fast as they can pelt out the words, right or wrong. But for this, I doubt not, they have very sage reasons. They calculate that, in every congregation, there are some, who impatiently wish the service to be soon over, & with such they expect to be held in high estimation. Quick, rapid reading likewise prevents listeners from noticing so many of their blunders as they might otherwise do. . . . .

Mr. R—— was early at church in the afternoon, & I took it for granted he would con his part over. He endeavoured to inspire me with this confidence by two or three smiles, & nods, & shrugs, while assisting me on with the surplice. I soon, likewise, observed his prayer-book strung so plentifully as to suggest to me the idea of a thread paper. But, how shall I relate the sequel! In very truth he read as fast & as bunglingly, to the full, as he had done in the morning. At the conclusion of the service, his apology was—that he had "pulled the "wrong *string*." I could not help observing that he must not aspire to the office of a galanty-shew-man, till he had learnt how to manage his strings aright, otherwise he would deceive his *half-penny* customers, & be jabbering to them of Paris, Egypt, etc, while he was exhibiting to them the Tower of London, or Royal Exchange.

My parting admonition to him was—in all his future assistances to any absent Church-clerk, to endeavour to read slowly & distinctly; for however desirable &

tailor-like an accomplishment it might be to thread a needle expeditiously, rapid reading was, in my opinion, deserving of censure rather than praise.[1]

(Goodbye Mr. Rogers !)

Feby. 16*th.* 1803. Riches & poverty are, properly speaking, relative terms ; but the man who, after discharging every just demand, has a shilling (& still more so, if a guinea), over, may be called a rich man : & he who lacks his guinea, or even his shilling, must be content to be numbered among the poor. . . .

March 1*st.* There are three or four persons of consequence, at present, in my parish, who seem to be under sentence of death, from the dreadful nature of their complaints ! The case of one of them, in particular, the poor wretch Rogers, I cannot help noticing. His name appears in many pages of my journal, for a more inveterate enemy than he, Hell itself could hardly let loose against me & my family : & this, without any assignable cause, & even in return for acts of civility & kindness on my part. But he has always been the declared enemy of human kind, & particularly of the *poor*. The richer & *better* class, (as they are called), of my parishioners despise & shun him : the *poor* never speak of him, nor ever seem to think of him, without mixing with their thoughts curses on his wretched head, for being their

[1] The following passage, entered by Mr. Jones in the Church Register of Births & Deaths, may account for his prejudice against the employment of tailors as church-clerks :—" 1804. *Sep.* 10*th.* When I entered upon the " Curacy of the parish of Broxbourn in the county of Hertford, 23 years ago, " I was astonished to observe that the most distant entries of baptisms, &c, " in the Registers, did not extend 100 years back. The Sexton, a very old " man, explained the matter, by assuring me that a former Vicar, had negligently " committed the Registers to his clerk, who unfortunately happened to a Knight " of the Shears. This man thought the preservation of old parchment-books, " of distant date, quite unnecessary, actually cut them into slips for measures, " & was not ashamed to acknowledge the fact."

diabolical & merciless persecutor. So malignant, in short, so outrageously vile a character, I think I can truly say I have never known or heard of. He seems to have studied so to conduct himself as to incur, & deserve, universal hatred. I never heard of his having done a single good or kind action ; I have been racking my memory in vain, to trace out anything of this sort, even done by chance. If ever a human being feared neither *God* nor *devil* ; if ever a human being worked out his own damnation without fear or trembling ; Nathan might say to him, " *Thou art the man.*"

Most sincerely do I pray God that he may not die in his sins ; in his present hardness of heart, & contempt of God's word & commandments. From that curse of curses, that consummation of woes, may Heaven deliver him !

My old friend Cheney, who has quitted this life but a few weeks, persisted to the last in declaring his firm persuasion that this wretched man's case, (which is truly a most uncommon complaint), is a *plague*, a stroke, or judgment of Heaven inflicted on him for his excessive, unbounded villainy. My being presented to the Vicarage by the good Bishop of London, in spite of his machinations, & the hootings, taunts, & insults poured upon him by the united voices of the labouring poor, belonging to the parish & neighbourhood, while they expressed their joy for my success, so completely mortified the poor miscreant, that for a long time after he was not observed to lift up his head, & scarce ever appeared abroad. It is very remarkable that, just at this time, he was seized with his complaint, (June 6th. 1801), & Mr. James, the surgeon, assured me that it exhibited fatal symptoms the Michael-

mas following. Ever since that time he has been literally " dying by inches." The agony & tortures which he has endured, have been represented to me as extreme, & his cries & groans have been heard throughout the neighbourhood. Such sufferings, one would think, would be enough to subdue the hardiest, proudest spirit ; but they have not hitherto had that effect on him. Instead of humbling himself under the mighty hand of God, & supplicating his mercy for the pardon of his past offences, & the renewal of a right spirit within him, his heart is still hardened, like Pharaoh's, & every interval of respite & comparative ease is employed in pouring out the most shocking oaths & curses, to which his mouth has been so long accustomed ! Shocking abuse of God's goodness !

On Sunday last Mr. James pronounced it impossible for him to exist 48 hours, & desired his family to go into his room as seldom as possible, lest the intolerable, noisome stench, occasioned by his putrid intestines, might be attended with some infectious disorder. While the sound of the passing bell for him was fully expected on Monday or Tuesday, Mr. Worthington informed me that Mr. Fairfax called, & found him somewhat revived. He did little else but curse & damn his surgeon, & apply to him the most abusive, shocking epithets that his reprobate mind could suggest. Fairfax's concluding reflection was that he " thought," (I am not sure that he did not say he " *feared* "), " the devil was, once more " cheated of his due."

March 4th. 1803. I do not hear that he is yet dead.[1] Had this event taken place before I wrote the above article, I certainly should not have expressed myself, in some

[1] He lived till December 20th, *see* Nov. 23rd 1816.

parts, so strongly ; but I constantly hear such accounts of his defiance of God & man, that I almost lose all recollection of his being a fellow-creature, & a fellow-sinner.

May he be renewed, for to God all things are possible ! Amen !

June 19th. 1803. Have heard very satisfactory accounts of my eldest son. May Heaven direct him, & preserve him in all dangers of soul & body !

Mr. Jackson, a young man, who went out at the same time with my Wm., informs me that he is in love with a Spanish lady at Buenos Ayres, & I gather the same from his last letter. I am happy to hear that he goes from thence on a voyage, which will take up a year at least ; absence & the sea-breezes will, I trust, cure the young 'squire of his idle passion. If he were to wait, at least, 5 or 6 years longer, he might be less likely to act imprudently : or, if he were then so unfortunate, he need not fear but there would be plenty of time remaining for repentance.

Poor fellow ! should he marry, & have a large family, with straitened circumstances, I should truly pity him ; but my pity would be unavailing ! If he is cursed with an untoward, ill-tempered vixen, his lot would be less desirable than " strangling & death." (Job 7. 15.)

As a " virtuous woman is a crown to her husband," (Prov. 12. 4), so is a vexatious shrew a *sort* of a crown ;— but she is a *crown of thorns.*

Sep 6th. After having been more than 22 years the minister of Broxbourn parish, I am almost certain that I could only number three Sundays, in which I had been absent from my parish. My church had not been re-

paired, not even white-washed, for 50 or 60 years, not within the memory of the oldest man in the parish. After frequent exertions, & importunities, on my part, since my having the honor of being vicar, the highly necessary work was at length determined upon, & the Church has been shut up since the Monday after last Trinity-Sunday.

I cannot hear omit mentioning the obligation I feel to the memory of Mr. Wm. Whittingstall,[1] the brewer, whose influence & interference ensured the success of my wishes & endeavours. To his memory, I say, I am indebted ; for he, poor man ! died in a most sudden, & awful manner, before the scaffolding was erected for the purpose.

Sep 9th. 1803. Young Crewe, (who is lately gone to the East Indies), a few months ago, in company with another young man, wandered so far in the Broxbourn-woods as to lose themselves. At length reaching a poor cottage, they lifted the latch, & on entering observed a venerable old woodman, sitting at a small table, & eating his lonely meal, which consisted chiefly, if not solely, of *bread*. Besides his working implements lying near him, they remarked a book open before him, from which he raised his eyes on their first entrance. They satisfied their curiosity by looking into it, & found it was his Bible. He readily went out, & with the utmost kindness directed them the shortest way home.

Crewe, tho' a thoughtless, dissipated youth, could not help being affected, while he related the little story to

[1] William Whittingstall lived at Burford House, Hoddesdon, from 1792 till his death. His widow remained in occupation till 1830. (Tregelles, *A History of Hoddesdon* p. 135). *See* further, as to the Whittingstall family, June 5th 1807.

me, together with many little, simple circumstances, which struck me forcibly at the time. Poor, good man!

I knew, many years ago, in the neighbourhood of Oxford, an exact counterpart of the good woodman. She was a poor, elderly woman, who supported herself by her daily hard labor in a paper-mill. I have now before me my journal, some pages of which are filled with my thoughts respecting her, dated so far back as October the 28th, 1777.—but I hardly need have recourse to it, for her very image & conversations seem indelibly impressed on my mind. . . . She was, in a word, a *prodigy* of grace, & I believe that the most enlightened Christian could not have conversed with her, & not receive improvement. I should have run a risk of *academical death*, (commonly called expulsion), had the concluding sentence of my entry in my old Journal at Oxford been publickly known—that this body of experimental Divinity, good mother Crutch, had more of the *pith* & *marrow* of sound divinity in her than 19/20 of the gownsmen in the University, not excepting even the Doctors. " Hath not God made foolish the wisdom of " this world?" . . . . . .

Often have I regretted that so many years of my life were squandered away in acquiring a knowledge of Greek & Latin, to the almost entire exclusion of any other knowledge, especially that, which, above all, deserves to be called knowledge—the knowledge of God, & of myself.

I have, however, turned my classical knowledge to some account; for I had not ceased to be a school-boy, before the head-master, (Mr. Morgan), employed me in

preparing some of the classes previously to his hearing their lessons. After my entering Oxford, all my vacations were filled up as his regular under-master, till I went to Jamaica as private tutor to the four Harrisons, by the recommendation of Dr. Hoare, the Principal of our college ; &, from that time to the present, the province of teaching has furnished me with my chief resources for the maintenance of a very numerous family, & enabled me, with the blessing of God, to lay by something, for the support of myself & wife, should we live to see old age. But teaching is a life of drudgery, & difficulty ; & my heart overflows with gratitude to kind Providence, that I have almost done with it : I was often afraid that I should drop down, like a poor sand-horse, with my harness on.

Many ladies are upbraided with ceasing to be musical, as soon as they become wives ; & I think they deserve it, unless they have the unfortunate plea of a very large family coming rapidly on, & straitened circumstances. In most cases, it looks very like throwing away the *net*, as soon as they have caught the *fish*. In somewhat like the same manner has it fared with classical knowledge, in thousands of instances. After it has been driven and flogged into schoolboys, for many tedious years, they neglect & lose it in much less time than it was acquired, not considering that it might serve as a key to further & more useful knowledge. Hence I have heard some of the Westminster scholars at Christ Church described as *golden* freshmen, *silver* bachelors, & *leaden* masters. But young *gemmen* from all schools, who are candidates for Orders, (I purposely omit the epithet *Holy*), are forced to retain as much Latin & Greek, as will just enable them

to pass muster at their examination ; & then—" Good-" bye to it " !

What a pity that so many of these drones are admitted into the Church, for instead of endeavouring to be useful, pains-taking parish-priests, some of them are finical *Jimmy-Jessamies*, while others are keen sportsmen, sharp shooters, & mighty-hunting Nimrods of the cloth, as it is called by way of eminence. For the accommodation of the latter class of these Reverends daily advertisements appear for the sale of next presentations of valuable livings, rendered much more valuable, as being " situated " in fine sporting countries "—" plenty of game "—" a pack of staunch fox-hounds kept in the neighbour-" hood "—&c, &c. These men are, of course, rare, charming preachers ! But they are Rectors, Vicars, &c, & their poor curates, however gifted, zealous, worthy, & excellent, are still " only the curates." " When a " rich man speaketh, every man holdeth his tongue, & " look, what he saith, they extol it to the clouds : but if " the poor man speak, they say, ' What fellow is this ? ' " (Ecclesiasticus 13. 23).

When these worthy first-rates think proper to preach, the name of Christ is scarce ever heard, nor any of the characteristic doctrines of His holy religion. The watch-word, or *catch-word*, (for I hardly know which to call it), is " Morality "—& even on this subject meagre, Heathen virtue is substituted in the room of substantial, Christian morality.

I know a clergyman, who is infinitely superior to the aforesaid class of Jockeys, a most amiable, benevolent, & charitable creature ; &, in good earnest, as far as his knowledge of religious matters goes. He is a good

classical scholar,—& quotes Horace, &c, frequently, & very appositely, when conversing on the most interesting moral subjects ; but I never yet heard him apply a single passage from St. Paul, or St. Peter, etc.,—and this, I am sure, does not arise from any irreverence for the Bible, but from the very early impressions, which his mind has received in favor of classical beauties.

Quo semel est imbuta recens servavit odorem
Testa diu. (Horace)

which may be freely translated—" The cask will long " retain the smatch of the first liquor it received."

Oct 14th. 1803. The last Sunday evening I spent in Town I went to the Magdalen Chapel, & was very much affected with the whole service, particularly the singing. But I was afterwards rendered uneasy to learn from Mrs. Jones, whom I had recommended as a matron, that she intended to quit her situation.

What a heavenly Charity ! Blessed for ever be the man who instituted it ! Blessed be all those, who now patronize & support it !

Oct 20th. Surely no one on earth is so much indebted to the bounty & goodness of Heaven as I am, when I consider the various & eventful circumstances of my life ! I came not into this life through the gate called " Beauti- " ful," but, had I chosen for myself, this would, probably, have been my lot, &, in the event, my curse ! . . . It now & then comes into my mind that, in my boyish days, my father put me occasionally to many menial domestic employments, below those of " hewers of wood & drawers " of water." (Joshua 9. 21, 27). I thought them, at the time, unnecessarily servile, & great hardships, as they exposed me to the frequent ridicule of some of my

insolent schoolfellows. I now often smile at the recollection of them, & should, in the gaiety of my heart, mention them, at least to some of my nearest connexions, had I not too much reason to apprehend it might have an unfavorable effect on minds not properly disposed, & subject me to *fresh* taunts & insults !

Oct 21st. 1803. My little cottage has been quiet, & my hours uninterrupted, for a few, a very few weeks—but I have now a foreigner, & a second expected. My *dear* wife seems miserable without them, & would fain have them, I believe, if she were to get nothing by them. Would to Heaven, I could do without them ! It is a severe tax I pay for having a large family, & I lament it more than any other of the many lamentable taxes, which are the lot of modern times !

Oct 23rd. " Pride, surely, was not made for man, nor " a haughty spirit for him that is born of a woman." (Ecclus 10. 18).

We have all abundant reason to be humble in every sense of the word. What man or woman cannot recollect, (unless their memory be very treacherous indeed), having said & done many silly things, either thro' ignorance, or inadvertence. At least this is a true bill against myself ; for I have uttered many silly things, when I have, perhaps, attempted to be witty ; & I have done many weak actions, while I have, wiseacre-like, imagined myself very prudent. I am so far inclined to flatter myself, as to think that this experience of mine is not singular, & that I am not a *phœnix-ignoramus*.

Oct. 31st. I have just skimmed over a short narrative of a journey to the North of Ireland, in the year 1802, by Robert Slade,

On p. 54 he mentions the Bishop of Londonderry having realized an income of £5,000 a year, by leases of lands, independent of the profits of the see, which are computed at £10,000 a year. He adds—" I wish his " lordship's conduct authorized me to say that equal " attention had been paid to his spiritual duties ; but " here again, the hardship of absence excites still greater " cause of dissatisfaction, the whole of this enormous " income having been expended in Italy & France for " these last twenty years, during the whole of which time, " his lordship has resided in those countries, chiefly in " Italy, where he now lives, absent from the duties of " of his pastoral office." [1]

This surely appears to me a most scandalous instance of desertion of a most solemn duty. Thank Heaven, such instances do not abound, for, if they did, we could hardly wonder at the laity's observing—" Bishops " are, surely, unnecessary ; can we not do without them ? "

Sunday, Nov 13th. 1803. Returned from Town last night, where I had been since Wedny., & I never came home with more pleasure. Nothing, I think, could tempt me to live in London ; indeed, its bustle, & dissipation, (without taking its fog & variety of stench into account), would soon destroy me.

I am, generally, two or three days before I feel myself calm & settled.

[1] Augustus Hervey (1730-1803), grandson of the 1st Earl of Bristol, was a strange prelate. " His religious convictions were vague, and he can best be " described as a thorough-going Pagan in complete sympathy with the classical revival." (Hugh Stokes, *The Devonshire House Circle*, p. 176) Horace Walpole wrote to Sir Horace Mann, (Dec. 1783) : " His immorality, martial pretences " and profaneness covered him with odium and derision." His life has been written in 2 volumes. (*The Earl Bishop* by William S.Childe-Pemberton,1925).

Tuesday, Decr. 27th. I was present, six years ago, (if I may so express myself), at the laying the first foundation stone of a building, which, I hope, the hand of Time will never destroy—a building, which will, I trust, through the blessing of God, Who will establish & crown it with his tenderest mercies, (Ps. 103. 4) be a refuge to poverty & distress, & shelter many widows & orphans from those storms, to which they must otherwise be exposed ! In plain English, I was present at the establishment, & enrolled as one of the first members, of " The Schoolmasters' Society."

May Heaven bless & prosper a Society, instituted, expressly, for the benefit of the Widows & Orphans of Schoolmasters, & also for the relief of Schoolmasters & Ushers, who may become necessitous through age, infirmity, or misfortune. And Heaven *has* blessed & prospered it with success, far beyond the most sanguine hopes of its first members. The state of the Society's funds is very flourishing, & now lies before me, as given by the worthy & indefatigably benevolent Treasurer, Mr. Kelly, of Finsbury Square, & signed by the Auditors. [4 pages torn from the Diary] . . . . Dr. Vincent[1] is our Vice-President. But enough—I will only add, may Heaven bless & prosper our institution ! & grant that the qualifications & merits of all the Schoolmasters of the United Dominions may always be equal to the importance of their Profession ![2]

Thursday Dec 29th. 1803. It is remarkable, that of near 40 of us, original subscribers, the first year, & the number

[1] William Vincent (1739-1815) was Head Master of Westminster School from 1788 till 1802, when he became Dean of Westminster. It was through his efforts that the playing-fields, now Vincent Square, were secured for the School. (*D.N.B.*).

[2] *See* also Dec. 28th, 1816.

increasing every succeeding year, not one individual of our honorable Society has died.

The almost continual anxieties & agitations of body & mind, with which poor Schoolmasters are harassed, might naturally be expected to *teaze* & *fret* away the frail thread of life, while occasional storms, which prevail in most schools, seem to threaten to rend their very heart-strings. But, happily for them, this is not the case ; nor do I know that the Knights of the *Birch* are, generally speaking, shorter-lived than other " bipeds made up of " frail clay." Perhaps these fumings & frettings, if they do not take place too frequently, may give a not unfriendly fillip to the constitution, serve to quicken the circulation, & keep the current of life from *stagnating*, & becoming a mere *puddle*, as it seems to become in too many poor, indolent, pitiable creatures, who have no object in view, nothing to excite & rouze their feelings ; but yawn, & doze, & dream away, a vapid, miserable existence ; for life it cannot be called.

Thank Heaven ! I have done with the drudgery of a School—I was, indeed, afraid I should have been under the dire necessity of toiling on, till, like a poor sand-horse, I should drop down, & die in my harness. But Providence has been kind, very kind, to me, far beyond my deserts, in giving me so comfortable an asylum.

My harness is off, & I have shaken myself, which is considered as a favorable sign, at least it is a sure proof that my work has not killed me. A horse is a favorite animal of mine, tho' I am not, at present, master of one ; & I feel something not unlike pleasure in continuing the comparison. I seem at present, in a condition somewhat resembling that of a horse, whose owner, from a grateful

remembrance of his past services, indulges with ranging in his park for the remnant of his life. My small, occasional attentions to foreigners, &c, may be aptly compared with the little services, which my favorite animal-simile may, now & then, be called upon, " nothing loth," to render within the precincts of the park.

Friday, Dec 30th. 1803. . . . God knoweth whereof I am made. He will not cast me away from His presence, nor take His Holy Spirit from me, for those infirmities which I lament, & endeavour to strive against ; tho' alas ! for my present comfort, too often in vain.

Were it not too trifling a comparison, I could illustrate my case by my darling infant Ferdinand. Toys, not his own, & things dangerous, which he mistakes for toys, he plays with them—sugar, cakes, &c, he takes without leave—is chidden—& with brimful eyes, & suppliant voice, promises to do so no more. The same enticements are, again, soon presented to the dear infant, or even hurtful things, but in an alluring form :—his promises are forgotten—he *tastes* & *trembles* ;—& what are my real feelings, as a fond, benevolent father ! Right well do I know them ;—nor need I attempt to describe them to fathers !

Am I then more tender & affectionate than——? Perish the thought !

Saty Dec 31st. 1803. The last day of the year ! How quickly do years roll round ! As to *days*, they seem to me, at present like *moments* ! No sooner am I awake, & up, & rejoicing that I have a day before me, than it seems time to undress, & go to bed again ! . . .

Poor Dobson exemplified the truth of " Dishonesty " is the *worst* policy "—the reverse of the adage. As

long as he served Mr. Whittingstall, as a journeyman miller, he went on well, & had some property, either in his own, or his wife's right. No sooner was he discharged for robbing his master, a sort of blight or rot seized his affairs. He failed in a little business which he attempted to carry on for himself, became a wanderer, & returned a complete pauper, in a galloping consumption, of which he has died in a few weeks, & must, of course be buried at the expense of the parish.

Another bell has been rung, this afternoon, for Peggrom, the shoemaker, of Hoddesdon. Amidst all this mortality, my life is spared ! May God incline me always to devote it to His service ! I cannot serve a better Master.

Jany 23rd. 1804. Those Christians, who, from peculiarly fortunate circumstances of situation, temperament of constitution, etc, etc, and still more by the favor of God, have escaped many snares & pollutions, which others have fallen into, can scarce sufficiently pity those who are tempted & subdued, or sympathize with them, when, with almost broken hearts, they lament their frailties.

Thus, (one out of many instances), a beautiful, inexperienced, young creature is seduced by the artful flattery & falsehood of a practised villain, & falls. A being, in something that hardly resembles a female form, whose ugliness of person & deformities of mind & manners put her *below* temptation, unmercifully condemns & triumphs over the fallen virtue of the poor unfortunate, who is truly penitent & broken-hearted, whose " tears " are her meat, day & night," who " pours out her heart, " by herself, to her God," (Ps. 42. 3, 4).

Surely this *dragon* of affected virtue & purity must be an

object of abhorrence in the sight of Heaven, while she is an object of pity, who, adopting the publican's prayer, " God be merciful to me a sinner ! " shall, assuredly, find a place of repentance, which she seeks carefully with her pleading tears, for " the Lord will hear the " voice of her weeping."

Jany 29th. 1804. About 6 months ago I received a letter from Mrs. W——of Yew House[1], as she is pleased to call it. This evening I was favored with another. Though both are couched in respectful terms, yet I cannot help fancying that I observe a spice of impertinence & insolence in both. The good lady seems to presume that she is endued with both capacity & authority to dictate to those, who are in less affluent circumstances than herself. But we have all our failings—& he or she is the best Christian, who, through God's restraining grace, has the fewest. And, perhaps, tho' we are Christians, we may do as the Pagan fable describes, sling our wallet in such a manner as to have our neighbour's faults in the part before us, & our own, little noticed, behind.

I really do believe Mrs. Wms. to be more than what is usually called " a good sort of a woman." I think her to be a Christian, tho' I have hardly patience to hear her *puffado* on the subject of her husband's *charity*. Is it possible that a man so insufferably proud & rude can have anything truly good in him ? It is hardly to be expected that the most generous liquor can enter, while windy froth is issuing & blustering out of the neck of the

[1] " Yew House was a modern name given in 1800 from a yew-tree which " stood by the house, overhanging the road until 1890." (Tregelles, *A History of Hoddesdon*, p. 148). In the fifteenth century the property was known as " Willifetts," and much of the house is 300 years old (*ib*). The house is now divided into three.

worthless bottle!! I rather apprehend that from her (Mrs. W——'s) letter on Sunday, that she wishes to withdraw her promised subscription of 5 guins. towards the Organ : if that is the case, I shall not be able to do otherwise than think very meanly of her ladyship.[1]

When I shewed Mr. Longman's proposal, she rather haughtily asked who Captn. Mash was, who had liberally offered 5 guins., & expressed a sort of insolent surprise at seeing the same sum attached to my name. On my mentioning that I trusted the prompt liberality of my parishioners would render my subscription ultimately unnecessary, she " hoped I would, by no means, " think of returning *my* subscription into my pocket, "&c."

If I could at all afford it, I would, with pleasure, subscribe still more ; & verily believe I should do infinitely more lasting & essential good by it to the souls of my people, than by relieving their bodily wants with the same sum. To Mrs. W—— & others, who attend church irregularly, it is a matter of indifference whether there be any singing or not ; & there are too many, who think the whole service, the shorter, the more agreeable : but surely the " reasonable " wishes of their Minister & of the majority of the congregation ought to be respected.

I thought her remarks extremely rude & unfeeling. I have done the duty of the parish above 22 years without receiving the most trifling favor from her, or her husband.

[1] Henrietta, wife of Admiral William Peere Williams, of Hoddesdon, died Sept. 3rd 1819, aged 73. William Peere Williams Freeman, Admiral of the Fleet, died at Hoddesdon Feby 11th 1832, aged 91. There is a tablet to him in the Church. A subsequent occupier of Yew House was Rear-Admiral Donat Henchy O'Brien, who published the story of his escape from a French fortress during the Napoleonic Wars, (Tregelles, *A History of Hoddesdon* p. 435)

I may, therefore, with the strictest propriety, say to her—"Is it not lawful for me to do what I will with mine own?" Let her, "of her abundance, cast in unto "the offerings of God" whatever she pleases; but let her not interfere with those *mites* which I may offer out of my comparative penury. Were I to consider the largeness of my family, my charity would begin, & *end*, at home. What little I bestow for benevolent purposes, arises from voluntary privations, from denying myself many things which I might otherwise think I had a right to enjoy. I cultivate two, or three, or more years' acquaintance with my coats, hats, &c., so that my children can never justly say, I have robbed them. And Heaven, I can say from repeated experience, pays the most liberal interest. "He, that hath pity upon the poor, lendeth "unto the Lord; & that, which he hath given, "will He pay him again," with interest an hundred-fold!

Feby 1st. 1804. My poor son Augustus has, through his imprudence & extravagance, miserably involved himself; & nothing can prevent his utter ruin but giving up his income to the management of his Mother—I say his *Mother*; for I do not expect to be consulted at all, my *sage* Wife being well assured, that she not only plays at cards, & stirs a fire, but does everything else better than her *dear* Husband.

May success crown her endeavours! She has my full consent to assist him as far as she thinks consistent with doing something like justice to the rest of my dear children. In all human probability, I shall quit this mortal scene before the Mother of my children. If so, I hope, for the credit & happiness of my dear children,

here & hereafter, as well as their Mother's comfort, it will never be possible to apply to her what is said of Jerusalem, under the character of a Mother—" There is " none to guide her, among all the sons, whom she has " brought forth; neither is there any, that taketh her by " the hand, of all the sons, that she has brought up." (Isaiah 51, 18.)

Heaven avert from her a cup so bitter!

Feby 3rd. 1804. I have received some letters from Augustus, very lately, expressive of the greatest contrition. May he keep his promises of amendment! . . . .

On certain occasions I amuse myself with skimming over various mutilated classics, the fragments of my School, & often meet with very striking passages. In Terence's *Andria*, one presented itself, which exactly suits my present case—Chremes says to Simo, the father of Pamphilus:

Pro peccato magno paulum supplicii satis est patri.

A small punishment is satisfaction enough to a father for a great offence in a son!

Monday Feby. 6th 1804. My son Henry has just set off to Town, to be launched in the Register-Office of the Land-tax, superintended by Mr. George Harrison[1], a former Pupil of mine. Outward circumstances are as favorable as I could well wish for a lad—not fifteen; for his salary is £70 from ½ past 9 to ½ past 3. Sometimes a press of business makes it necessary for these gentlemen-clerks to write after the office-hours; but this extra-employment is liberally compensated. I hope he will take warning from his imprudent brother Augustus's

[1] Afterwards Sir George Harrison, Assistant Secretary to the Treasury, *see* Appendix C.

example. May Heaven direct him, & keep him from the many snares, into which youth too generally fall ! *Amen !*

July 20th. When I was last in Town, I went in the evening to the Spa-fields Chapel, which was built, & first opened, as one of the " devil's shops "—for tea, punch, riot, &c, &c, [1]—& there was I very much delighted, & impressed by hearing an address from Mr. Jones, the Rector of Llangan, in Glamorganshire, whom I have often heard about thirty years ago !

O ! that I may so wisely employ every evening, whether in Town or country.

July 22nd. 1804. An Epitaph, by Mr. Jessopp's desire, to be inscribed on his Father's tomb in Waltham-Abbey Church-yard.

M.S.

THOMÆ JESSOPP

EX ADVERSA SAXI HUJUSCE PARTE DICTI

QUI DE AULA THURNSCOE

IN AGRO EBORACENSI

ANTIQUA ORTUS STIRPE

IN HOC OPPIDO PER L ANNOS

HONESTI CAUSARUM PROCURATORIS NOMEN

ET MERUIT ET ADEPTUS EST

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[1] The Spa-fields Chapel was on the site of the Spa-fields Pantheon, on the S. side of what is now Exmouth Street. The Pantheon dated from 1770, but did not prosper as a place of entertainment. After being a carriage-bazaar, it was used for Church of England Services in 1777, under the name of Northampton Chapel. A sermon was preached there on the text, " And he called the name " of that place Bethel, but the name of that city was called Luz at the first." The building was purchased by the Countess of Huntingdon, & opened in 1779 as the Spa-fields Chapel. The chapel was pulled down in 1887, & the church of The Holy Redeemer built on the site. (*London Pleasure Gardens of the 18th Century*. Wroth. p. 27.)

CŒLO MATURUS
OCTOGESIMUM QUINTUM AGENS ANNUM
SEPTIMO IDUS MAII MENSIS
BEATISSIMÆ SPE RESURRECTIONIS
ANIMAM EFFLAVIT
ANNO SALUTIS MDCCCIV
" SERVANTISSIMUS ÆQUI "

July 23rd. 1804. What though many of my parishioners do not pay me anything like what the laws of God & of my country authorize me to demand—some of them not one-fourth of it—while others entirely withhold their tithes & offerings.

Let me not repine—let me endeavour to bear it patiently. I must not,—indeed, I am determined not to quarrel with them, if it be possible to avoid it; as that would, probably, avail *me* but little, while it would furnish *them* with what they would wrongly consider as an excuse for neglecting their attendance in the house of God.

Let me not repine,—for the time is short, & I shall very soon reach my journey's end. . . . . I trust I shall, always, have enough to make my passage through this life comfortable. Only a little shall I have to account for; & let me now strive to do all the good I can with that little. As to my children, if I live a few years longer, I trust, I shall see them all happily placed out; & that they will always cheerfully assist each other. To God's gracious care, with my departing breath, will I commend them. . . . . .

When writing on the subject of offerings, &c, I ought

not to forget that *some* of my flock are truly liberal—while others, who appear to be in easy circumstances, make no offering at all (Mrs. C——, Mrs. B——, &c,) & must, consequently, be enrolled among the paupers ! !

July 28th. My eyes have chanced to glance on a slate, scribbled over above a year & a half ago.

Men have, in general, too much of Balaam's nature in them ; at least I feel that I have. If I cannot accuse myself of " loving the wages of unrighteousness," I am too apt to admire things which do not deserve my admiration. This was lately the case with regard to Mrs. Abercombie ; but, I thank Heaven, the spell is dissolved. Part of Balaam's preface I may, on this as well as on many former occasions apply to myself—" The man whose *eyes* are open "—Her apparent amiableness & worth, as a woman, I find to be like the harlot's paint. On marrying, with the utmost haste & precipitation of a young widow, her present " Bruin," (as she often calls him), she abandoned her two children by a former husband, whom she declares to have been uniformly tender & kind to her—nay, she has suffered her present unprincipled husband to rob them of a considerable part of their property, & I have heard him boast of it.

Her second *happy* connexion has produced two children, both sacrificed, for want of a mother's care. Denied the breast, even of a hireling, & given up to a callous, old dry-nurse, they had no chance but to perish. Indeed the very best out doors nursing is little better than like sending horses to a straw-yard, to starve.

I spoke to Mrs. A—— very strongly on the subject of her second child, which was an uncommonly fine girl ; but when committed to the clutches of an old woman, a

great distance off, it was in a very few weeks nursed to heaven. The unnatural father detests & damns all children, particularly his own,—& this the good mother urges as her excuse for neglecting her helpless infants, but the truth is—she wants a mother's affection & tenderness, & fears that her daily performing the endearing offices of a Mother would be a tax & restraint on the pleasure she takes in gadding about with her *worthy* partner.

Aug 8th. 1804. A Latin distich, of sound import, just occurs to me.

Si Christum discis, satis est, si cetera nescis ;
Si Christum nescis, nihil est, si cetera discis.

If you learn Christ, it is enough, though you know nothing else—if you learn not Christ, all other knowledge is of no value. I trust that, by the grace of God, I feel the full force & propriety of this sentiment ; & often do I feel resolved to relinquish all other knowledge, & all other reading for the study of the Holy Scriptures.

Sep. 28th ! 1804.

Per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum,
Tendimus in COELUM,[1] *sedes ubi fata quietas*
Ostendunt. (Virgil)

I may truly add—

Nil desperandum CHRISTO duce, et auspice
CHRISTO. (Horace).

Were all the world besides to pretend to disbelieve that God's good Providence superintends the affairs of us poor mortals—surely my wife & myself never could ; for, in the many, very many vicissitudes of our life, we have perceived, & felt, the continual watchfulness & kind

[1] *Tendimus in Latium.* Virg. Aen I. 205.

care, of our heavenly Father ! Had this not been our happy case, what must have become of us !

When I, as it were, read over, & over, the chapters of our part life, my heart is filled with *gratitude*; & I cannot help crying out, in the fulness of my heart, " Hitherto " hath our God helped us " ! Surely we shall never forget the goodness of Heaven !

We calculated our income, when we lived at Wormley, near 23 years ago, soon after our out-set in life—it was so slender that the most rigid economy would not enable us to exist upon it, with our two children. My poor wife was so afflicted by this calculation, that she sank into my arms. I was, likewise, extremely affected.

The French say—" Il faut manger " ! We must eat. But we, *literally*, & *frequently*, had not enough of the plainest, commonest provisions. I can truly say that I often pretended to have had enough, in contradiction to the cravings of my under-stomach, which, (if it had a voice), would have exclaimed loudly, that I had borne false witness. Medical men recommend to us, (whatever they do themselves), to rise from table with an appetite. I can truly say—I very often did so ; though I cannot add always willingly—except that there might be the more for my small family. We had very little meat, & I grew so thin by my short allowance, that the alteration was actually noticed to me by some of my neighbours ; but none of them had the kind sagacity to guess at the cause, & contribute to redress it !

The weather of our life brightened up by degrees; & my school, foreigners, &c, produced us such an income as enabled us to lay by a something for our children. But what would have become of me & my very numerous

family, had not God inclined the good Bishop's heart to appoint me to the Vicarage of Broxbourn, in spite of the two or three malignant wretches, who strove to prevent it! My school seemed declining fast—& I myself felt very strong aversions from continuing so painful & unthankful an office!

Oct 1st, 1804. I, W.J.—the writer of too frequent "domestic Lamentations," am neither more nor less than a *paradox!*

A stranger, who might chance to read some of these *dolorous* scrawls, would imagine me to be one of the most miserable of all miserable, unhappy beings—but is it so?—no—no such thing.

Oct 10th. 1804. Moses, enumerating to the Israelites the various blessings attendant on obedience to God's commandments, adds, (Deut 28. 12), "& thou shalt "lend unto many nations, & thou shalt not borrow." As "it is more blessed to give than to receive," the same difference, I suppose, subsists between borrowing & lending:—& if lending be a test of the blessedness of a people, we must be a right blessed & flourishing people indeed; for in one form or other, either loans, subsidies, &c, &c, almost every nation in Europe has done us the favor of borrowing of us!!! Good Johnny Bull is too *generous*, & too *credulous*.

Heaven grant that his *constitution* may be always sound & his finances never fail!

Oct 14th. Dress. I often smile at my own *almost every-day* habiliments,—& so do many of my neighbours, I have no doubt; nor do I grudge them the smile, provided it be a good-natured one!

I amuse myself with the grand calculation of what any

Jew in Rosemary Lane, or Rag-fair, would offer me for all the articles of my dress, & feel persuaded that if he were to buy them at the sum of twelve shillings, he would have a very *hard* bargain of it ! !

Perhaps I may be thought too inattentive to appearances in this respect ; but I can truly declare that it is by no means a matter of choice ! The consideration of the largeness of my family—the numbers I have to clothe & support, with a very moderate income, & a wish, which I cannot help feeling, to make the best provision for them in my power,—render it absolutely necessary for me to be very sparing of every expense, which I can possibly avoid ! Let me be content—, &, I thank Heaven, I *am* so ! I shall—I feel that I shall—ere long, be clothed as well as any bishop, or archbishop !

Sundy. Dec 9th. 1804. Though the afternoon service begins at 3, yet the light was too scanty to profit by anything I might happen to have before me ; I therefore remained in the Desk, & addressed the simple folk, that were before me, *familiarly* & *affectionately*, on the duty of loving, & fearing, & worshipping the good & gracious God, with whom we have to do, in spite of wind & weather ! And what is more—I am not sorry for having so done ; for I have no doubt that this " drawing a bow at a venture " praying to God at the same moment for the direction of His Most Holy Spirit, is infinitely more effective than the most formal & best planned discourses that human ingenuity can devise ! " He, that winneth souls, is " wise." (Prov 11. 30)

Monday. Dec 10th. 1804. It never struck me so forcibly as this morning, & that at a pretty early hour, (5 o'clock !) when my strongest & justest thoughts

generally suggest themselves—that I ought, in conscience, " to burn, sink, or somehow or other destroy," my Journal entitled *Domestic Lamentations !*

" For why ? "—as Sternhold says—" Because, as how" —as Hopkins answers—because such very minute entries do not savour, or smell, much of that old-fashioned, obsolete virtue called Christian forgiveness—they are not very much like—" first the one cheek—& then the other—" & take it quietly ! " (Luke 6. 29).

I shall do best to call to mind the ten thousand talents—& then, I trust, I shall not feel disinclined to forgive, & forget, the few pence ! (Matt 18. 24). I must *burn* my *Domestic Lamentations !*

So far *pro*—Now for *con*—Though scum is almost continually rising, yet do I not scum the domestic pot *every* day, nor even every month ; though provocations are almost continually dealt out, yet are my entries, generally, of very *distant* dates. The satirist Juvenal, I remember, says—*Facit indignatio versum* ; &, surely, if indignation at the vices of mankind is never at a loss to *versify*, sincere, heartfelt lamentation like mine, can never have found it difficult to *prosify*—so that no objection can arise to the " burn, sink, & destroy " from any trouble of composition. Thus *midwifing* (as it were) my complaints upon paper, has, in some measure, eased & relieved my mind ; as I had no confidential friend to tell my griefs to.

Granted—but, retaining these dolorous effusions ; &, now & then, passing my eye over them, may keep my mind in a state of irritation, which is not, I believe, any one of the attributes of mercy & forgiveness !

A *gemman* or a lady-poet, feeling a sort of itching between the forefinger & thumb of the right hand,

(*scribendic cacoethes*), in the morning—allays the sensation by scribbling an epigram, or a sonnet, or—what will be a more suitable allusion, on the present occasion,—a doleful ditty. Very well. Shew it at dinner—hand it round. " It is *vastly* or *monstrous* pretty "—&—afterwards—*burn* it !

April 10th, 1805. I dined the day before yesterday at Mr. James's with Captn. Rawlins,[1] & a large party. Great & good dinners ! ! as they are called, are generally—too generally alas ! for their credit, thought to be highly acceptable to folks—& more especially to parsons, most of whom have the honor of being reputed literally " men " of *taste !* "

As far as my experience reaches, I have very seldom attended any such grand dining-matches, without saying many things, which, in the first moment of reflection, I have felt reason to be ashamed of, & doing too many things, which have given me pain, though, perhaps, they have escaped the observation of my fellow-worms.

Bene vixit, qui bene latuit !

Mondy. May 27th. Some clergymen I have observed produce very smart sermon-cases, when their sermons have been but indifferent. I have been ready, on such occasions, to ask myself, whether the shewy outside was intended to compensate for the indifference of the contents. If my sermons are shabby, or little-worth, I cannot hope that my case will atone for their defects ; it is very tattered, having been in constant use, for twenty-five years, & the original cost was only two shillings !

But the outside of my Sermons is much of a piece with

[1] *See* Appendix B.

the exterior of my reverend person. My common dress is, generally, rather *antique*; for, if I may be said to follow the fashion, at all, I do it *longo intervallo*,—at no small distance. My dress, however, may boast of innumerable proofs of industrious reparation; &, unlike most of the flaunting butterflies of fashion, every article of my dress has been paid for, long before I am able to persuade myself to cast it off.

My *tout-ensemble* is, by no means, promising; yet I may console myself that, if the *kernel* should be little-worth, or even rotten, no one can complain of the *shell's* having been deceitful. I have surely written more than enough on a subject so trifling, yet I cannot help adding that my every-day habiliments are somewhat like the first chaise I was master of, which cost me, including the harness, four guineas. It was not merely 2nd—but 3rd, or 4th hand, at least. In a clear, articulate tone of voice, I used, on the public road, to tell fellows in *flashy* carriages, who seemed to despise my poor, humble vehicle, by dropping their chins, or cocking up their foolish noses, that mine was long ago paid for,— & had, for the benefit of the roads, probably, paid more turnpike-toll, than the original cost of it, while theirs, it was to be feared, remained on the coach-maker's books, never, perhaps, to be spunged off!!!

June 7th 1805. Many mothers have I heard warn their dear daughters against "hateful matrimony," yet few, very few daughters have I known inclined to listen to the warning. They will—dear creatures!—in spite of pains & penalties, try the experiment for themselves!—&, with the less apprehension, when they observe widows, (even their own Mothers, the doleful com-

plainers, if they are so fortunate as to have an opportunity), adventure a *second*, & perhaps a *third*, time. . . . . .

But while young persons are urged by the evil propensities of their nature, & emboldened by the incautious & uncircumspect conduct of too many of their admonishers, they will,—as others have done before them,—" play on the hole of the asp, & put their hands on the " cockatrice den,"—(Isai 11. 8) till they are bitten !

July 25th. 1805. I have lately taken one or other of my eldest sons with me, when I have called on some of my parishioners, for the payment of their Easter-offering, & tithes for cows, pigs, &c—& they have been astonished & mortified at the insolent reception which I have met with from some of them. I have taken my sons with me, & called on persons, who have not paid me for four years, & yet have thus insolently behaved—need I add that they have felt a full conviction that the clerical profession is, too generally, a *mendicant*, or *beggarly* one ! !

But my *dear* wife thinks little of what I may feel on these occasions.

July 26th. Not only as the worthy vicar of Broxbourn am I too generally cheated, but all my life through have I experienced the same lot ; for having not made it any part of the plan of my life to cheat others, I have been generally credulous & unsuspecting. Thousands of others, clergymen & laymen, (if that could administer comfort), share the same fate ; &, were I to hear them complain, I would kindly endeavour to silence their complainings with that consoling assurance, which (thank Heaven !) effectually quiets all my croakings & grumblings.

I consider myself & all my fellow-creatures as members

of one great family. God is the all-gracious Father & Master of this family. Money, & all the things, which we children are pleased to call good, I represent to myself as contained in one common purse ;—now if any of those, with whom I am more immediately concerned, should boldly take, or unjustly withhold, from me any part of my share of this general stock,—I say to myself—" The " time fast approaches, when all the present unequal & " unjust distribution of things will be set right, & it will " be clearly seen that ' he, who gathered much, had " ' nothing over, & he, that gathered little, had no lack ! ' " (Exod. 16. 18.).

Sep 2nd. 1805. I returned on Saturday from Sheerness, having lived almost the whole week upon the water ; for Mr. Richardson had prepared a very comfortable cot for me, in a separate little cabin, on board the *Adventure* hulk, in which the officers and seamen of the *Valorous* have been accommodated, while their ship has undergone many necessary alterations. Nothing could exceed the kindness & attention which I received from all the worthy messmates of the Ward-room, & likewise from Captain Yarker.

O ! that my George may be attentive to the advice which I have given him, & cultivate that pliancy of temper, which will, I trust, ensure a good understanding between him & Mr. Richardson, as well as all the other officers, who have, all of them, promised me their utmost attention to him.

I was rejoiced to hear him declare that he was perfectly pleased with his present line of life ; & I feel the fullest assurance in my own mind that it is fitter for him than any other which he could possibly have chosen : &,

surely, neither his Mother nor myself ought to wish to alter his choice ; for, in a country like ours, whose chief defence, & highest glory is its navy, every father & mother of a multitudinous family ought to devote *one*, at least, of their sons, cheerfully, to the service of their Country !

George, (without the partiality of a father, I am sure I may say it), is a most active & undaunted fellow; & I firmly believe that the Navy has not a more promising lad of his years. May Heaven, in its mercy, preserve him from drinking to excess, & from profane swearing ; & continue in his mind that abhorrence of *filthy*, *loathsome* wretches, in the form of women, which, I believe, he at present, feels very strongly. If he unfortunately falls a sacrifice to their villainous arts, he cannot say that he has not been repeatedly, & most affectionately, warned ;— he cannot plead that he has not seen many woful examples of those, whose very " bones are full of the sins of their " youth, which shall lie down with them in the dust ! " (Job 20. 11). But away with all such gloomy apprehensions ! I will hope better things !

Shall I ever live to see my George a lieutenant,—a Captain,—shall I say—an *Admiral* ? Were I to be so fortunate as to see him thus circumstanced, with his mind duly influenced by the love, & fear, of God, I should not envy the Father of the Archbishop of Canterbury ![1]

Sep 22nd. 1805. . . . For a considerable time past I have seldom slept above six hours each night, & many nights not more than five ; & I uniformly feel myself the more

[1] George died on the Barbadoes Station, May 23rd 1808, *see* entry of Aug. 19th, 1808.

cheerful throughout the day, the earlier I start in the morning. According to my dear wife's calculation & general usage, I turn part of her day, or waking-time into night, & the contrary; but surely it seems far more rational to go to rest at 9, or 10 o'clock, & rise at 4, or 5, in the morning than to continue up till 12, or 1, sometimes 2, & afterwards lie a-bed till 9, or later, in the day. My method divides the candle-hours, in the winter, which must certainly be friendly to the eyes. Another advantage is not a small one,—that I find my head more clear, & my thoughts more composed, for writing, or application of any sort, in the early morning than in the hours that follow the bustle & tumult of the day.

Oct 15th. 1805. Often do I, in the dark, by means of holes in the frames of my slates, and moveable pegs, scribble my dawning, morning thoughts,—a part, perhaps, of my next Sunday's address :—&, unless I revise, & enter, my scribblements as soon as I get up, they puzzle me as much to decypher them, as Egyptian hieroglyphics can do a poor, rusty antiquarian !

Sunday, Nov. 3rd. Lord Falkland, or Lord Somebody —it is of little consequence who—said, " How I pity " unlearned gentlemen " (or rather *gemmen*), " in a " rainy day ! "

This pity may be applied to almost all the foreigners I have ever known,—on Sunday, in this country—& they may surely be called " Legion ; "—for the foreigners, from all countries, whom I have had as inmates in my house, have been very " many ! " To them every returning Sabbath, (however the sun may shine), is a rainy day ; for they do not know how to dispose of the lagging

minutes—every minute seems an hour! though they often (I believe) "assemble themselves in troops," & play at cards, &c, with too little respect to what they may call the prejudices of this country. . . .

They stare with astonishment, when they are informed that cards, dice, &c, are not publickly licensed on any day of an English week!!

Religion is very generally neglected in Germany, if the accounts be true, which most of my numerous German acquaintances have given me. The Sabbath is welcomed as a day of pleasure & merriment, particularly by the younger classes; & very few are said to think it necessary to frequent places of divine worship, except those, to whom Heaven is pleased to grant length of days, & some of these old-fashioned folks are so grateful as to devote to Heaven a portion of the vapid dregs of their existence!

Gracious God! how great is Thy goodness & long-suffering!

Dec 9th. 1805. To resume the subject of my books, which were, once! dear to me—in more senses of the word than one. On my *demise*, (to speak of my death in a *kingly* style), I entertained strongly prophetic fears that when that period should arrive, when I should leave off either to *please*, or to *plague*, my dear wife, she—poor, dear soul! would have a sale, in order to convert into the "ready" all that she might deem useless to herself of my goods and chattels—& then what was to become of my poor books—Hebrew, Greek, Latin, &c? What would country-bumpkins or shopkeepers give for them? —so much per *lb*, or *cwt*. Many of them would have gone off in a blaze, while singeing a fowl, & others would

have attained the high honor of wrapping up a pound of tea, sugar, &c.

Dec 11th. 1805. I went to bed about 10 o'clock last night, & when awaked, between 12 & 1, by my noisy family's going to bed, I felt as if I had slept sufficiently. I however took another nap, & unclosed my eyes about 5 o'clock, when I seemed resolved to get up; but the morning was so dark & cold that ¼ of my reverend person, which was enjoying the warmth of the bed, outpleaded the ¾ which had quitted it, & down I slunk again, like an old hare, into my form; to my shame I did not get up till 8.

Feby 8th. 1806. In most modern courtships, I believe, the mind has little, if any concern. They marry without feeling anything that deserves to be called by the sacred name of love; but alas! they too soon find that they cannot live together, without feeling something very much like the *opposite* of love!

" *A love-match ! !* " 'Tis a prostitution, a profanation, of the term. Rather use an expression of a gross, a low, groveling, or over-reaching import. After marriage, the man soon throws off his mask; & the woman, dear creature! hardly thinks the *net* worth retaining, when the *gudgeon* is secured.

Various & undescribable are the subjects of their contention; but their chief dispute is—like that of the disciples—(shall I write silly novices?) " Who shall be " the greatest? " (Mark 9. 34) . . . . .

N.B.—The party, (be it the *he* or the *she*), that through weakness of understanding, or defect of education, is the fitter subject,—is the more eager to usurp the licentious sway of a tyrant.

What occasioned my scribbling on the subject of matrimony, was my having just heard that Mr. S——, who was some years ago at my house, is going to marry a beautiful young girl, set off by a large fortune. What a shocking, miserable figure did he appear the last time I saw him in Town, pale & meagre, & lantern-jawed, & barely existing on powders, pills, boluses, & water-gruel ! . . . . . .

My friend Du Bois is linked with a *Tartar*, a *doggess*, a *tyranness ! !* Charles[1] says he often expresses his pity for *me*. Poor fellow ! *our mutual pity is unavailing !*

Feby. 17th. 1806. Mr. W. Harrison, one of the deservedly beloved quaternion of pupils, with whom I was honored in the outset of my life, lately observed to me that during his novitiate, or training for the bar, he often felt alarmed, lest every disputed & disputable point should be adjusted, before he had the honor of being a barrister-at-law ![2]

He has deservedly attained to a very considerable degree of eminence in the profession, & has long ago been convinced that his alarms were unfounded !

May 11th. The sun shines, I hear the birds singing, & all nature looks gay ; but not to me, my cup of life is embittered, my mind is unsettled & beclouded : &, instead of actually enjoying any thing round me, I seem like a *sentinel*, longing impatiently, & looking out, for

[1] Charles Jones was afterwards a Captain in the 90th Regt. He married Elizabeth Wood of Rushin, Enniskillen, (by whom he had a family of 3 sons and 4 daughters), and settled in Ireland.

[2] The philosopher, John Stuart Mill, felt the same apprehension about music, with which he solaced a season of mental depression. " I was seriously " tormented by the thought of the exhaustibility of musical combinations . . . . " most of them, it seemed to me, must have been already discovered." (J. S. Mill, *Autobiography*, p. 145.)

William Harrison, of Lincolns Inn, K.C., Attorney-General to the Prince of Wales. *See* Appendix C.

relief. Heaven forbid that I should ever be tempted,—or rather I ought to say—prevailed upon, to quit, or desert, my post, till my all-merciful and all-powerful Commander shall be pleased to release me!

May 12th. 1806. I could not help observing, yesterday, as I looked occasionally, out of the window of my solitary cell, how the young men & women, at this season of the year, seem pairing off like the birds.

With what different views do we, poor mortals! make our entrance into, & our exit out of, this frail life! What bubbles of vain hope! but how soon do they burst!

Often have I been struck with the thought that every passing, declining day brought me nearer to death, & an untried state of being. Does it not so now? it does; but I regret it not. Why? Because my views are completely altered. I have eaten & drunk enough, slept & dreamt enough;—& more than enough, alas! have I played the fool, while waking, as well as witnessed the fooleries of others. I am *satiated*—I am *tired*.

The God, that made me, (I trust), pities me: He, who came to seek & to save poor sinners, will, I humbly hope, have mercy upon me. I long to know what pity & mercy truly mean; for I have never yet known this,—& on this earth, I fear, I never shall be so fortunate.

May 20th. I am at a loss for words to express the meanness & grudging illiberality with which many of my parishioners pay me a trifle in lieu of my tithes, &c; & the scandalous injustice of many others, who refuse to pay me at all. Foreigners have, sometimes, happened to accompany me, & witness my reception, & the ungracious mode of niggardly payment, or rude refusal. How disgraceful to our boasted Hierarchy were their remarks!

What must they think of a profession so *abused*, so *beggarly !*

My sons I have, purposely, taken with me on these *charming* visits,—not *often*,—because I felt an unwillingness to make them share too much in my mortifications ; my only reason for letting them at all, was—that they might, (as far as this life is concerned), bless God, & thank their father, for not being condemned to such a doom ! Poor fellows ! how has their unavailing indignation glowed, on these occasions ! Patience ! A few more rising, & a few more setting suns ;—& I shall be out of the reach of all human insults ! . . . . .

Thursday June 5th—*6th*. 1806. My poor son Wm. has, this morning, started on Richard the Great's coach to Town, on his route to Petersburgh ! May Heaven prosper him ! I truly pity him, for he went off with a very heavy heart, owing to the passion which he had conceived for his *Dulcinea del Toboso*, Miss Sophy Herne ; though Mr. Pilgeram says he is certain that Miss Isabella is the flame that consumes his gentle breast. I have, indeed, myself been almost inclined to imagine that the fond youth was enamoured of Sophy's *face* & Izzy's *mind*.

I purposely said—*was* enamoured, &c, for as I hear that he set out for Harwich on Friday, he must before this time have embarked for Gothenburg ; &, as sea-air is said to be beneficial in certain *bodily* complaints, I humbly trust that, in this case, it will kindly " minister " to a mind diseased."

As the lasses seemed not to return love for love, while I highly admire their conduct, I have poetical authority, at least, to hope that my swain " will give his passion " to the winds." Love unreturned soon dies !

May Heaven bless, preserve & prosper him ! *Sunday June 8th.*

June 18th. 1806. In *The European Magazine* for July 1805 there is a curious Italian anecdote of Pope Sixtus the 5th & the shoemaker. He used some artifice to obtain the high dignity of Pontiff. From the time that he had been nominated Cardinal, he had affected the semblance of age, & of ill health. When he went into the Conclave, he appeared so feeble, & semed to labour so much under the paroxysms of a confirmed asthma, that few expected he would have lived to come out. He supported himself with a staff, &, as he ascended the stairs, halted & coughed at every step. These symptoms were exceedingly in his favor, & probably, in a great degree, influenced the election. But, even before the scrutiny was finished, as soon as he saw that the object of his ambition was secure, he threw away his staff, his faithful companion for fifteen years,— and, erecting himself, there seemed in his system an instant renovation of youth. The Cardinals murmured, but the thing could not now be helped. The artful Pontiff at once saw their motives ; &, in order to furnish additional food to their meal of cogitation, he began to sing *Te Deum laudamus*—with a voice so clear & melodious, & withal so strong, that the spacious hall & vaulted roof re-echoed to the sound.

This reminds me of Dr. Claudius Crigan, Lord Bishop of Sodor & Man. My friend Major Wallop, uncle of the present Earl of Portsmouth, after living, for some years, in a retired manner, in the Isle of Man, is returned to end his days in this country. From him I have heard innumerable anecdotes, of the most laughable cast, concerning Dr. Crigan. His father was an Irish jailer, &

one of his brothers was bred to the honorable trade of shaving & bleeding. The present bishop, some how or other, got into a public school ; &, being a lad of considerable abilities, found his way into the College at Dublin. After (if I recollect aright) wearing a red coat for a little while, he entered in " holy " Orders.

The appointment of the Bishop of Man is vested in the Athol family ; & the Duchess-dowager, about 16 or 17 years ago, was, upon the vacancy of the See, looking sharply out for some clergyman, whose candle of life would be likely to be extinguished in about 12 years, at which time she intended the Bishopric as a provision for her second son. Just at this time Mr. C——, (for he was not yet dubbed a Dr.), a healthy, handsome Irishman, insinuated himself into the good graces of a female attendant who stood high in the confidence of the Duchess. By her means he was introduced to her Grace as a fit person ; previously to which he had his face painted in such a manner as to give him the appearance of age ; & counterfeiting an asthmatic cough, he was admitted into the presence of the Duchess. After mingling a semblance of pity with innumerable questions relative to the opinions of medical men on his case, & receiving satisfactory answers, she soon determined to appoint him to the Bishopric.

He was accordingly consecrated ; &, in a short time, etiquette required that he should do homage at court, & kiss the King's hand upon his promotion. Her grace made her appearance at the same time, to gratify herself with the contemplation of the man whom she considered as her own creature, and to enjoy his repeated acknowledgements. But how shall I attempt to describe the Duchess's surprise & indignation, when, instead of a

poor, *sickly*, *asthmatic* being, she surveyed a *fine*, *upright* man who had scarce attained the middle age, in all the vigour of health, and set off with a very handsome *cauliflower-wig ! !*

The Dowager was known to be very violent & impetuous ; &, I am told, she occasionally, in spite of her high rank, condescended to vent her passion in the same vulgar language as the dames of Billingsgate are wont to do. I cannot take upon me to write that she wholly abstained from this, when she discovered the imposition that had been practised upon her. She went up to him in the Drawing-room, &, in the most menacing tone, exclaimed,—" You are not the *ill-looking*, *old rascal*, to whom I gave the bishopric ! "—" Ah ! " said he, very coolly, " Your Grace can hardly imagine what a good " thing a bishopric is to cure an asthma, or any other " complaint ! I thank Heaven, I never felt myself better, " in all my life, than I am at the present moment, when " I have the pleasure of thanking your Grace for the " honor to which you have raised me ! "

N.B.—Dr. Crigan has already enjoyed the Bishopric 16 or 17 years ; &, I am told, it is not unlikely that he may do so, for as many, or more, years to come ![1]

June 28th. 1806. Though I am as unconscious as an unborn child of having ever *intentionally* offended my Colonel, yet I cannot help thinking that, either from some misapprehension on his own part, or misrepresentation of my enemies, he feels himself offended.

I trust, I do not set too high a value upon myself, yet I cannot but feel that, while I endeavour to do my duty,

[1] A newspaper-cutting, inscribed " Died 1813," is attached to the Diary, " Lately, at Bishop's Court, in the Isle of Man, the Right Rev. Claudius Crigan, " D.D. Lord Bishop of Sodor & Man, aged 74."

faithfully, in this life, my very limited circumstances, & the many privations, which I am compelled to submit to, on account of an overwhelming family, ought not to render me worthless, either in my own esteem, or in that of my fellow-worms. When, therefore, I consider my age, my profession, &c,—& still more, when I take into account the opinion which I have conceived of Colonel Rawlins's ingenuous disposition, I feel assured that he would not say to himself, what Jonah (4.9) impiously said unto the Lord,—" I do well to be angry,"—till he had first frankly explained himself to me, & given me an opportunity of answering for myself. This, surely, is not too high a respect for every Christian, for every man to pay to his fellow-man !

Colonel R—— cannot, I am sure he cannot, be malicious ;—he cannot " let the sun go down upon his " wrath ! " Were I so unfortunate as to discover either malice or caprice in his character or composition, I should entertain a still more degrading idea of human nature than I do at present ! Forbid it Heaven !

Saturday Nov 1st. 1806. I feel very much fatigued & dreadfully uncomfortable in *mind* as well as *body*. The Election[1] ended yesterday—the result was such as I feared. How sincerely & painfully do I regret that so liberal, so unsuspecting a man as Colonel Rawlins should have been so duped & imposed upon ! The whole of our canvass presented a set of beings called freemen, &c, who were, in fact, *slaves*, compelled to vote as their landlords & other great [*a page torn out*]

Prov. 11. 15. " He, that is surety for a stranger, shall " smart for it ; & he, that hateth suretyship, is sure."

[1] See Appendix B.

I have lived above half a hundred years in this world, & have, (prudently I verily think), regarded this wise counsel, from a sort of persuasion that a neglect of it furnishes the large population of our jails ; but I am sorry to add that, after having refused even a brother to a much smaller amount, I have, this very day, signed a joint-bond with Major Ware, to the tune of £230 in favor of Col! Rawlins.

I expect to dream of nothing tonight but a jail & jail-allowance—bread & water. This will soon bring down my *corporation*—my *embonpoint*.

Had I a wife that behaved kindly to me, I am confident that I should have consulted her, & should not have done it ; but I comfort myself that I will, on this, or any future occasion, give up my reverend person rather than attempt to rid myself of the embarrassment by robbing my children.

Is it not less unpleasant to go to prison for *other* people's extravagances than our *own* ? Comfort the 1st.

Is not a jail a more eligible place than an uncomfortable home ? Comfort the 2nd.

I have never dropped my acquaintance with any man, when he became the inmate of a prison. I have visited, & endeavoured to relieve, him : & will not my friends do the same by me ? Is not this comfort the 3rd ?

I could name *more*.

Mondy. Nov 3rd. 1806. I am still very ill at ease, & so I expect to be till Saturday next, when I shall know the result of my suretyship ! I have reason to flatter myself that, in the present instance, it may end favorably ; but I have the greatest occasion to fear lest this may encourage me to repeat my late act of indiscretion & folly, till, at

length, I may be—what the boys call—"*nabbed*,"—&, perhaps, get into *limbo*. But how is it possible I should write so ludicrously of [*a page is torn out*]

Ever since Saturday I am ready to think every stranger going down the lane is either an attorney's clerk, or a sheriff's officer ! ! From all such *spectres*, such *dæmons*, Good Lord ! deliver us !

O that all the Electioneering bills were settled ! 1000£ will not, I am sure, clear the variety of expenses. Fool that I was to mix at all in it !

Thursday Nov 6th. 1806. Still very anxious !—though I have cause to thank Heaven that I have not at all contributed to excite my most *noble* Colonel to his late expensive & unsuccessful enterprise. I foresee great difficulties,—the almost-impossibility of gratifying, or even satisfying, his several agents, voters, &c, &c ; & I cannot help feeling an insurmountable reluctance to mix in any company, or conversation on the subject, till I hear how matters are settled !

Good luck to us !

Nov 7th. My poor 30£ which I lent Col. Rawlins Oct 29th. I have not yet received. It was for the purpose of discharging Mr. Cherry, the under-sheriff's demand of £70—for erecting the hustings, &c. Next day produced a call for 100£ for poll-books, clerks, &c. I was urged to give written orders for election-ribbons, —I did it, to a considerable amount, with *reluctance* ; yet still,—woe is to me ! *I have done it.*

Nov 10th. The more I discover of human deceit, the higher value let me set, & repose a firmer trust on the truth & faithfulness of my Heavenly Father !

I called today at Colonel Rawlins' *nominal* Counting-

House, No. 54 Bishopsgate St., sat there for an hour or two, but was not indulged with a glance at the main *pillar* of the firm. Saw others on the same unsuccessful money-hunting errand with myself. Cannot say but I felt rather qualmish !

Nov 14th. 1806. " The good man sheweth favour, [is " merciful], & lendeth." (Ps. 112. 5). I cannot, with truth, say that I feel any self-satisfaction from this *lending* proof of my being a good man & merciful ; for I have strong surmisings that I shall lose my dear 30£— which will be a much higher price than I ever intended to pay for the *honor* of his friendship.

But I trust I shall, ere long, overcome all my present hardships, & then—laugh at them !

O charming, *dear* Friendship ! !

Saty. Nov 15th. When I lent Colonel R—— my inconveniently-spared 30£, Octr. 29th., he was so good as to offer me a draft on Messrs. Rawlins & Willoughby,— i.e. on *self* ; for Master Willoughby is, with all his airs of insolence, & self-importance, a thing of nought, & pennyless. Had he given me a check on a Banker it would have pleased me ;—but I had, some how or other, heard that a man's drawing on *himself* was rather an awkward method of repaying money : I therefore begged he would burn the draft, & his ready promise followed— to bring me *cash* from Town.

My 30£, I was told, was to be added to 40£ furnished by poor, suffering Fairfax, & sent off instantly to Hertford for the hustings ; but when, on the morrow, I found out that a 70£ draft on Self & Co had been sent to the under-sheriff, & the cash had been pocketed, I must own my heart misgave me.

N.B.—Mr. Cherry was so indelicate as to return the Colonel the draft openly, in the Town-hall, in the sight of Mr. Stone, and others besides myself,—& so rude as to prefer cash to it,—though it was—only *three* days—after date ! ! !

The Colonel's manners were so free & easy, & so imposing, that I had not presence of mind to remark upon it to him,—even when I saw him, on our return to the Bell-Inn, launch a fresh edition of drafts on Self & Co. Mrs. Beecroft, the poor widow-landlady, either could not, or would not, cash any ; Mr. Stone very readily & kindly produced 25£ for one of his slips of paper, & a poor Master-baker produced all his tattered 1£ notes, to make up the rest.

May Heaven bless us !

Nov 17th. On the day after the Election (Nov 1st) when I was so silly as to join Major Ware as the little Colonel's security for 230£, a draft was again half-written, in order, (I suppose), to quiet any alarms which I might feel for my 30£—but *cash*, or a *bank*-note, was the order, or wish, of the day, on my part : the invaluable slip of paper was committed to the flames,—&—" I'll bring you " cash on Monday." was the ready reply.

No Colonel—till the Sunday following. I then thought if he shifted his R. to S., & became Col! Sunday, things wore an unpropitious aspect !

I saw him on Sunday-evening,—but—not a single syllable about the promised cash. N.B. Conscientious folks will be *mum* (silent) on such low subjects as money on that day, which ought to be a day of rest from all our *worldly* cares.

Early on Monday morning he went to Town, & from

that time to this my eyes have not been indulged with the slightest glimpse of his Colonelship—*Mem.* A great consolation ! Let the worst happen,—I would infinitely rather he should cheat me than I him !

Nov 18*th.* 1806. My birth-day. Alas ! it has never, to the best of my recollection, been kindly distinguished ! neither a kid has been killed, nor even a plum-pudding made, more than usually large, & richer of fruit, which might induce my children to welcome the day,—nor a glass of wine poured out, to drink me " many & happy " returns of the day "—But *this* day ! alas !—So far from noting it with *white*,—*ochre* will not suit it ;—*black* chalk alone must mark it.

In spite of my usually " merry heart, which maketh " a cheerful countenance,"—& a mind, generally contented, which is proverbially described as a continual feast,—my heart is now heavy, & my mind is cheerless. I cannot help it ! I am a husband,—I am a father ! I have robbed my wife & children ! I *painfully* feel that I ought not to have done it. When I look at my children, I feel a more than common sense of kindness towards them,—I shake hands with them,—I pat them ; —they seem to look at me, as if they observed me to be uneasy, & yet felt too much delicacy or respect to ask—as on some occasions they may have done— " What is the matter, Father ; for you seem not to be " happy ? "

My wife will,—she soon must, know it. Were she to make the allowances which she ought to make, & only rebuke & " smite me friendly,"—without " breaking " my head," (Ps. 141. 5, 6) I should, indeed, feel it ;— my heart would be almost broken. I should, I am almost

certain, never repeat my offence : but this is too much, for me alas ! to hope for.

Mr. Levick met me, this morning, in the poor Colonel's " Lodge," or house of confusion, & very kindly asked me to dinner ; —& I may add that, in his society & Mrs. Sargent's, I *chatted* away all my troubles & cares.

Novr. 19th. 1806. I may cry out with Archimedes, the famous geometrician of Syracuse—" I have *found !* I " have *found !* " He did it in Greek—I will do it in plain English.

I have *found* that the little chimney in my dirty study has a communication with the chimney of what we call our best parlour, & that, by stopping the draft of the register-stove, I am delivered from one of the two curses which harrass many poor devils of husbands. May not this furnish a hint to chimney-doctors in other parallel cases ?

How rejoiced am I at this *grand* discovery ! Is it not of more Value to me, in the comfort which it produces, than—say 30£—& then may I not—(what hinders me ?) cheat myself of the uneasiness arising on the score of the little Colonel ?

I lent my money from the best of motives. I was *simple*, though above 50 years of age, & he, who was *knowing* at 23, took *simple* me in ; but let me not repine, Providence can repay me a thousand ways—besides my smoky chimney cured, which had vexed me infinitely longer than any loss which I ever sustained, I have, at present, three foreigners. I will exert myself to keep them as long as I can ; for thus I shall soon come to the right about.

Who is afraid !

Nov 20th. 1806. I received a letter from Col : R——, in consequence of which I gave up to Bowley, an infamous, money-lending broker & auctioneer, two large & beautiful oil-paintings, which had been entrusted to my keeping till the " five new rooms in Broxbourn-lodge should be " built " ! ! ! ! !

The very next morning brought me a very angry ignorant scrawl, threatening not to pay me for some time, —a threat which I fear his Colonelship will verify :— & why ? because, forsooth, I was so unfortunate as to mention to Mr. Stone & Miss Young that he had 30*£* of my " good & lawful " money. I now felt truly sorry that I had not retained the paintings, with a view to cover the loss.

Had he thought himself disgraced, or dishonoured, by coaxing this money out of my pocket, would he not have done better to have repaid it instantly, than to write with all the insolence of a practised swindler, urging what would be scouted by any man, who retained the least spark of honor, or common honesty,—as a plea for not having sent me—something, I trust, of more value than a draft on *himself*, or on *Aldgate pump !* He has thus broken his repeated promise, &, I fear, swindled poor *me* out of my money. Need I add—that I am right angry with him ?

I dread my *gentle* wife's displeasure, when she may find it out, even more than I regret my loss. How she will " give it him," (as the common folk say), & poor me also, as soon as her wifeship makes the discovery !

Her maxim is—never to borrow, &—above all—never to lend ! All I shall be able to ejaculate will be—" How " sorry I am ! " " Who would have thought it ? " &c,

&c. Her plan is certainly a safe, though a leveling one. In money-matters she *trusts nobody* ;—" for why ? "—" because as how "—she *suspects every body*.

But alas ! when will she leave off to upbraid me of my folly ? Now if 100 wiseacres should attempt to guess this aforesaid when, I am sure I can tell who would be nearest the truth—the one of the hundred who should set the when at the greatest distance. But what business have I to be gay & merry ? I answer—almost every new day suggests some new & additional reason why I should not indulge excessive regret. This, (if a loss), is almost the first of the sort for 26 years !—thanks, perhaps, to the vigilant care of my spouse, who has, generally, kept me very short of money ! And, besides having found a cure for my smoky chimney, I cannot help thanking Heaven for not suffering the devil to put it into 'Squire Edmund Wilcox's head or heart to wheedle me out of 30 or 40£ ;—for so great was my confidence in his honesty that I should almost have been so silly as to think he did me honor by borrowing any sum within my power. He borrowed of almost everybody, & it was not " benefit of " clergy " that skreened me ; for he made poor Parson Edwards of St. Paul's suffer grievously. He *pitied* me, perhaps, as having ten children ; Edwards has *no* children, and, therefore, I suppose, the old bachelor had no compassion on him & his dame, deeming them a sort of *blanks*, or useless *ciphers* in their day & generation.

Saty. Nov 22nd. 1806. I feel resolved to make up my loss, " if I save it a thousand ways ! " Of my coat & hat, which I have used to indulge myself once in two years, I will strive to take more care, that I may be able to wear them still longer ;—my tea, &c, I will drink less strong,

& less sweet ;—& my glass of rum or gin shall be mixed with six, instead of five, glasses of *aqua pura*, the limpid spring ! I will—in short, I know not what I will *not* do,—in order to make up to my dear children the robbery which, I fear, this young sw——r has committed.

Nov 24th. 1806. Imprudence & extravagance, while displaying themselves in a course of thoughtless riot, & " faring sumptuously every day ,"—generally excite envy & malice in the breasts of those who live frugally, whether it be by inclination or by scantiness of circumstances ; &, sooner or later, lead their thoughtless slaves to dishonesty & meanness.

What abhorrence did I feel at the ghastly smiles & horrid grins, which I remarked on the countenances of most of those who were present at the *blow-up*, the distress, (as the Law very properly calls it), at poor Rawlins's—What a feast to a nest of vipers ! a delicious carcase to those harpies & vultures, called brokers, bailiffs, &c !

Nov 25th. O ! Extravagance ! what a destroyer—what a devourer art thou ! Thou swallowest up chariots, curricles, & horses,—four or five at a gulp—the most splendid as well as the most requisite furniture ;—even beautiful paintings, though brought at a great expense from the Vatican, & magnificently framed, thou sparest not :—& many of thy silly votaries to a prison,—to " durance vile ! "

N.B. The paintings, alluded to, cost in Italy sixty guineas,—at the Custom-house 40 do.—, (at least the Colonel said so), besides the frames, which must have been very expensive ! ! The young hero has, by his own account, committed great extravagances in Italy, a few

years ago ; & must have been frequently involved in difficulties :—he has doubtless seen many of his extravagant companions in a jail, & has, perhaps, been himself *caged.*

What a pity that all his experience has been lost to him ! Well may Prudence be ranked among the cardinal virtues ! An extravagant man can hardly avoid being dishonest.

Nov 27th. 1806. It is to be lamented that poor Rawlins has become connected with the most pettifogging attorneys, money-lending brokers, & wretches of the most villainous description ;—it is a certain method to make him poor indeed !—It is remarkable, that his Cucumber-hall & Broxbourn-Lodge, for the short time he held it, was filled with a swarm of *needy*, *hungry*, *pennyless* drones, or hangers-on, (chiefly military !) who were unable to pay for their beds, & breakfasts, if they slept or had any refreshments out of his house ! ! !

I have poetical authority to prove that these are the very fellows that ought to be employed :—

" Let those storm castles who're not worth a groat."

But these spunging jockeys, or mumps, seemed to entertain a very high idea of that first law of nature—self-preservation, & preferred the smell of a " monstrous " or " d—d " good dinner, the clashing of knives & forks,— & the chinking of decanters & glasses,— to the smell of gunpowder, & the din of arms, accompanied with martial music. A jollification seemed to be the *belle heure* of their heroism. I have really been astonished at the overbearing insolence which many of them have shown to their generous feeder.

Mr. Fairfax, who is a great sufferer by Colonel Rawlins's failure, just now assured me that the extravagant wretch, Willoughby, lived for some time in a spunging house, at the rate of two guineas a day ! ! He has, I take it for granted, bilked the bailiff, *alias* catchpole. His lodgings are now in the King's Bench prison ;—&, if he rots there, it will be better than to let so unprincipled a villain loose again to prey upon the public.

Nov 28th. 1806. From the innumerable reports in his disfavor, which I hear daily & confidently circulated, I think my most noble Colonel will be *ashamed*, if not afraid, to shew himself again in this neighbourhood, I, myself, cannot help feeling ashamed,—I should have said *blushing*, but that I fancy I have passed the tender age of blushing,—who am one of the sufferers by his thoughtless extravagances—some rude folks would call them *swindlings*. Whatever he has borrowed, he has repaid to all,—but his inkeepers, tradespeople, &c,—& to poor *me*—i.e. to all—but those, who stood most in need of repayment.

N.B. Parson Bush has escaped without a scratch, & so has Sandon, who has made little or no returns for the frequent hospitalities of Cucumber-hall ; but has, in very deed, made a most productive *nurse-child* of the Col—— ! ! ! He has the impudence to retain Mrs. Rawlins's poney under pretence of its having been given to him.

The *deuce*, (I had almost said —the *devil*), take the 30£—I seem almost as if I could think & write of nothing else. I shall surely never forget how to write 30 ;—but alas ! I may, perhaps, have to practice a higher figure very soon ! My alarmist, Mr. Worthington, says

Alington[1] declares he will soon call upon all those who have been so silly as to write orders, &c, in any form.

Monday. Dec 1st. 1806. Improbable as it may seem, yet true it is—that I have, in my little way, lent various sums of money, but, when I have been disappointed, deceived, &c, (I might word it more strongly), it has generally been by those, who presumed to think themselves,—& whom I humbly thought—my *superiors !*

Mem. When any one of this description,—any one, to whom I owe a dinner, asks to borrow money,—to say " I have none "—& refer him to my more prudent *rib !*

The best Memorandum for people of limited means,—particularly for poor parsons, is the fable of the earthen & the metal pot floating down the stream !

Like with like—is not a bad rule.

Dec 3rd. Mr. Mash has repeatedly assured me that Col. R—— called on him at St. James's on Friday Novr. 14th, told him that he had taken a house in Bury-street, (as the Colonel likewise told me),—that he was going to Broxbourn the very next day, to place his gardener & wife in charge of the " Lodge " for the winter, &c., &c. ; though he had actually given a Bill of Sale to Bowley, empowering him to remove not only his own, but all Mr. Mash's goods, (for I myself saw & with no small astonishment read the Schedule, signed by Col. Rawlins), & Bowley's men came in on Sundy. the 16th & that very day began to take down Mr. Mash's beds, &c. Early on Monday morning I saw a capacious London waggon ready to convey the goods to Town.

[1] Mr. Alfred Baker, late Town Clerk of Hertford, informed me that Henry Alington was an Alderman of the Borough, and elected Mayor in 1813 ; Mr. Baker thought he was a solicitor.

Marmaduke Alington was Recorder of Hertford from 1714 to 1749, and was a descendant of Sir Marmaduke Rawdon of Rawdon House, Hoddesdon.

N.B. The Col. wrote Mr. Mash a note, desiring him to stop his household goods, &c. Does not this look like double-dealing with a vegeance ?

By some good providence Mr. Mash got scent of the foul transaction,—& on Monday morning, (the 17th), his man, Philips, came down, & checked the removal &c—in the evening Mr. Mash himself appeared, & thus effectually secured his own goods & chattels from the rapacious harpies.

Decr. 6th. 1806 Chico, the Colonel's prime minister, has been relating to many hearers, as well as Mr. Mash & myself, many curious adventures, amours, &c., of his Master's in Malta, &c. He had the gayest equipage—his four horses, & lived in a style beyond all his associates in Malta, &c—represented himself as a veritable English *Lord*, & induced Chico (such is his story) to accompany his " Lordship " to England with the promise of procuring him a place under Government !

Not unlike Don Quixote's promise of—what island was it ? to simple Sancho Panza. Both promises will be realized at the same instant.

Dec 9th. Chico has been to Town, & has, at last, *ferreted* out his Master. He returned brim-full of what he had seen and heard ; but he did not forget, above all, to add—" My Massa going today to great " dinner at Hotel ! "

Chico knows that the Colonel, though a little man, is " great " fond, (as some foreigners express it), of a great jollification.

Nothing but this same subject has been *ding-donging* in my ears, & on my mind, ever since my Colonel's flight ! 'Twas Mr. Wilcox, or Mrs.——, or Miss——,

that, some time ago, furnished conversation & merriment. The Col—will presently be forgotten, & some old bachelor or young maiden will supply his place.

Dec 25th. 1806. I am thoroughly convinced,—O ! that I had always prudence & resolution enough to act agreeably to my conviction !—that, if we wish to enjoy what are called the good things, & pleasures, of this life, we must use them moderately. Every excess & irregularity tends to destroy enjoyment.

I was at a Christening dinner at Mr. Cozens's on Tuesday last,—& a very grand & expensive entertainment it was. The guests were so numerous that we were almost *pinioned* during dinner-time. Such dinners & jollifications may be very pleasant at the moment ; but they cannot be otherwise than hurtful to the feelings of a Christian. My mind seldom recovers its tone for many days afterwards. I am often, particularly after such occasions, almost weary of my life, & wish myself fairly out of it ; but I am still more tired of my own weakness & imprudence.

When I reflect on my natural disposition—volatile & unguarded, I am no where so *safe* as in my own dirty study—*alias—dog-hole !*

Jan 6th 1807. Now for my *honorable* Col——! Were he to turn over the five or six last pages, & not observe his name once mentioned, would he imagine that I had forgotten him ? But this, in very deed, is not the case !

When in Town, lately, I saw him, & chatted away two or three hours almost every day. He seems to be a close housekeeper at Mr. Akers's, No. 2 Adelphi Terrace, though he assured me he went out to parties, or saw company, almost every evening. He talked of cards, his

losings, &c ; &, whilst he talked, he seemed, at least, to lose all recollection of the dismal eclipse under which he at present labours.

Had he gone on *moderately*, while at Hoddesdon, instead of *flashing* & *dashing*, how much happier might he have been ! His blaze was as " the crackling of thorns," noisy, but not lasting, instead of a steady & comfortable warmth, which he & his friends might have truly enjoyed! His thoughtless extravagances,—his fondness for pomp & shew—alas !—soon brought him into difficulties ;—& he then committed, (it is with pain I add what I am too well convinced of), acts of *meanness* & *shuffling*,—which, I doubt not, he would have shuddered at, in his quiet, sober senses.

Jany. 20th. 1807. Among the little Col——'s books, (which I am sorry to hear he had not paid for !) when lotted by the broker's man for sale, I observed a very neat 8vo edition of the Holy Bible. On opening it, & finding that it belonged to poor Mrs. Rawlins, it was not without some difficulty that I redeemed it from the wreck, to be returned to its owner together with the trinkets, &c. What made me the more desirous of rescuing it was—my observing an entry by her fair hand, at the beginning of it, which, I thought, would furnish only matter of jest & ridicule to the motley congregation in the auction-room.

A literal copy—

" Stedman & Ann Rawlins
" Family-Bible
" Stedman Rawlins born in St. Kitt's Augt. 24th 1783
" Ann Taylor Rawlins born at St. Kitt's Nov 14th 1787
" Married Augt. 22d. 1803, by Shaw Brook Esqr.
" in the parish-church of Eltham Kent."
" Their issue "

For this purpose were reserved 3 or 4 fair pages—ample space for the family of Priam, or rather the progeny of the longest-lived antediluvian !

I imagine this entry was made the day after her wedding ! Girl-like, not quite 16, she was charmed with the new *toy*, her husband, &, in her extasy, dubbed the clergyman *Esquire*, instead of Revd. ! ! !

Friday Jan 23rd 1807. A *notable day ! ! !* My importunities have at length prevailed ; & after many demurs & disappointments, & fresh editions of a draft on Brickwood & Daniells, they paid it this very day to Mr. Waller, & I have received it this evening. I could hardly believe my eyes, when I saw one of Abraham Newland's Thirties return to me, instead of the little Col——'s scribblement, the return of which I dreaded.

Let this, if possible, be my last *simpletonish* act & deed ! Let me neither, (like Moses in the Vicar of Wakefield), sell a horse for a gross of green spectacles, nor lend 30£—till I have more money than I know what to do with !

Goodbye ! Colonel ! !

Today, one of my daughters happened to read to me the 13th chapter of Ecclesiasticus, which contains what I alluded to (Dec 1st. 1806) as a fable, in Dodsley's collection, I believe,

" Burden not thyself above thy power, while thou " livest, & have no fellowship with one that is mightier " & richer than thyself ;—for how agree the kettle & " the earthen pot together ? for if the one be smitten " against the other, it shall be broken ! " (Ecclus 13. 2)

Feby 4th. Wine, &c. Most men know when they have had too little wine, especially since Mr. Pitt has

poisoned—alias—highly taxed—wine; but, if it be poisoned, the less the better we have of it, & I ought to rejoice that my health is not liable to be much hurt by poisoned wine, at least in my own house. Too many men know, even in these dear-drinking times, & painfully feel, when they have had too much; & I am sorry to add that sometimes, nay too often—this has been my case. But how very much is it to be regretted that few of us, knowing mortals, know when we have had wine enough.

All convivial, too-little-thinking mortals, who have any spark of the grace of Heaven in their constitutions, ought to be much on their guard. Let me therefore " look at " home," & not be from home too often !—the seldomer, I am fully persuaded, the better for myself !

June 5th. 1807. Poor-rich Jas. Whittingstall died two days ago!—Wm. W——died no long time ago . . . Everything that the W——ll's touched seemed to change into gold; but their eager desire of getting *more* & *more* allowed them time & inclination to enjoy but very little of their plenteous earnings ! [1]

Such men no thinking being can surely envy; but let me not envy even him who is resolved to enjoy his riches; for, while he is saying—" Soul ! thou hast much " goods laid up for many years—take thine ease, eat, " drink, & be merry ! "—God may say to him—" Thou

[1] On the death of James Whittingstall *The Gentleman's Magazine* (Vol. 77, p. 684) published an account of his family, which is quoted in Cussans' *Hertfordshire*. He was one of four brothers, the sons of Henry Whittingstall who rented a corn-mill " at a very low rent," of the Radclyffe family at Hitchin. Henry and his sons grew rich on corn contracts in the Great War. The eldest son, Henry, died in 1794; the second, James, in 1807, the third, William, at Hoddesdon in 1803. They were all very successful millers or brewers. The fourth son, George, was a brewer, " in a very considerable line of business at " Watford." (His brewery was afterwards Messrs. Sedgwick's). George and his two sisters inherited upwards of £180,000 from Henry. James and George, probably as executors of William, sold the Hoddesdon Brewery to Messrs. Christie and Cathrow in 1805 for £59,401.

" fool ! this night thy soul shall be required of thee: " then whose shall those things be, which thou has " provided ? "

Saturday July 4th 1807. 10 *o'clock.* Thank Heaven ! she is *released !* My poor, dear daughter ! All her pains & sufferings are ended ! May all her surviving relatives profit by this example of mortality, & duly prepare to follow her ! God grant that we may all meet again in a better world,—to part no more ! I was sitting at her bed-side, when she ceased to breathe,—in a manner so gentle, & imperceptible, that her death may truly be called " a falling asleep " !

May I, & may the mother of the dear angel never forget the kind admonitions, which she gave us, when she supposed herself departing not many days ago ! " Don't " quarrel together ! " " You *might* be very happy ! " . . . Thus was she an angel of peace, both at her entrance into, & her departure out of, this wicked, troublous world. May Heaven give us grace to hearken unto her repeated counsel !

½ *past six o'clock.* The passing bell has, this instant, begun for her ! I have sent to the sexton, to desire him to ring it for a very short time ; I cannot bear it ! I am now scribbling through a mist of tears. May God prepare us all for a change so awful !

After feeling myself almost *moped* & melancholy with musing upon my own thoughts in my wretched stye, or contemplating the corpse of my daughter, I wandered round the Church-yard, for which I was reproved, not very gently, by my *punctilious* wife, as having done very wrong ; for " I ought not to appear out of my own doors, " for two or three days " . . . . .

In every particular, wherein the customs & manners of this world are concerned, I never perplex myself by asking, or caring, " What *this* person or *that* may think ? " or " What the World may say." I cut the matter very short, & save myself much trouble, by—doing what my own conscience or feelings dictate to be right,—without purposely aiming to give offence to anyone.

Sundy. July 5th. 1807. The instant I awoke this morning, before 4 o'clock,—my lips involuntarily pronounced —" *Poor* Carly ! "—but I ought not any longer to call her poor ! She wants not my pity ; for she no longer *suffers !* she now *enjoys !*

I was once, not unjustly, reproved by a person, (Mrs. Hilton), whom I had very frequently attended during a confinement to her bed, for 12 or 13 years, unable to turn herself. Observing her agonizing & writhing with pain, & expecting her spirit to depart every instant, I could not help exclaiming, " *Poor* creature ! "—on which she with difficulty opened her glazed & almost dying eyes, & in a faint voice said, " Call me not *poor !* " I shall soon be in Heaven, & with my God ! "

It delights me to recollect the many very comfortable & satisfactory conversations which I have had, of late particularly, with my dear Caroline. They will never, I trust, be erased from my fond memory.

I have felt myself unable to perform the Church-service on account of her very recent death yesterday.

Monday July 6th. From certain appearances which I am informed of in her dear body after her death, my Caroline must have suffered very severely, though she was always so very patient, & uncomplaining. To her friends her general reply was—" I am pretty well ! "

" very well," &c. She suppressed & dissembled her painful feelings, lest those around her should be afflicted! Her tenderness & anxiety, (I shall ever remember it with pleasure), were not confined to her Mother, whom she loved more than her own life :—having observed my legs swelled to an enormous size by my having sat up with her only one night,—even in her sleep, a few nights ago, she was heard to say, in a voice of pity, " Ah ! my " poor father ! standing by my bed-side, though his " legs are *so* swelled !" On her awaking, the impression was so strong on her mind that she added, in an altered voice of cheerfulness, " No ! thank Heaven ! he is resting " in his bed ! & his legs are not so swoln ! "

When her mother communicated to her that Dr. Sanders, the London physician, had given up her case as lost, she heard it with the utmost composure ;—" I thank " Heaven ! it is *I*, & not *you*, that must die ! The loss " of *you* would be severely felt ! I shall not be missed ! "

7 o'clock p.m. My dear Caroline ! her lifeless perishable body is just placed in its coffin ! The last corpse in this cottage, as appears by the Registers was—Phineas Rothwell, the vicar ;[1] his body was buried under the steps of the Sunday-school boys' gallery, July 29th 1733—74 years ago. Heaven only knows who may be the next !

Tuesday. July 7th. 1807. " Don't bury me too soon ! " my dear girl once said in the hearing of her mother & of me ; but she never expressed any wish to be buried in her grandfather's *crammed* vault at Waltham Abbey, which I feared she might, at the suggestion of her Mother.

With pleasure I add that my wife (thank Heaven for it !) has not attempted to resist my earnest wish to have

[1] Phineas Rothwell, Vicar 1694-1733.

my dear Caroline buried under my favorite yew-tree, in that grave, in which my poor body shall, I trust, ere long, rest. I cannot help regarding this conduct, on the part of my wife, as a token of good ! &, whenever she may seem to me to be unreasonable, & angry without cause, I will recollect this,—& be patient !

Thursday. July 9th. 1807. By early rising I most assuredly lengthen my life ; for if my wife is possessed by the image of death, vulgarly called *sleep*, 3 or 4 hours of every 24 in the year, more than I, her lord & master am, can any demonstration be more clear than that I am alive—thus—even at the lower calculation, 45 days, of 24 hours each, & 15 hours, more than her wifeship in the course of every year ?

July 20th. My sons, all those who show any attention, & sense of duty to me, I truly love, & will do everything in my power to assist them ;—but my daughters seem more than ever endeared to me, since the loss of my poor Caroline ! My sons ought not to be displeased, when I avow that my girls are the chief object of my care & anxiety on earth ; for they cannot defend themselves, & *bustle* through this wicked world, as boys can ! To leave them in possession of a something like independence will be to me an inexpressible comfort ;—that they may not be mortified toad-eaters to any insolent mortals !

Aug 5th. I have just observed some rough memorandas of Miss E——on an old slate. She was one of the *charming* lady boarders that teazed Mrs. Farington, & almost harrassed all her poor family to death !

I was, one evening, so unfortunate as to rally her on her pretending to read & admire the Odes of Anacreon,—I hardly need add—in English ! N.B. *Love* & *Wine* are

the only subjects & furnish all the zest of these admired compositions. Her Old Maidship's wrath was kindled at this—she cried " havoc ! & let loose the dogs of war ! " Verily she happened to be in a more than commonly irritable mood, & she thought proper to say many very rude things, from an idea that I had imagined her to be of a *licentious* turn.

Dean Swift has, in some of his writings, remarked that *nice* mortals are mortals of *nasty* ideas ;—such is Miss E——, not unlike Delia Dainty, recorded in Hayley's *Essay on Old Maids*. Every tendency to filthy allusions ought to be discouraged in males no less than in females ; —I am sorry to say that there are too many, even of the latter sex, that will twist something of indelicacy,—not to say *smut*, out of almost any thing that may be uttered ; & frequently shew that they have done so, by an accompanying titter, or an affected blush. . . . .

As to the aforesaid antiquated damsel, I am not sorry that she has quitted this neighbourhood. My wife, wishing me to make the Vicarage as much of a living as I can, had repeatedly urged me to solicit her maidenship for some acknowledgment at Easter. After her having passed two years in my parish, I at length forced myself to hint the matter to her in the most delicate manner : I had, in return—what I expected—any thing but money !—another plentiful sample of her rudeness & insolence. Of these mean qualities this *full-blown*, *faded* virgin possesses a most superabundant quality ; for which reason I cannot help wishing that she may never be a plague to anything in the form of a man ! ! But I need not throw away many wishes on this subject ; for a *solitary* lot is most likely to be hers,—" even as it

'were a sparrow, that sitteth alone upon the house-top!"

Were I to compare her to a plum,—for size & coarseness that which is called the *magnum bonum* most resembles her; but whether or not the plum, so called, be properly called, I will not dispute; but I daresay that if any he-creature were to be so venturesome as to taste Miss E——, he would soon make a wry face, & call her *magnum malum*. As her rude, ill manners have served as an effectual guard or *maulkin*, while the bloom was on the plum, (if bloom it ever had), she has now, even were she to strive to render herself less disagreeable in her behaviour, little chance but to die ungathered, or rot, neglected, upon the stalk.

One forlorn hope or consolation, however, remains to her—she may vent her *spleen* & ill humour upon her seven dogs, & birds, &c.

Sep 9th. 1807. My wife & her niece Dorothy are gone in a post-chaise with Beseke & Ulrich, to be treated by the aforesaid gents—with a day's fun, at Harlow-Bush fair!

Poor U—— was sick of the jaunt, before it took place; for he wrote B. to that purport, & told me—"I have no *remuneration!*"—i.e. Dolly's attentions were to be engrossed by Mast^r B——, & U—— was to 'squire my rib, who did not appear to be quite *young* enough for his liking! How B——entangled himself in so expensive a scrape I know not; for he is naturally mean-spirited, & would never willingly incur the pains & penalties of any treating act,—always preferring to be the *treatee* rather than the *treater!*

But the most doleful part of the tale is yet untold; U—— had asked B—— to lend him some money—alas!

poor B—— had none for himself! I have just lent £5 between them—& they are all off—to spend my loan!

Heigh-ho!

Oct 8th. 1807. *A delightful day! clear of foreigners!* N.B. Wife gone to Town with Beseke in a postchaise—for I know not how long! Dog Feldtmann & all! I hardly need add house quiet!

My family is now in bed before 9!!! *Mem*—Miss Crouch, the Wormley church-clerk & sexton's daughter, had lived, when a chit, as waiting-maid to Hatchett, the coachmaker's wife, for a few months; & when she became an under-servant & shoe-cleaner in my house, on my requesting her to retire to rest, about 9 o'clock, in the absence of my Commandant, she had the affectation to declare that having lived with the Hatchetts, the *most politest* folks in all Long Acre, & Mrs. H.—— being a lady that kept the *most genteelest* hours,—she, Miss Crouch aforesaid, could not possibly go to sleep till 12 o'clock!!!

This reminded me of the story—"Yes, it is very well "for a *country* moon!" N.B. She went to bed tonight, without any symptoms of grumbling! What a good girl! to conform so kindly to my early country-manners! She is now, I suppose, not 15, & probably that makes her so pliable!

Oct 21st. Poor, wretched mortals! what horrible consequences follow their being given up into the power of Satan, & their own mad, unbridled passions, for ever so short a season! I know not how even to glance at two most horrid murders, which were last night committed in my parish, at old Mr. Borham, the farmer's house. Mrs. Warner, B——m's daughter, who was within 5 or 6 weeks

of her delivery, & Mrs. Hummerstone, Batty's housekeeper, were the poor sufferers. The villain's name is Simmons, not more than 20 years of age! To describe the shocking circumstances would be too painful!

Gracious Heaven! what must have been the state of the poor wretch's mind before, as well as after, the commission of deeds so atrocious! who would not infinitely prefer the sad lot of the pitiable sufferers to that of their murderer,—even were it possible that the laws of his country & the long-suffering of God should let him linger out his existence to the latest possible period of human life! His very existence must be an intolerable burden to him! And what has he not to dread—hereafter![1]

Wedy Nov 18th. 1807. My birthday! &—not to forget my school-boy readings—*Cressâ ne careat pulchra dies notâ!* Horace Book 1st Ode 36th.

If the question were of the birth-days of poor me—*Cretâ an carbone notandi* (Book 2nd Satire 3rd)—I feel myself under the mortifying necessity of acknowledging that *chalk*, or even *brown* ochre, would seldom truly mark them! Lack-a-day! Well-a-day!

But this notable day would have been much more enjoyed by me, had it not been clouded by Beseke's company.

We are to have a visit from Miss Joachim, & I promise myself no small pleasure. The most vain & credulous girl cannnot be more charmed with the flattery & small-

[1] After committing the murders, Simmons was found hiding in a cow-shed. He was seized, & bound so tightly that he nearly expired. Simmons was convicted and hanged. He was subject to a hallucination, and was probably a homicidal maniac who, in these days, would have been sent to Broadmoor. The story is told in *The Weekly Despatch* of June 5th, 1921, under the title of *The Winged Apparition at Hoddesdon.*

talk of a *butterfly-beau*, than I am with the amiable disposition & unaffected taste of such a *belle* as " pretty " Patty " ! She takes pleasure in reading & hearing beautiful poetry, &c ; she *feels*, & enters into the spirit of what she reads & hears. In this, & some other highly valuable qualities, she is, I am sorry to say, among my female acquaintances, of any thing like her age, almost— an *unique !*

Nov 20th. 1807. Beseke & his dog are gone,—& I am glad ; but they will soon return :—the *respite* will, I fear, be only a short one !

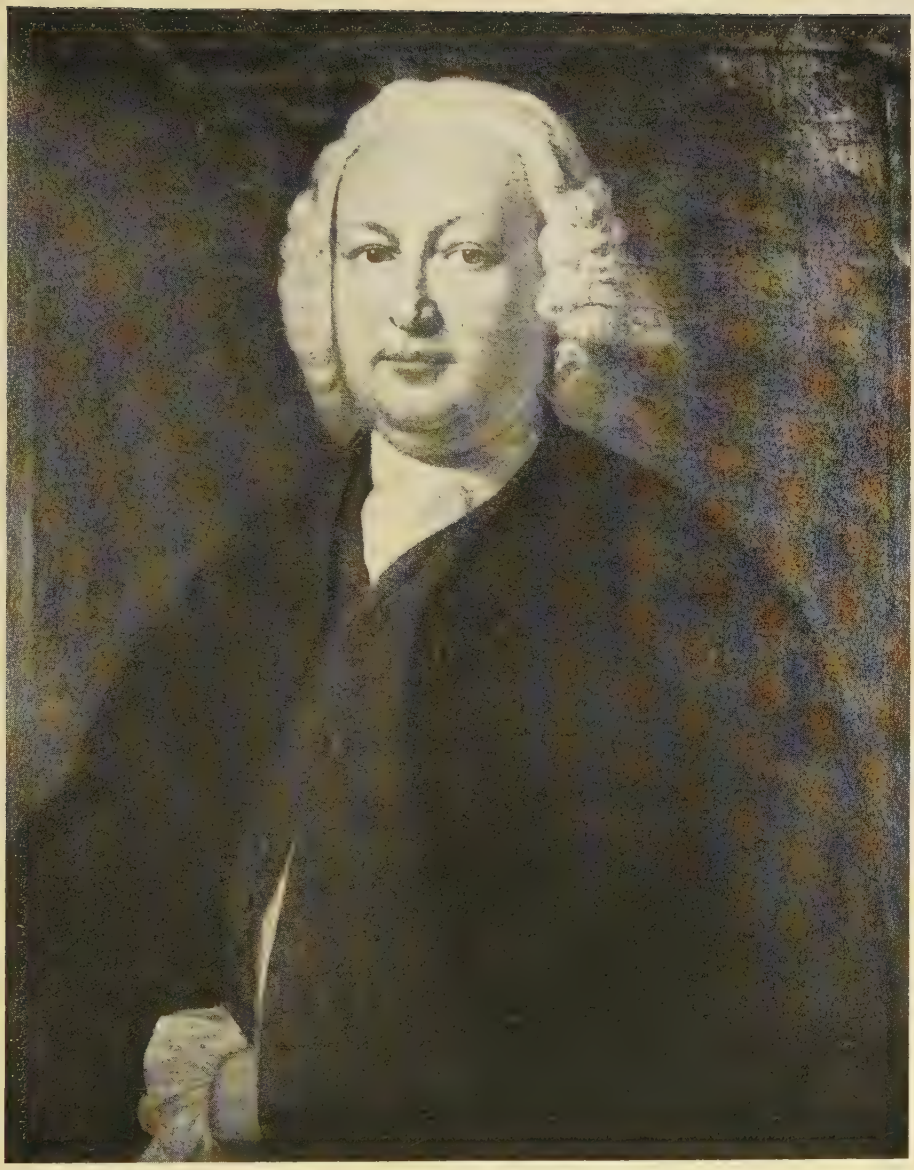
Mr. Christie,[1] some time ago, did me the favor of a call, & very liberally presented me with a 10£ note, of his & Mr. Cathrow's [2] Bank, in my estimation of equal value at least with a Bank of England one. This Mr. C—— did on his own *private* account, for Easter-offering, &c, independently of what Mr. Cathrow likewise does, not unhandsomely, on their *joint* account.

Mr. Christie further gratified me by a very acceptable present, & his very delicate & respectful manner of conferring it increased its value *a hundred-fold !* He introduced it—" A female, of my acquaintance, wishes very " much to present you with &c, &c."

It is no less than a gown, cassock, & the whole *paraphernalia* of a parson ! He added a *hat* likewise !

[1] William Christie (1744-1811), of the Grange, Hoddesdon, a Government contractor, was a native of Pittenweem in Fifeshire ; his wife was Margaret Lindsay. With George Cathrow, he had recently bought the Hoddesdon Brewery from the Whittingstalls and founded a banking business at Hertford. The Brewery remained in the ownership of his family till 1928, when it was sold to the Cannon Brewery Compy. He died at Bath, where there is a tablet to his memory in the Abbey, as there is also in Broxbourne Church. His widow, who was noted for her charitable acts, died at the Grange, in 1844, aged 84. His nephew, Peter Christie, married William Jones' daughter, Ellen Louisa.

[2] George Cathrow died 5th March 1842, aged 67. One of his sons, the Revd. E. J. Cathrow, was for five years Curate of Amwell ; he died in 1843, aged 33.



WILLIAM CHRISTIE
of The Grange, Hoddesdon

Facing page 218.

When I told the generous man that the between-two-and-three-years-old hat, which I had worn for some months, on account of its having the crape for my dear daughter sewed on it, was not the hat, which I had in my study, almost *spick* & *span* new, tucked up with silver-paper, in a safe & snug box,—his reply was—" Never mind, Mr. Jones ! get the hat likewise ; ' Store " ' is no sore ! ' " The adage has so much force & truth in it, that I will not attempt to resist it.

Mrs. Christie is my benefactress, I trow ; & may Heaven bless her for her kindness & liberality ! I know no person to whom I can feel more pleasure in being obliged ;—& I may safely add that I know no person, on this earth, ever likely to commit an act of such generosity towards me—but Mrs. Christie ! But *one* favor, bestowed, sometimes emboldens the obliged person to ask *another* favor ! This is my case. When I thank Mrs. C—— for her present, I shall request her to do me the honor of considering me as her *chaplain !*

When I went to roost on the aforesaid night, I right well remember that I felt so gratified with the idea of my new gown, &c, &c, that I seemed to intend,—not merely expect—to dream of my new finery ;—as some silly children do of their new clothes !

Good night !

Nov 21st. 1807. I did not dream at all that night, otherwise it must surely have been of my new cassock, &c : indeed I very seldom dream, except,—as too many other mortals do—when waking ! But, to tell the truth, my very first morning thoughts were occupied by my finery—" that is to be " !

Now if this is not vanity, I shall be glad to be told what

it is. And yet I own, that I very much wish to trace my feelings, on the present occasion, to gratitude, or almost any principle, but that *scurvy*, *disgusting* one,—vanity; for this would impeach my wife's insight into human characters, she having often told me that she never knew any man so perfectly devoid of vanity as myself! As she & I have been on a very intimate footing for more than 26 years, & I cannot accuse her of flattering her humble servant of a husband;—I own that I feel not the least inclination to weaken,—much less to annul, her verdict, which, *in this instance*, is so favorable to me.

"Fine feathers" (they say) "make fine birds!"—now if my full clerical dress might possess the magical power of making me a fine preacher,—by which term I mean a powerful, effective, & useful one;—I would instantly hasten to Town, hurry the robe-maker, & with the most heart-felt joy put it on! My old gown is indeed fairly worn out; for it is the self-same gown, which I wore daily about the streets of Oxford, 27, or more, years ago. My cassock, being made of less durable materials, has long been torn up—to line waistcoats, &c; but having a large family & very limited means, I thought it imprudent to lay out twelve pounds or guineas for new canonicals,—as I considered my poor carcase, like the worn-out, crazy hulk of an old ship, fit for little else than to be laid up in Execution-dock.

My sermon-case, which cost me the great sum of two shillings! in the year 1780! is, likewise in a *tatterdemalion* state! I must now remind my good & amiable friend, Miss Farington, of her long-ago-made, almost worn-out promise of presenting me with a new one,

of her own manufacturing, that I may, through the bounty of my friends, be—what folks call—" All of a-piece."

Monday Novr. 30th. 1807. I returned from Town on Saturday, after throwing away six days there, for I scarce felt the meaning of the word comfort any day except that which I passed in the company of my friends, the Harrisons ! 'Twas misery to hear the wretched Londoners wheezing, & coughing, & gasping for breath, as they walked the streets ; & I myself was a fellow-sufferer ; for fogs, & damps, & night-air by no means suit my lungs : medical jockeys would pronounce me thick-winded, if not touched,—or broken-winded.

I sometimes think I shall never again spend another week in Town, unless I can contrive to carry my little Study,—my *hutch*, with me, as the Snails do their shells on their backs.

But where shall I look for any thing like that watchful & cheerful attention, which my dear girls, Mary & Ellen[1] shew me ? It cannot be purchased. . . . .

Decr. 1st. Miss Joachim is come ! I am truly glad that she did not happen to pay her visit during my absence. Now for all the beauties in poetry, &c, which I have selected since I saw her last at my cottage. It fares, with me at least, when I remark strikingly beautiful & pathetic passages, whether in prose or poetry,—but more particularly in the latter,—as when I survey a rich & delightful prospect,—the pleasure is scarcely half-felt, or enjoyed, unless I have some one, near me,—with

[1] Ellen Louisa Jones married Peter Christie, nephew of William Christie (*see* Nov. 20th), and died at Broxbourne in 1872, aged 76. Through this marriage the Diarist has many descendants in Hoddesdon and Broxbourne and the neighbourhood.

whom I may, as it were, interchange my ideas, & communicate my pleasurable feelings !

March 15th. 1808. " John Carr Esquire," in his " Stran- " ger in Ireland," is, in very deed, the eulogist of the " dear " land of potatoes ! All ranks, from the noble man & woman to the peasantry, are panegyrized :—even on the very beggars are bestowed some crumbs of praise ! He has been rewarded for this by the Lord Lieutenant, the Duke of Bedford, with the honor of Knighthood !— & right well hath he deserved it !

Behold him now—Sir John Carr Knt. ! ![1]

How " monstrous " ungrateful have many other Tourists been for the hospitality which the Hibernians have shewn them ! They must have been *vipers*, if what Sir J. C. has written be true ! One of these *Smellfunguses*, I remember, after publishing his Tour, or rather libel, settled in Cheshunt about 27 years ago,— his name Twiss,[2] a notable chess-player ! And the Irish were " up with him," (as the boys say) ;—how think you ? By making it fashionable to have, at least, one likeness of Twiss in every house ;—& where do you think ? I will tell you,—for you will hardly guess ;— it was in the bottom of their—*p——ts de chambre !*

April 28th. I attempted, some years ago, to leave off vile snuff ;—I refrained for about 3 weeks,—&, afterwards, like too many *two-legged* creatures, made a dust-

[1] Sir John Carr (1772-1832), the writer of various " Tours," was knighted by the Duke of Bedford, Viceroy of Ireland, after publishing *A Stranger in Ireland, or a Tour in the Southern and Western parts of that Country in* 1805. Lord Byron referred to him in some suppressed stanzas of *Childe Harold* as " Green Erin's Knight and Europe's wandering star." (*D.N.B.*)

[2] Richard Twiss (1747-1821), a miscellaneous writer, author of *A Tour in Ireland in* 1775. The book was very unpopular in Ireland. He seriously impaired his fortune by speculations in manufacturing paper out of straw. Twiss also wrote on chess. (*D.N.B.*)

hole of my poor head, with more eagerness than before. During the short interval of abstinence, my hands were, every now & then, involuntarily, dipping into my pockets. I found out, at last, that they were rummaging for a snuff-box, to befriend my craving, discontented nozzle!

I am now repeating the same attempt, though I have not entirely discontinued the nasty indulgence! Another, —& another *last* pinch! my poor nose is very unwilling to be *weaned*.

Whether I shall be, ultimately, successful or not, (it is a sort of "forlorn hope!") I cannot but be convinced how difficult it is to cast off old habits, however filthy & disgusting!

July 9th. 1808. Above two months have passed since my effort began to conquer my propensity to *filthy* snuff; & I have, very seldom, in that time, even smelt the inside of a box. This is the usual way, in which people learn snuff-taking:—I, now & then, the seldomer the better, indulge my "snub-nose" with a sniff, while striving to un-learn & discontinue the odious habit. I trust I may almost congratulate myself on the victory; & I am not a little rejoiced. O! that I may never resume a practice so disgusting!

July 18th. I trust I have done with snuff—& I cannot sufficiently rejoice!

I now carry a decent handkerchief, instead of a portable dunghill, which almost every snuff-taker may be said to do!

I have one more trial of resolution, which if I can accomplish will, I am certain, contribute more to my real happiness & comfort then if our "gracious" King George were to pension me with 10,000£ a year!—& what is

this ?—to give up spirituous mixtures of every description, which, taken ever so moderately, have never agreed with me ;—& to return to water,—the original beverage of all nations, or—by way of luxury—toast & water !—I have not written the syllable *wine* above ;—for Mr. Pitt, or our wars,—or the taxes have so poisoned the wine, as to make any resolutions of abstinence, on my part, superfluous ; —by persons in very moderate circumstances abstinence from wine *must* be practised, unless they can feel pleasure in drinking themselves into a prison, & their families into distress.

Are we not under great obligations to Mr. Pitt,—or the times, for teaching us what a number of things we, mortals, can do without, which we were once silly enough to consider as *necessaries !*

July 30*th.* 1808. Smoking & snuff I have, (I trust), relinquished,—after the practice of these filthy habits for many years :—shall I have the happiness of another, a still more desirable conquest ? Heaven grant it ! for I feel assured that nothing can so truly add to my health & earthly enjoyments !

But as I have sometimes told my poor nose,—" I do " not mean to *starve* you entirely, or even to *wean* you " abruptly ; you shall, now & then, be indulged with a " *pinch* or *smell* at a box ! "—even so I now say to my palate—" I am invited out to dinner, every 2 or 3 months ; " & then you shall be reminded of the taste or *smatch* " of wine, &c ;—& of its undesirable consequences,— " broken, unquiet slumbers, & to wake with body & " mind disturbed, & discomposed."

August 19*th.* 1808. Alas ! my poor, dear George is *dead !* I can scarce believe it ! Captain Lake's letter,

MRS. WILLIAM CHRISTIE

Facing page 224.

received this morning, appears as a dream ! He died, on the Barbadoes station, in the West Indies, on Monday May 23rd.

Capt. L——'s first letter, announcing his death, somehow or other miscarried. Poor fellow ! I was too proud of him ! my foolish pride has been severely—I must not say too severely—punished. I promised myself more from him than humanity had power to fulfil ; this afflicting event has prevented the mortification of a disappointment. May Heaven forbid my repining ! but human nature must feel ; " sighs & groans by nature " grow on woe." While I wrote my answer to Capt. L——'s letter this morning, I felt sharp, cutting pangs, through my breast, seeming to pierce my very heart ! Our loss is, perhaps, his gain ! let this reflexion have its due weight.

Captn. Lake's letter is very kind, he says—my " dear " son George died much lamented by all who knew him." My poor heart seems almost breaking, when I think of his dying at the distance of thousands of miles from me & his Mother ; —that he will never again see my little cottage, which he so dearly loved :—& a thousand other little circumstances, which would subject me to the imputation of weakness from tough, no-feeling animals. O ! may Heaven perfect its strength in my weakness ! I humbly trust that to my dearest boy " to die was gain "!. . . . .

Augt. 20th. 1808. I never passed a more tedious day than yesterday :—my mind was completely tired of its melancholy musings ! The night was likewise consumed in restless dreams,—with which, (thank Heaven !) I am seldom harassed.

When I recollect how my dear George loved my little Vicarage, I often exclaim—" Poor G—— he will *never* " *again* see it! He will not,—he cannot receive the " various books, &c, which I have bought ;—& others, " which I had set apart for him ! "—But how childish are these regrets ! Let me rather comfort myself with the assurance, that he is infinitely happier than I could make him, were I even able to command all the riches & glories of this perishing world. . . . How deeply did he lament the death of poor Caroline ! little did he think how soon he was to follow her ! both died within a twelve-month,—in the flower of their age ;—she just twenty, he eighteen ! their disembodied spirits have long since greeted each other ; they are now, I trust, united,—never more to part !

Sunday. Augt. 21*st.* 1808. *Ultimus suorum moriatur.* I forget when, by whom, & against whom, the above evil wish was denounced ; but it is, surely, an imprecation, or curse, the most horrible & deadly that could be uttered by any being, either in human or diabolic shape. *Literally*—" May he die, the last of his ! " May he survive all his connexions & attachments, by blood, by affinity, friendship, &c.

How heart-breaking must be such a lot ! A fiend only could wish that such should be the lot of any wretched mortal ! Heaven forbid that I should languish & pine away the dregs of my life,—lamenting,

" All my kin are gone !
" For God, who lent, resumed them one by one ! "

Augt. 24*th.* While he lived, out of our sight, his Mother's frequent exclamation, & mine, would be—" Where is George now ? "—& at every gust of wind,—

"Poor George!" Now our anxieties for him are over; for he is, I trust, now "glad, because he is at rest"! his dear Redeemer has brought him unto his desired haven, where he would be!" (Psalm 107. 30).

Had he lived, & Providence had crowned his ambition & mine by making him, in due time, a Captain, an Admiral, &c; the stroke, now inflicted, would, probably, after this delay, fall more heavily. He might have increased his ties in life;—& a widow & children might then be mingling their tears & lamentations!

Sunday Sept 4th. 1808. I received a letter, this morning, which makes me very uneasy, relative to a *new* batch of my son Augustus's debts! Had I heard of his death, after previous signs of repentance, I can truly declare that it would not have given me so much pain as to hear, as I have this morning, that he has been in a spunging-house for near a fortnight. Nothing, that can befal him, will surprise me!

Sep 28th. The days are shortening apace;—but, even in the longest days, the sun seems to me to be almost setting, as soon as it has risen! I no sooner draw on my stockings, than it seems to be time to take them off! I often let them remain loose, & my knees unbuttoned, through all the hours I remain up;—is this because I have not time enough, or because I am too idle? . . . .

Oct 17th. I very seldom, now, mix in any company; &, I thank Heaven! I do not feel the smallest regret on the subject. I would rather, (as I have hinted to Mr. Worthington, who will, no doubt, circulate it), I would infinitely rather have some present, however small, sent to my little cottage, that my family might partake, than be invited to the most joyous jollification!

N.B. I am not troubled with many presents ; if I make these the criterion or test of the respect which my parishioners feel for me, I cannot be " highminded," or have any " proud looks " on the subject !

Jany 14th. 1809. I drank tea at Mr. Cathrow's, this evening, (Saty.—a bustling day), with him & his partner, Mr. Christie. I never feel so contented with my own humble lot, as when I mix, now & then, with men of *business* ;—& the more they have to do with this world, the less I envy them !

Feby 1st. Yesterday the body of old Mr. Milward was buried ; & " the doctor " (Mr. Worthington) & myself sat down with the executors & a very large party at *The Bull* Inn, Hoddesdon.[1]

Much wine was drunk at & after a very plentiful & elegant dinner. Twice or thrice only, in my professional life, have I joined such a set of *merry mourners*. I have no wish to be of such a party soon again. I was urged to eat & drink more than I was inclined to,—& I felt very *uncomfortable* afterwards !

Feby 3rd. . . . . . If I do not enjoy the comforts of health through temperance, I fear, I never shall by exercise ; for I am sorry to write—that I take exercise, as punch used to be sold, formerly, *pro bono publico*, on Ludgate-hill—" in small quanti-" ties " !

Wedny. March 8th 1809. Mr. Beseke came to my cottage Sepr. 22nd. 1806,—& departed today for Heligoland ! " Joy go with him " ! I sincerely wish him

[1] *The Bull* Inn, Hoddesdon, has been commemorated by Matthew Prior in *Down-Hall*, which tells how with his friend Morley he stayed a night there on his way to his new Essex home. The poem is evidence that two centuries ago *The Bull* was, (as it still is), a centre of local intelligence.

The Old Market House, Hoddesdon Herts.
Taken during the General Election. 1832.

THE BULL INN, HODDESDON

Facing page 228.

happiness ! He settled all accounts with me, *punctually* & *honorably !*[1]

March 14*th.* 1809. I am, indeed, a desultory reader, at present ! four books at a time !—I could not forbear smiling, when I just now observed them all open, at once, in different parts of my study ! *Skimming*, rather than reading ! they are books, belonging to our Society—& the sale is fast approaching.

May 10*th.* See a short account of Master Beseke & his " flirtations "—(*D.L.* vol 2nd. page 591, &c).

A very different character has taken possession of his pleasant little room, a calendar month today, Mr. Auberjonois, from Yverdon, in Switzerland. He is a very agreeable, well-informed young man ; of a very shy, retiring disposition,—though he has passed some years in Paris ! A—is as opposite to B—— in disposition, as East to West ! I class my present pupil with the most polite & pleasing of all my foreign connexions.

July 19*th.* Poor Hutcheson has left the curacy of Nazing, & will no more alarm my *thrifty* wife with his voracious, North-country appetite.

When old Mr. Moir & Miss Jocelyn, not a *very* young maiden, were talking over, or *nibbling*, the character of the divine, (which seems to be a *toothsome* entertainment to both), he remarked that H——'s

[1] In a little album where many of William Jones' pupils have, on leaving, written their appreciation of their tutor, I find the following :—

" Believe me, Mr. Jones, that I ever think with gratitude of the many kind-
" nesses which I received from you and Mrs. Jones. . . . Nor shall the scene
" which I witnessed on the 4th of July (the death of Carly) and the heavy loss
" which you then sustained be forgotten by

" Your sincere friend & well-wisher
" G. A. C. Beseke
" from Emden in Eastfriesland."

Concordiâ res parvae crescunt.

Broxbourn, the 3rd of August 1807.

" ideas seemed to be " very *strangely sorted* ;"—her instant reply was—that " his ideas did not seem to be sorted at all ! "

He appeared to me to be a truly good, though rough & inexperienced, young man.

Sept. 1st. 1809. Though my wife often reminds me that I could not have *this* & *that*, without foreigners, &, now & then, threatens to put me on coarse fare & short allowance, when we have none of these inmates ;—yet I cannot help thinking that I shall never truly enjoy my dear cottage, till it is clear of all but my own dear family, except a visitor or two, now & then, to vary the scene.

If the taking of boarders enlarges my *income*, it most certainly curtails my *comforts*.

My wife, & my daughters like *bustle* ;—it keeps their life from stagnating. But, I trust, the time will come, when they,—or my wife, at least,—will prefer tranquillity & repose ! I thank Heaven ! we have been, generally, very fortunate in our connexions.

July 13th. 1814. From Sept 15th 1809 to the above date what a chasm ! but during this interval of nearly five years I have occasionally scribbled my thoughts, whether merry or sad, in rough Note-books, &c. No 1, 2, &c.

I made up the note-books of old letters & waste paper, economically stitched together ; & found that I wrote in a more free & unstudied manner in them than in these small, formal pages, which would hardly dry fast enough.

I intend to fill a page, now & then ; but most probably I shall leave many pages in which I recommend my dear

daughter, Theodosia,[1] to record her sage thoughts & reflections !

July 23rd. 1814. O ! that I could persuade all my fellow-mortals to journalize ! if they were to begin in earnest, they would be so delighted as to be unable to discontinue. It would insensibly lead their minds into a train of *thinking attentively* ; &, I trust, I may add, that it would conduce to their *acting circumspectly*.

Augt. 3rd. When I entered the University of Oxford, about 40 years ago, it was in the humblest form,—as *pleb* : *fil* :—whilst a number of my school-fellows, of the same class in life with myself, were matriculated under a false designation, as *gen* : *fil*. A batch of my class-fellows had gone off to Oxford, above a year before I left school, though they were, all of them, below me in the class, when they quitted. These gents had tassels to their caps & puffles to their gowns ; & were not a little proud of them ; my gown was plain, & my cap untasseled. But there were other young men in Jesus college, as well as in other colleges, who wore the same plain habiliments with myself.

Dr. Hoare was Principal of our College, & the headship was said to be, at that time, £1200 a year ; he was a Prebendary of Westminster,—6, or 700£ ; &, if I recollect aright, Dr. H—— had a considerable Living besides. Though he had so ample an income, yet he thought proper to enter a nephew of his (Lewis), as a Servitor of Jesus College. The good old uncle did this, I am inclined to think, in order to render the young man more studious than he might have otherwise been ; but the purpose was not answered, for Master Lewis,

[1] Theodosia died unmarried in 1863, aged 71, and is buried in Broxbourne churchyard in the same tomb with her sister Ellen Louisa (Mrs. Peter Christie).

being more than commonly handsome & shewy, & not bookishly inclined, exhibited his well-dressed person among the multitudinous sect of *peripatetics*, *alias loungers* in the streets, & charming public walks, full as much as he could have done, if his cap & gown had not been plain.

I called on a German acquaintance in prison ;—" I " shall be happy to see you soon again," said he, at parting,—" you will always find me *at home !* " This was *my* case, whenever the Principal sent for me,—to examine me in Homer, &c ; —he likewise made me very acceptable presents of books, &c, to assist me in my studies ; & once I particularly remember his enclosing me, in a very flattering manner, an expensive ticket to a musical entertainment, for fear, perhaps of my being *begloomed*, or *blue-deviled* by confinement !

To my being longer & better *baked* at School ;—to the scantiness of my means of dress, &c, at Oxford ; & still more to my excessive indolence & inactivity I owed much of my application to books ; & these sedentary habits I still retain. The German prisoner's room was airy & pleasant ; &, though it was carpeted, & commodiously furnished, he apologized, & assured me that he had sent orders to the upholsterer to furnish it a-new. No part of my confinement could be ascribed to the charms of my cell ; for a more gloomy & uncomfortable one cannot well be imagined. Well might it be called *Pig-market* ![1] &, while I think, almost with horror, of my *former* filthy sty, how can I be sufficiently grateful to Heaven, that the " lot is now fallen unto me in a fair ground ; yea, I " have a goodly heritage ! " (Ps. 16. 7).

I may truly say, without claiming any merit, that I was

[1] " Pigmarket " is also the name of a passage near the Divinity School.

fond of books ; & so ambitious was I of being distinguished as a scholar, that I remember, on one occasion, following a gownsman in his walk, whose brain was said to be affected by close application, & almost wishing myself in his situation.

Queen Elizabeth established & endowed a free Grammar-School in my native town, Abergavenny,[1] Monmouthshire ; the Master's salary 50£, & the Usher's 15£ a year ; & 5£ each, yearly, to the two best scholars, to purchase books ; no boy is to have this gratuity more than once. There is also a Scholarship & Fellowship in Jesus College, to which natives of the County are eligible, if the Town do not offer suitable candidates.

The School had been, for many years, in a sad state of decay, till the Revd. William Morgan was appointed the head-master ; he raised it to such celebrity, that we mustered 70 or 80 boys,—some of them the sons of families of the greatest opulence & distinction in the county. Of Mr. Morgan's abilities & industry, I, as a grateful pupil, can hardly speak or write too highly.

To there being such a School in the Town, & to Mr. M——'s observing in me a towardliness for learning, I owe my destination to the sacred profession. His commendations of me to Dr. Hoare, the Principal, doubtless, induced him to honor me with his notice, & afterwards to procure for me the appointment to Jamaica, as private tutor to the four sons of Mr. Thomas Harrison, the Attorney-General, & King's Advocate.

My having assisted Mr. Morgan, for some time, contributed greatly to qualify me for the office of a tutor. Mr. M—— quitted the school & resided at Oxford till

[1] *See* Appendix A.

he succeeded to the rectory of Aston-Clinton, Bucks, the best living in the gift of our College. I was afterwards under-master to Mr. Sanford, & I shall ever feel myself obliged to him for his communications, & uniformly kind attentions to me.

I have sometimes wondered at my having had spirit enough to venture on such a voyage ; & my relations & friends were astonished at my determination ; but I did not hesitate. The inducements were very strong ; besides board & lodging, & innumerable *et cœtera* of comforts & luxuries, what a princely salary did six score pounds sterling appear to an obscure young man in very narrow circumstances !

To this voyage, under Providence, & the satisfaction of Mr. Harrison on account of my success with my dear pupils, I owe all that I may call my after-success in life ; & I must ever distinguish the two years, which I spent in Jamaica, as the two happiest years of my life !

It was not till after the lapse of nearly 36 years from the date of my sailing to Jamaica that it occurred to me as somewhat remarkable that Dr. Bell, (a Cambridge man, & lately a great benefactor to that University), should apply to a co-prebendary of his at Westminster, Dr. Hoare, the Principal of Jesus College, Oxford, for a young Classical adventurer, to take charge of the Attorney General's four sons ! Dr. Bell was the friend to whom the commission was chiefly entrusted by Mr. Harrison, who was a Cantab—, as was also their friend, Dr. Griffith, the Rector of St. Mary at Hill. Dr. Griffith's eldest son, Moses, was under my tuition, some years after the Harrisons ; &, with the full consent of all his relations, I entered him at Oxford.

In every College of both Universities there are, doubtless, great opportunities for instruction ; but I have been long persuaded that it is of more consequence to a young man what *coffee-house* he frequents than what *College* he enters :—very much depends upon the choice of his companions. Whoever considers the idleness of boys, & their disinclination to close & difficult studies, cannot be so silly as to expect that they will, at 18 or 19 years of age, take with them from School much of Latin & Greek, or of any useful knowledge : what is to be further expected of such gregarious pigmy-scholars, if they lounge or idle away their time in the University ? Even of Westminsters, who have distinguished themselves at their entering Christ-Church, it has been, sometimes, observed that they have been *golden* freshmen, *silver* bachelors, & *leaden* masters ! ! ![1]

I was not consulted as to the rank of life, in which I was to make my appearance in the world ;—my father was an ingenious & industrious man ; & my dear Mother one of the most kind & excellent of human beings ; but the crowning favour of Heaven to their numerous children was, that they were both of them *true Christians*. Had I been of noble birth, I might have flaunted or strutted about Oxford in a silk gown & a gold-tasseled cap ; but would this finery have counterbalanced my belonging to a class of mortals, of whom it is declared—" Not many are called " ? (1 Cor. 1. 26).

I have much, very much to be thankful for ;—none of my school-fellows do I know, to whom Providence has been so indulgent as to me ; but the pride & *flash* of

[1] So described by the Oxford *Terrae Filius* of 1733. (*Oxford in the Eighteenth Century*, A. D. Godley, p. 91.). Coffee-houses were numerous in Oxford at this period (*ib* p. 104).

some of them have gone out, or ended, in distress & misery! Need I then blush at recollecting my humble outset in life? I surely need not; nor ought my dear children to be ashamed at reading this simple account of it.

Dr. Hughes, who succeeded Dr. Hoare, & is the present Principal of Jesus College, had just exchanged his Servitor's plain cap & gown for those of a Bachelor of Arts, when I entered; for, at taking the first degree, these petty distinctions vanish & die! I may, with truth, add that very many heads, which have worn *Servitors'* or *Sizars' caps*, have, by the Providence of God, been graced with *mitres!*

Aug 8th. 1814. The foregoing entry has, to my great surprise, occupied nearly 20 pages; were I to go on thus, I should leave few vacant pages for my dear Theodosia, unless Death were to attack me, in quick march.

I will, for the present, conclude with noting that my very good & kind friend & patron, Dr. Hoare, at the age of ninety-six years, died by accident; a favorite cat having bitten him in one of his legs.

Dec. 21st. Yesterday I received a note from dear Dr. Buchanan, which I cannot omit copying, for its sweet simplicity:—

" Dear Sir,

" I beg leave to enclose Ten pounds to be divided " among the Poor of Broxbourn, on Xtmas, or New " Year's day, at your discretion; or for any other charit- " able purpose, at this good time;

" & am very faithfully

" Yours

" C. Buchanan."

" 20 Dec 1814."

I hardly need add that I shall have great pleasure,— & so will my wife & dear daughters, in distributing the bounty of good Dr. B—— ; & *may Heaven repay him a thousand-fold !*

Jany. 31*st.* 1815. My good friend, Mr. Bury, presented me, yesterday, with a very strong fishing-stool, by the occasional use of which I hope to extend my walks, when the days are lengthened, & the weather mild.

In all my little concerns with the Bank Mr. B—— has been so kind as to do everything for me *gratuitously*, for many years ; & may the blessing of Heaven repay him abundantly !

He kindly recommends me to lay up my savings in the " Long Annuities ; "—I told him, yesterday, that I know a Bank which pays—not 5 or 6 per cent. but—1000 fold ; & where the Annuities will not expire in 48 or 48,000 years, but are *eternal* ; & he could not help expressing surprise at hearing that I was not afraid to trust Heaven with 10, 20, or even 30£ at a time.

The last, about a fortnight ago, was the most gratifying 10£ that ever I put out to interest in all my life, in aid of a labour of love for the souls of the long-neglected foresters of Dean, in the county of Gloucester. The pious & excellent vicar of Colford, Mr. Procter, will surely have a distinguished seat & crown in Heaven.

Feby 2nd. A few months ago I buried a very respectable man, Captn. Grimes, of the Dragoons, who was raised from the ranks at the age of 60, & was 82, when he died. He has left two sons, who are officers of artillery ; one of them told me that his father was the last survivor,

as an officer, of those, who attended old Frederick of Prussia, in the battle of Emsdorff.[1]

He likewise gave me sad tidings of Abercrombie, who *flashed* about in this neighbourhood, a few years ago. A—— had been, for some time, in Ireland, a military man, of what rank I know not, but having misapplied some public money, & fearing the consequences of a discovery, he, in the night previous to the marching of the regiment, after paring away, with no small pains, a ball, that it might enter his pistol-barrel, made it enter his head, taking this deliberate & shocking method to settle his earthly accounts.

Poor fellow! he was once possessed of considerable property, which he very soon squandered away. He told me that his wife was a natural daughter of Horace Walpole; she was fashionably educated, of elegant manners, & more than commonly beautiful. I met her in London, some time after her wretched husband had gone to Ireland; but how changed! her delicacy into coarseness, her rouge into brickdust!

Feby 10*th*. 1815. Through both my windows, while lying in my bed, I can see—" where heaves the earth in " many a mouldering heap " over the bodies of those, with whom I have, not long ago, familiarly conversed. Death has its *fopperies* ;—they end not with Life ;—but Time preys upon the strongest, & the most distinguished monuments, as upon the bodies which they cover, & seem

[1] At the battle of Emsdorf, July 16th 1760, the Hereditary Prince of Brunswick successfully attacked a strong brigade of Marshal Broglio. The Prince had with him British troops—Elliot's Light Horse and some Scottish Infantry, of whom the latter cut up a body of French Dragoons, & returned riding their horses. (Carlyle's *Frederick the Great* Vol. 6 p. 42).

Capt. Grimes' service at Emsdorf is recorded on his tomb. (Cussans' *Hertfordshire*).

intended to prevent from mingling with common dust !

The Churchyard I may consider as a sort of freehold for life ;—I often contemplate the spot under the Yew-tree, which I intend for my *domus ultima*,—my last freehold. A small extent, 6 feet by 4, will suffice.

Whenever I raise myself upon my elbow, in bed, I cannot help seeing the very snug resting-place for my weary, shattered body. One or another of my fellow-mortals, younger & stronger than I, are called away ! Here I still am !—but *I must soon go*.

Saty. Feby 11th 1815. My dear Ellen & I called on good Dr. Buchanan[1] last Saty. morning ;—he seemed recovering from a severe cold, brought on by traveling, night & day, from York ; & which had increased by attending the funeral of his friend, Henry Thornton,[2] not many days ago.

Dr. B—— seemed to be in good spirits, & talked very

[1] The Rev. Claudius Buchanan D.D. (1766-1815), after serving as chaplain in Bengal, was appointed Vice-Provost of Lord Wellesley's college at Fort William. With Lord Wellesley's encouragement, he made tours through India, to promote education and propagate the Gospel. At the time of his death he was engaged in revising a Syriac translation of the New Testament. (*D.N.B.*)

" Richard Watts, who had a printing office in Broxbourne 1810-15, did much " work for the Doctor, and he appears to have been a descendant, probably " grandson, of the Watts of Wild Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, in whose office " the great Benjamin Franklin worked when in England in 1725-6. The " tradition of the Broxbourne office was that it had the actual press used by " Franklin when he worked as a journeyman . . . . The identical press was " secured and presented to the Philosophical Society of Philadelphia by John " B. Murray, of New York, in 1841. . . . The Broxbourne printing-office " was at the corner of Mill-Lane, where the Post Office now stands." (Tregelles, *A History of Hoddesdon* p. 430.)

[2] Henry Thornton (1760-1815) financier, economist and philanthropist, M.P. for Southwark. He was an influential member of the Clapham Sect, and supported Wilberforce in his anti-slavery campaign. Henry Thornton provided Dr. Buchanan with the funds which enabled him to go to Cambridge, and which Dr. Buchanan subsequently repaid. He is buried at Clapham. (*D.N.B.*)

Miss Emily Thornton, who has for many years resided at Broxbourne House, is of the same family.

cheerfully with Ellen & me. On my return into my Cell I amused myself in minuting some of his remarks in my Scribblements.

When he had been sitting with me, some time ago, he rallied me good-humouredly on various articles in my *Cell*, & particularly noticed my *elm-case*,[1] which is intended to hold my mortal remains ; he took us into his little inner reading-room to show us how full it was ; he pointed to a recess ; & jocularly remarked that it would not hold a coffin. I replied that I thought there was room enough for such an article of furniture, if he placed it *upright*, as mine is placed.

Little did he or I think that he would actually *occupy* a coffin in less than a week !

I have had a very interesting conversation with Dr. B——n's servant, who has lived with him for some years. . . . After reading, as usual, a chapter of the Bible, & making some remarks, the Dr., in his family-prayer, thanked God for the quiet & refreshing sleep of the past night, while thousands had been saying—" Would to God that it were morning ! "—&, on that very morning, (Thursdy.)—" Would to God that it were " night ! " (Deut. 28. 67.)

These & other expressions struck the mind of the young man more forcibly than they otherwise would have done —in consequence of a dream, or " vision," which he had, the very night before ;—& which he had told the housekeeper, while they were at breakfast,—prefacing it

[1] As to William Jones' motive for placing the " plain elm-case " in his study, & the " very rude & impertinent remarks " thereby occasioned, *see* Aug. 24th 1816. The coffin stood upright, was fitted with shelves, & used as a cupboard. Not so very many years ago there were still old folk in the parish, who remembered having been refreshed from its contents. But the owner became too stout to take " corporeal possession."

with a hope that he was not a fatal dreamer !—He saw, in his dream, his Master lying dead in his coffin, with a quantity of snow on his breast : &, though he was standing at the head of the coffin, a number of doves seemed to alight upon the snow, & peck it off !

When he waited on his Master, he was delighted to see him eat a more than usually hearty breakfast, & go out, some time afterwards, to call on some of his neighbours. He chatted, for some minutes, at Mr. John Smith's ;— & afterwards crossed to Mr. Holt's ;—his 3rd. & last call in this world was at Mrs. Auber's :—there he was seized with a fainting fit, & afterwards assisted home by his faithful servant. . . . When he breathed his last, which was between 11 & 12 o'clock that very night, it was so like falling into a gentle sleep that Mr. Watts had recourse to a mirrour, to ascertain whether he had ceased to breathe. . . . .

The man, who occupies my thoughts very frequently, had it in contemplation, after having superintended the printing of 6,000 copies of the Syriac version, to crown his labour of love by visiting the Syrian Christians once more, & distributing among them, with his own hands, the inestimable treasure !—But now, " the grave " must be his " house,"—& his " bed " must be " made in the " darkness " of the earth (Job. 17. 13)

Feby 13*th.* 1815. Fine *gemmen* & ladies shudder at the very idea of viewing a corpse ! After all the anxious care that they bestow to pamper, adorn, perfume, &c, their own frail bodies, how mortifying must it be to them to think of the havoc of death, how soon they will become *loathsome*, & a prey to *worms !*

I saw the dead body of dear Dr. B——, this morning ;

—O ! how changed ! I recognized his placid countenance ;—but, before the servant would suffer me to enter the room, he soaked my handkerchief with lavender water, and the nurse filled one of my hands with lavender-flowers.

Upon the tablet, in memory of " Fair Rosamund," in Godstow Chapel, is written,—*Non redolet, sed olet !* And this may be written of the fairest human flower ;—for " man cometh up, & is cut down like a flower ; he " fleeth as it were a shadow, & never continueth in one " stay ! "

Feby 14th. 1815 Dr. B—— was a man of the most sprightly & various conversation ; for he had traveled much,— with the eyes, ears, &c, of his body & mind opened. N.B. This is not the case with all travelers.

A man must be very vain of his own conversational talents who would not prefer listening to such a man as Dr. B——to his own chattering. When he passed the evening in my cottage, we were, all of us, delighted. I was not silent, & my wife told my girls that what I said was very well said, & to the purpose ; but Mr. Gallot, a French gentleman, who was of the party, expressed his astonishment at the kindness and deference which I shewed the good Doctor, in letting him have so very large a share in the conversation ;—he seemed ready to say,—" Monsr. Jones, votre mari, a de grands talents pour le silence " ! !

Saty. Feb. 18th 1815. My Church bell tolled mournfully this morning during the funeral procession of Dr. B——, whose body is carried for interment in the parish where he has for some time usually resided, about four miles from York. I think my parish of Broxbourn highly

favoured in having been the residence of this eminently pious man, though only for a few months ; he cannot, I trust, have mixed with any of my parishioners, without fixing upon their minds some lasting impression favorable to religion. . . . . Dr. B—— was a burning & a shining light ; no wonder then that he was offensive to *owls* & *bats* which love darkness rather than light ! Will not the Philistines in Leadenhall Street, & elsewhere, who wish to keep India in Pagan darkness ;—will they not triumph & shout, because this champion of Christ, & of the Bible, has fallen by the hand of Death ?

Sunday morning. March 19th. 1815 ½ *past six o'clock* . . . . . The less of my time I pass out of my Cell, the better ; for I seldom return to it without feelings more or less painful. When I quit my Cell to mix in parties of this world, Satan seems too often to employ me, as the Philistines " when their hearts were merry " called for Samson out of his prison-house to make them sport. By being frequently off my guard, I fear that I do much hurt to the cause of religion. My associates, too generally men & women of the world, see, & hear, & laugh at my folly ; but they are not witnesses to my very painful *after-feelings*, the *stings* & *goadings* of my conscience, when I retire & reflect ; to be privy to these compunctious feelings would, I am sure, operate as an antidote to the poison. . . .

I feel well assured that it is only the grace of Almighty God, which can make me cease to be a fool !

April 24th. My good friend Mr. Bury is continually heaping favours upon me ; he is certainly an *unique*, or a *non-such*, in the Stock-exchange ; he is, assuredly, neither a " bull " nor a " bear ; "—he must be a man of

a princely spirit, who not only watches over my little Bank-concerns without fee or reward,—*alias*, *commission* ; but invites & always very kindly receives me under the hospitable roof of—what he is pleased modestly to call his " cottage " !

How shall I repay him for his kindness ? O ! that I might be his *broker* in the momentous concerns of his *soul !* how rejoiced should I be to see his " name," & the " names " of all his family, " written in " the Bank of Heaven ;—securing to them never-ending annuities & interests,—" treasures in Heaven, where neither moth " nor rust doth corrupt ; & where thieves do not break " through nor steal ! "

My good friend Bury, instead of tearing the epistle which I intend sending him to the purport of this entry, or devoting it to the temple of *Cloacina*, will skim it over, even in his office ; &, in the evening, read it more leisurely, examining his Bible for the references.

Adieu !

April 29th. 1815. To give a zest to all my enjoyments, I need not read books ; but only read & observe what passes around me, & by my Cell-windows ;—the variety of laborious ways, which my fellow-mortals are pursuing, to gain a livelihood !

I read a page or two of this sort, a few days ago, near the Mill, where four or five bargemen, not more strongly built than I was originally, were unloading a barge of wheat. I could not but feel astonished at the adroitness & apparent ease with which they carried the large, heavy sacks along a highly-raised & dangerous passage of planks, continued singly, & springing under them & their load, as they passed from the water to the upper part of

Mr. Waller's granary. I almost trembled for them, lest they should trip, & be crushed under their load. Their payment was at the rate of 2½d. for two sacks.

May 8th 1815. The first of my *scribblements*, in the form of a Journal, is dated Jany. 27th 1777, at Oxford ; & it is stitched in the 3rd volume of this General Journal, the 1st. page of which is dated March 7th. 1778, on board *The Lady's Adventure*, a very large, fine West India ship, Captain James Cooper.

I have, for many years, wished, & purposed, to glance my eyes over the pages, in order to make an index ; but have not been able to persuade myself to begin it, in earnest, till today. I cannot retrace scribblements of so distant a date back in my life as 38 years, without some pleasing reflections ; and very many painful, yet salutary, recollections. . . . . .

God is everywhere, a very present help, & my soul experienced many seasons of refreshment & rejoicing, even in Jamaica, which the good & indefatigable George Whitefield had denominated the " suburbs of Hell," after a vain attempt, on his part, to induce the inhabittants to listen to the sounds of the Gospel !

Sunday morning 6 *o'clock Augt. 6th.* How very different are my feelings, this morning, from what they were this day se'nnight, after having remained to a very unreasonable hour at Mrs. Lutyens's. Mr. Capper upbraided, or rallied me, afterwards, for the cheerfulness which I seemed to show on the occasion. It was but *seeming* ;— I was, doubtless, the least comfortable individual in the party ;—for my conscience was upbraiding me, at the time, that I was *out of my place.*

Octr 1st. At the end of a long walk in Dr. Young's

garden at Welwyn a seat seemed to invite, & promise rest ;—but, on approaching, it was discovered to be a painting,—with an inscription—*Invisibilia non decipiunt*. The " things, which are *not* seen, do not deceive, or " disappoint."[1]

Decr. 5th. As my sons, who have been in public offices, in which they have had too much time at their own disposal, have occasioned much discomfort to their mother & me, we are about trying to make our youngest son, Ferdinand, a *useful* member of society as a tradesman. May he be honest & industrious ! . . . . .

I thank Heaven that, the older I grow, the more I abhor the narrow spirit of bigotry ! How hateful must it be in the sight of God ! Let me not love a Christian,—because he is a churchman, or a dissenter ;—but let my *prime* reason for loving either a churchman or a dissenter be—that he is a *Christian*.

January 17th 1816. Dr. Randolph[2] was translated from Oxford to Bangor ;—& thence to the see of London, in 1809, on the translation of Bishop Porteous[3] to Heaven. Dr. Randolph had a Confirmation at Ware, on Tuesday July 27th. 1813 ; & I had the pleasure, or rather the honor, of dining with him, on that day, together with several other clergymen. His Lordship appeared to be in good health & spirits.

[1] In June 1781 Dr. Johnson and Boswell visited this garden. Boswell describes the Summer-house, on which was inscribed, *Ambulantes in horto audiebant vocem Dei*, and " a row of trees, planted by Dr. Young, which formed a hand-" some Gothick arch ; Dr. Johnson called it a fine grove. I beheld it with " reverence."

[2] John Randolph (1749-1813), Bishop of Oxford 1799, of Bangor 1807, of London 1809. He was seized with apoplexy, while on horseback, during a visit to his son, the Rector of Much Hadham, Herts, and died July 28th, 1813. (*D.N.B.*) This son, the Revd. Prebendary Thomas Randolph was Rector of Much Hadham from 1812-1875, where he is well remembered.

[3] *See* June 15th 1798.

Having heard that Mr. Lagden,[1] the vicar of Ware, was a rapid reader, & that his voice was faint & inaudible, I was so surprised that I could not help asking Miss Mash, in whose seat I sat, whether the vicar was exerting himself more than commonly, out of compliment to the Bishop. Before she could say "yes," her answer became unnecessary; for her old father, who is very dull of hearing, entered the pew; &, distrusting his spectacled eyes, asked his daughter hastily—"*Who* is the reader? *Who* "is the reader?"

It was amusing to notice how much the favorable notice of the Right Reverend Bishop seemed to be courted, at & after dinner, by the several Reverends!

Query—whether any unbeneficed, or even beneficed guest of the Bishop's would have been willing to barter 20 or 30 probable years of life for 10, or 15,—a term, which appeared likely to the Bishop? Alas! an apoplectic stroke snatched him from life, on the very next day after the Confirmation! Having mounted his horse to take a ride, he fell off, & was a corpse in a few hours.

It is remarkable that poor Wilkins, the landlord of *The Falcon* at Waltham-Cross, dropped instantly dead, the same day, as he was crossing his yard, after the postchaise & four, dispatched to Town for medical assistance, of no avail to the Bishop, whose "hour was come!"

The "authority" with which Dr. R—— was "dressed," as Bishop of London, was not *little*,—but it was *brief*. He did not long enjoy it. He has ceased to be an object of envy;—but I humbly trust that he is infinitely happier than he could be in the midst of the highest earthly honours!

[1] Henry Allen Lagden, vicar of Ware 1791-1832.

The Royal Preacher says,—" A living dog is better " than a dead lion ; "—& who is not ready to say that a living curate is better than a dead Bishop, or even Arch-bishop ;—" for to him " (the curate) " that is " joined to all the living there is hope " of obtaining what is called—or, rather, what is often *mis*-called—a " living ! "

" London-House " in St. James's Square, & the delightful Palace at Fulham, have long ago welcomed Dr. Howley,[1] the present Bishop, as they had done his predecessors ; & abundance of flatterers, doubtless, buzzed about him with compliments of congratulation. How long Dr. H—— may continue, Heaven only knows ; but there seems to be little or nothing of him ;—he has not any substance ; to look at that part of his Lordship, which, in human bodies, is, generally, somewhat rotund, —he seems as if, though a Bishop, " he never dined ! " —he is of a *thread-paper* form ! . . . . .

As some pure, prim, faded females, with all the airs of antiquated virginity, have been heard to say —" I " might have been married,—if it had not been for &c, " &c,"—so, on the death of this or that Bishop, some parsons, ashamed of being unwedded to a benefice, have pretended to have been on, & very near the top of the Bishop's list of preferment. When the poor tatler, Worthington, ran, on the very morning of Dr. Randolph's death, to tell me with a sort of *full-mouthed* pleasure, that I should " never dine with the Bishop " again,"—" he has eaten his last dinner ! "—" he " is dead ! "—W—— added that poor B——y was

[1] William Howley (1766-1848), Bishop of London 1813, Archbishop of Canterbury 1828. He carried the news of the death of William IV to Queen Victoria. (*D.N.B.*)

sadly bewailing his hopes which were blasted by this event !

(See more in rough note-book No. 2. p. 355).

Feby 1st. 1816. Previous to the dinner furnished by Bishop R——, while waiting for it to be served up, I was sitting in a part of the room, where Mr. Franklin,[1] the gay ruddy grammar-master of the blue-coat school[2] at Hertford, was describing to my neighbour, Mr. McCulloch,[3] a sort of club of *bons-vivans* parsons, who met to eat a joyous, merry dinner, &c ! but I must do Mr. C—— the justice to add that he did not shew any symptoms of wishing to be enrolled among this *parsonic crew*, & to be admitted to their jollifications.

Such an assemblage is, by some mortals, mis-called " good-fellowship ! " it surely has nothing Christian in it. But Christian ministers might meet, occasionally, to very great mutual advantage ; & I would allow them to dine together, & take two or three glasses of what Addison calls " edifying Port."

Solomon hath, long ago, observed that " as iron shar- " peneth iron, so a man sharpeneth the countenance of " his friend ; " (Prov. 27. 17) & we are told that 'squire Thornhill used to set the vicar of Wakefield's two

[1] Charles Lamb ends his Essay on *Christ's Hospital five and thirty years ago :* " fine, frank-hearted Fr——, the present Master of Hertford, with Marmaduke " T——, the mildest of Missionaries,—and both my good friends still—close " the catalogue of Grecians in my time." (*The Essays of Elia*).

[2] By this is meant the Hertford branch of Christ's Hospital, which is now a girl's school, but till recently educated both boys and girls. Turner (*History of Hertford*, p. 325) states that there were also formerly Blue Coat Schools both at Ware and Broxbourne, and that for the Broxbourne Scholars Sir John Fleet, Alderman of London and Governor of Christ's Hospital, erected a gallery in the Church in 1691. Tregelles (*A History of Hoddesdon* p. 369) says, " it does not seem to be a fact that there ever was an actual branch of the Blue " Coat School in Broxbourne," but thinks there was some system of boarding-out the Scholars in the parish. In 1603 many of them died of the plague (*ib*).

[3] Rector of Wormley.

youngest sons to box, in order to teach them, (as he said), to be " sharp " !

Now I would have my parsonic brethren lose as little time as possible in disputations, alias wordy sparrings ;— for they are *disjunctives*,—& tend not to any purpose of usefulness or of friendship. But let them frankly communicate to each other what they have digested, & deliberately written, on this or that subject, in the intervals of their friendly meetings ; & I would recommend to them to compare their public & private successes, experiences, &c, &c. ; for, by thus unbosoming themselves, they will strengthen & encourage each other in their Christian course, by a sort of interchange of hearts.

Feby 15*th.* 1816. Though I humbly trust that, by the blessing of God, my ministration in holy things has not been without " seal," yet, without any affectation of modesty, or diffidence, I can truly say that I should prefer being a hearer, rather than a preacher, except occasionally, all the remainder of my life. I wish to find a young sprig of divinity, or a Christian candidate for Holy Orders, to whom I would give what is called a " Title,"—with such an appointment, including his board, as might be mutually satisfactory. He might enlarge his income by rendering occasional assistance to any of the neighbouring clergy ; &, in return for his assisting me in the instruction of foreign gentlemen in English, I would communicate to him my method, &c, the result of many years' experience. By introducing him afterwards to some of my mercantile friends, & giving him an almost certain *potentiality* of having an income of 4, or 500£ a year, he might take unto himself a wife, as an earlier " benefit of clergy " than many of his young brethren do, with prudence.

I do not intend to continue in the profession of teaching much longer ; &, if I were inclined to it, I may expect that death will shortly interrupt me : but, however long my life may be continued, there would be abundance of pupils for him & for me.

I have recommended some foreigners to my friend Pickthall[1] at Waltham-Abbey ; & I am convinced that he might have continued to have six or seven under his roof, if he & his dear spouse had adopted a proper method.

March 7th. 1816. " Covered with glory " ! ! for how many long years did we read this hackneyed & abused phrase in bulletins,—alias, bills of bloodshed !

June 14th. Much good may be done, especially to poor, industrious tradesmen, by lending them small sums, occasionally ; &, if they are honest men, it may be done with very little risk.

I have seldom lost anything ; but it is remarkable that I have not so often lent to those, who *asked* me, as to persons to whom I have suggested the convenience of borrowing of me, on the spur of pressing occasions. And not calling for a year's tithe, till a second year is nearly due, has been acknowledged as a favour of forbearance by my farmers.

But I shall never forget the *modest* request of Mr. T— a few weeks ago, that I would sell as much stock as might produce two thousand pounds, & lend that sum to him !

[1] The Revd. Thomas Pickthall succeeded Mr. Jones as Vicar of Broxbourne in 1821, and held the living till his death in 1853. From 1832-1853 he was also Rector of the adjoining parish of Wormley. His son, the Revd. Charles Grayson Pickthall, (Rector of Chillesford, Suffolk, d. 1881), married, first, Ellen Louisa Christie, a granddaughter of William Jones, and was the grandfather of the late Miss Marjorie Pickthall, the Canadian poetess ; by his second wife, Mary, widow of William Hale and daughter of Rear Admiral D. H. O'Brien, he was the father of Mr. Marmaduke Pickthall, the novelist and essayist.

He has been speculating madly in wool, &c ; and manufacturing a superabundance of goods, which are now good for little or nothing, as the war—to his *sorrow*—is ended ! About 6000£, he intimated, would not be too much for his embarrasments, which he said were only " tem- " porary ; " & he was so kind as to propose to levy only 2,000£ on me ! How *modest !*

This was his chief motive for visiting my humble cottage ; his manner was abrupt, & unceremonious, as if he were conferring a favour on me by borrowing of me ; & the time of his making the proposal was very unseasonable,—a few minutes only before I was to appear in the Desk & Pulpit ! I said little more than to express my surprise, & that I should feel great reluctance to unsettle the fruits & small savings of many years ;—&, I might well have added that I should be extremely unwilling to risk them in the hands of a man whose whole life has been consumed in " *making haste to be rich.*"

The manner of our parting must have hurt his proud feelings ; I, therefore, do not expect to be soon honoured with another visit. I feel very indifferent about it.

What would my *spouse* say, if she knew his last errand ? Would she not forbid him my cottage ?

Thursday. July 18th. 1816. " Ah ! lovely appearance " of death ! "

As soon as I quitted my bed-room, this morning, I went to view the corpse of my dear Henry ! I saw my dear son draw his last breath,—I saw him *breathe it out*, yesterday, between two & three o'clock P.M. I watched the departure of his precious spirit, which " returned to " God that gave it ; "—& never have I seen death in

so gentle & amiable a light. Death was received & welcomed as a *friend !*

Henry's mind & self-possession was entire, to the very last. I shall never forget the kiss, which his *parched, dying* lips impressed on my hand ; & how he pressed my hand in his, until his own hand was benumbed by death ! Never surely can I forget the placid, benign, smiling aspect of his countenance, four or five times, particularly, a little before he reclined his head, in order to partake of the blessedness of those, who die in the Lord.

I have been, I trust, long preparing for death ; & I now feel, by the grace of God, a desire to make more haste. . . . .

To the " never-failing Providence " of God I owe that I was not in Town, as I fully intended ;—how painfully should I have regretted to be told that he had, at the near approach of death, called for me in vain ! What satisfaction,—what a lesson in dying should I have lost !

I sent my son Charles, & the nurse, out of the room, & had some very interesting communication with him. One remark, which he made, delighted my very heart & soul ; & I wish that every parent in my parish, & even in the kingdom, could have been around his death-bed, to hear his lips utter the following words, as nearly as I can recollect. " There is not anything, to which I can " ascribe my retaining, through my life, a sense of God's " goodness, & a desire to be saved through Christ, so " much as to my having been, by the blessing of Heaven, " early taught to *pray* ;—&, in spite of all the errors of " my conduct, I never gave up the habit of praying." This brought into my recollection the saying of an old

Christian,—" *Praying* will make a man leave off *sinning* ; " —or *sinning* will make a man leave off *praying*." And the Christian may rest assured that praying breath was never spent in vain.

July 19*th*. 1816. I will, henceforth, consider the death-bed of a Christian as the ante-chamber of Heaven,—& the very *suburbs* of the New Jerusalem.

July 20th. 2 Sam. chapr. 12th. is appointed as the first lesson of the Church-service, tomorrow morning. I can hardly believe my eyes, although I plainly perceive it to be so. My wife & children are likewise astonished ;—they *know* that this has happened *over* & *over again* ;—for they have heard me, on some occasions, sob the chapter out. It is a most affecting passage from verse 15th. to the 23rd. containing an account of the sickness & death of David's child.—" But now he is dead, wherefore " should I fast ? Can I bring him back again ? *I shall* " *go to him* ;—*but he will not return to me*."

I do not feel myself equal to reading this chapter tomorrow ; &, therefore, as I cannot engage any clergyman whom I know, I will, agreeably to Bishop Randolph's advice, shut up the Church, rather than employ a stranger,—perhaps a *mock-parson !*

Mondy. *July* 22*nd*. I cannot help feeling a sort of dread, mixed with a desire, of performing the last office for my son. I hope that my feelings as a *Christian* will prevail over those of a *father*.

I thank Heaven that it is over ! I could not help feeling acutely ;—but I bless God for his release.

Augt. 13*th*. My daughters, Dosy & Mary, accompanied me to Town, for the first time, on Mondy. the 5th.—& we returned to our quiet home on Saty. We set out in good

humour, & felt resolved to be pleased with the persons whom we were to visit, & the *raree-sights* & shews, which we intended to see ;—&, I think, I may truly add—that we were pleased. We should, indeed, be very ungrateful, had we not been pleased ; for Mr. Geo. Harrison, Mr. Mash, &c, &c, received us very kindly.

But the bustle & noise of London have so jumbled & confused me, that I know not when I shall be myself again, & quite collected. How thankful ought I to be, that I am not under the necessity of living *always* in smoke & confusion !

Augt. 14*th.* 1816. I have never passed five days so pleasantly in Town, as in my last excursion. A plant, with abundance of good earth about its fibrous roots, feels not its moving ;—so I, with a good daughter on each side of me, wherever I went, could almost fancy myself at home.

Saty. Augt. 24*th.* As soon as I had bespoken an article of useful furniture for my *Cell*, in the form of a coffin, a " hue & cry " was instantly raised, & very rude & impertinent remarks were made.

Cheffins *buzzed* the matter about, long before he brought home the very plain elm-case ; & I suppose that he felt somewhat alarmed, lest I might hurt his " craft," as an undertaker, by my lectures in favour of plain inexpensive funerals. Old Farrington told me, yesterday, that he & all Cheffins's journeymen " had a hand " in the job, that they might have it to say that they had had that " honour " !

I could not help observing that he & many of his shopmates might, perhaps, occupy a case of that description, before I should take *corporeal* possession of mine.

All that I shall now add upon the subject, is that I have

scribbled an apology or defence of my conduct for the satisfaction of my fellow-mortals ! See MSS. No 54 p. 61 &c.

I have now to account for a recent instance of what some of my neighbours may deem *mis*-conduct ! My dame called on Mrs. W——, some months ago, & found her & her daughter living very comfortably together. My dear daughters & I called on our old acquaintances, & were rejoiced to find my wife's good report to be true. In the course of our short visit, it was intimated that Mrs. C——had very urgent occasion to go to Hoddesdon on business of her Mother's, & I felt it as a duty & a pleasure to invite her to spend a few days in my cottage. The Mother was very warm in her acknowledgments for the intended favour.

But my cottage seemed to be deserted, as if a plague, or all the plagues of Egypt, had overwhelmed it ; scarce a human being of the parish, or of the hamlet, has ventured to call, after Mrs. C——'s entering into it. But as the *plague-spot* is now gone, all apprehensions of *infection* will, I trust, be dissipated, without my having the trouble of fumigating my cottage.

I most sincerely believe that the young woman is truly self-condemned, & more degraded in her own estimation than in that of her most malicious & cruel enemies. She is an object of pity, rather than of hatred, or of contempt.[1]

On a certain occasion, when Christ had said to the accusing scribes & Pharisees,—" He, that is without sin " among you, let him first cast a stone at her,"—they, who heard it, being convicted in their own conscience, went out of the Temple, one by one ; & Jesus was left

[1] *See supra* Nov. 17th 1802.

alone, & the woman standing in the midst. . . . And Jesus said unto her,—" Neither do I condemn thee ; " go, & sin no more." . . . .

I will frankly write what I feel to be the *truth*,—that I would infinitely rather receive as guests in my cottage such characters as *publicans* & *harlots*, if penitent, & brought to a right mind, than any of the prim, formal & sour-hearted Pharisees who " trust in themselves that " they are righteous, & despise others." " God declares " His almighty power most chiefly in shewing mercy & " pity ; "—why should any mortal delight in crushing & trampling on a fellow-mortal, who has fallen ?

I cannot help recording Mrs. Cheshyre's kindness to Mr. W——'s unfortunate daughter ; she was the first to receive her, & desirous of restoring her to credit & comfort in society. She received her as an inmate in her house, after her father's death & *coveted* her company during the few days which she passed in my cottage. I must add that the aforesaid Mrs. C—— has always professed to be most *severely*, *heroically*, & *outrageously virtuous* ;—& she is reputed to be *above half a Quakeress !*

N.B. I am tired of scribbling !

Sepr. 28th. 1816. Does not Sterne, somewhere, say that with the two short expressions, " Tant mieux ! " & " Tant pis ! "—you may travel through France ? And will not these expressions, translated, serve to travel through life ? I am, every now & then, exclaiming, " How rapid is the flight of Time ! " Do I mean to complain ?—I ought to rejoice, & say " Tant mieux ! " " so much the better ! "

Drs. Gall & Spurzheim's Craniology, or Physiology of the Brain, seems to me to tend directly towards material-

ism, *alias* atheism ! Strange, that such volumes should be introduced into our book-society !

Octr. 1*st* 1816. " *Gemmen* " ! Ought I to wish that it were in my power to furnish my sons with 5 or 600*£* a year each ?—I " trow " not ; for it would probably transform them into " *gemmen*,"—*alias*—idle, useless & worthless beings.

A negro compared a " fine *gemman* " to a pig ;—" he " eat well " !—" he drink well " ! &c, &c,—and " he " do nothing, but walk about " ! Had this negro ever heard of the transformation of Ulysses' companions into swine by the sorceress, Circe, *alias*, sensual pleasure ?

Oct 8*th*. With the greatest reluctance do I ever quit my Cell. I quitted it, yesterday, to mix, for a few minutes, in a Justices' room, in Cheshunt. There they were crowded, & " bothered " with Acts of Parliament, complaints of rates, &c, &c.

Many clergymen are Magistrates,—but the office seems to me unsuitable for any Minister of the Gospel ; it must consume much of his time, & create many enemies. O ! how glad I was to quit the room, & breathe the free, open air !

Novr. 2nd. Learned ladies are said to be negligent of the drawers that contain the family-linen, &c, & to cease studying the pantry & the comforts of those who are *alive* around them, when they conceive a passion for the *dead* languages. But Mrs. Carter was not of this class ; for, in an uninterrupted attention to domestic duties, she translated Epictetus, & fitted her brother for the University.[1]

[1] He was her half-brother, Henry Carter, and 21 years the junior of the famous blue-stocking. (*See A Woman of Wit and Wisdom* by Miss Alice C. C. Gaussen).

After passing examination, at his admission, in an extraordinary style, I have been told that, on retiring, his college-tutor remarked,—" My young friend, you have " been educated in a very good school." " I have not " been at *any* school, Sir,"—was the reply—"You must " then have had an able & faithful tutor, at home."—" I never had any tutor."—" Who then instructed you." The answer was—" *My Sister*."

Nov 19th 1816. I may now say—" I shall be 62 years old,—if I live to see the 18th of next November,[1] for yesterday was my birth-day. I was never so very kindly greeted on the occasion, as yesterday ;—& my three daughters, & Charles, spent the evening with their Mother & me at Mr. Charles Lutyens's, who entertained us very kindly & hospitably.

Nov 23rd. How astonished I am to observe 30 or 40 pages of my Journal, relating, directly or indirectly, to John Rogers, the most *outrageous* of all my earthly enemies & persecutors. But, for the quiet & comfort of many, whom he harrassed, he has been " silent in the " grave," for many years.

What a state of painful suspense was my mind in, May 4th. 1801 ! To the never-failing & over-ruling Providence of God I owe my obtaining the vicarage of Broxbourn, in spite of the vile *machinations* of some powerful & deadly enemies.

My anxiety continued to June 4th. 1801, when Bishop Porteous gave me his absolute promise ;—on the 5th. I received institution, &c, at Fulham. I was " inducted," on the 6th., into " the real, actual, & corporal possession

[1] According to this and other entries, William Jones was born in 1755. But his memorial tablet in Broxbourne Church states that he died on Oct 12th, 1821 in the 67th year of his age : if so, he would have been born Nov 18th 1754.

" of the Church & parish of Broxbourn," by the Revd. Thomas McCulloch, Rector of Wormley.

I " read myself in," &c, &, with a heart overflowing with gratitude to God, & to my very friendly parishioners; & with full & free forgiveness to the three or four individuals, who endeavoured to *ruin* a father & his numerous offspring, (ten children), whom he was honestly labouring to rear ;—with such sentiments,—& a resolution to endeavour to fulfil the solemn & very arduous duties of my office, I subscribed myself in the vicarial register

Wm. Jones.

While the ringers were expressing their joy for my having been inducted, (June 6th), Rogers, on his return from Hertford market, *bottle-valiant*, dared to cut some of the bell-ropes ; but they were spliced very soon ; & he, poor wretch, suffered very severely for his folly by being disturbed that whole night, & many succeeding days & nights, not only by the ringing, but by the hisses, hootings, & various insults of the populace, who received various sums of money from my parishioners to encourage them in the continuance of their mad frolics & harrassings of my *arch-fiend*, Rogers, who was universally detested.[1]

Poor creature ! how very much must he, & three or four of his *fellow-worms*, have been mortified on this occasion ! Poor Rogers did not long survive it ! he soon began to droop ; & he sank into the grave Dec 20th.

[1] In the Church Register of Births and Deaths, Mr. Jones has described this incident as follows :—" *Notitiae Parochiales. Saty. June 6th.* 1801. "The ringers " were expressing their joy for my having been inducted that evening, when the " same Mr. John Rogers, as Churchwarden, thought himself authorized to cut " the bell-ropes. The ringers were so over-awed, (I had almost said *dastardly*), " as to suffer him to cut four. Young Morris, a miller, had spirit enough to " defend the fifth. Poor R—— suffered very severely that whole night, & many " succeeding days & nights by the hisses, hootings & various insults of the " populace, & I hardly suppose the mad frolic will ever be forgotten."

1803. I cannot help thinking that the chagrin, &c, experienced at my promotion to the vicarage, tended to shorten his days (see *Journal of Health* 343) ; but I do not suppose that his death has caused a single tear of sorrow or regret to flow from the eyes even of his nearest relatives. I remember to have actually seen his eldest son, not only superintending the covering, &c, of the vault, which contained the remains of his father ;—but *with his own hands* arranging, leveling, & patting down with a spade the clods of turf over his father's corpse !

I will take my leave of this painful subject, with the sincere wish that follows the entry of R——'s name in the Burial register—*Requiescat in pace !*

Nov 30*th*. 1816. " Happy is he that condemneth not " himself in that thing which he alloweth." (Rom. 14. 22). Instead of *approving*, I doubt not that I shall condemn myself, if I join the party at Mr. John Smith's this evening.

When I engaged on Monday, I did not recollect that it would be the evening prior to the Sabbath, a Sacramental Sabbath, though, (I thank Heaven !) I have long been convinced that for the worthy receiving of the Holy Ordinance an habitual preparedness of heart & of soul is infinitely preferable to all the *mechanical* " Weeks' " Preparations ."—or trainings, which are in high favour with very many professing Christians. . . .

Had Betty White simply expressed her wish that I should be of the party, this evening, I should have considered it as arising from her kind desire that I should, now & then, relax my mind in the cheerful company of my parishioners ; but I felt myself rather offended by her peremptorily denying me leave to disengage myself.

Query—Does not aunt Smith, by calling her nieces

" the Ladies,"—as if by way of *eminence* & *distinction*,—instead of Betty & Ann White, tempt them to think more highly of themselves than they ought to think ?

Decr. 16th. 1816. I have just read over a long entry from p : 1380 to 1415 ;[1] but whatever hypothesis of Universal Restoration human ingenuity may frame must be overthrown by the general current of Holy Writ. Men may plead by their wishes, but not by any solid, scriptural arguments against the eternal duration of Hell-torments. If the punishment be considered as *excessive*, why do not sinners have recourse to the prescribed means of avoiding it altogether ? [2]

Decr 19th. Sectaries, &c—Mr. Millar, the vicar of Harlow, Essex, who is a very mild, benevolent man, is, I am told, often seen " arm & arm " with the dissenting Minister, who is settled in his parish.[3] I have also been not a little pleased to hear that Dr. Luscombe, *alias* Dr. Boreas, is intimate with Mr. Maslen, who preaches in the " schism-shop " at Hertford ! The *hue* & *cry* is—" The Church is in danger ! "

Let the Ministers of " the Church " shew Christian kindness to Dissenters ;—if they are obdurate, such conduct will melt them down : (Rom. 12. 20). If they

[1] See *supra*, March 27th 1802.

[2] " A pleasing vision ! could we thus be sure
" Polluted souls would be at length so pure ;
" The view is happy, we may think it just,
" It may be true—but who shall add, it must ?
" To the plain words and sense of Sacred Writ,
" With all my heart I reverently submit ;
" But where it leaves me doubtful, I'm afraid
" To call conjecture to my reason's aid ;
" Thy thoughts, thy ways, great God ! are not as mine,
" And to thy mercy I my soul resign."
(Crabbe. *Religious Sects*).
Mr. Jones appears to have returned to the opinion he held on Aug 27th 1778.

[3] How the Harlow Dissenters proved their respect for Mr. Millar is narrated April 28th 1817.

have any *gall*, this will extract it. If they are at all malicious, this will disarm their malice.

Decr. 26th. 1816. I was admitted into the holy order of Deacons by Dr. Butler,[1] the bishop of Oxford, on a complimentary title, or appointment to a Church in Oxford, & there, (St. Aldate's, near Pembroke College), I preached my first sermon. I afterwards officiated, gratuitously, for two or three months, in two parishes, (Toot-Balding, & North-Moreton), 7 or 8 miles from Oxford, for Mr. (now Dr.) Brydges, a fellow of Magdalen-college, while he was walking, for his pleasure, over a great part of Germany.

It was no small compliment to entrust his Churches to me, a mere novice ; for he is truly of the class of Evangelical preachers. Being of the Chandos family, he is in possession of some considerable livings.

Dr. B——, some years ago, entered into an agreement, for a considerable period of time, to exchange the duty of one of his Churches with Dr. Parr, a preacher of a different stamp ;—&, on the first Sunday, after reciting his text, he began thus :—" My dear hearers, I intend " speaking to you concerning Jesus Christ, a *name which* " *you have seldom heard mentioned in this pulpit.*"

Decr. 28th. When the Schoolmasters' Society was first established, about nineteen years ago, I had the honour of dining, at the Crown & Anchor in the Strand, with about thirty of my fraternity, who might be called the foundation-stones of a Society, which has greatly increased. As our anniversary dinners have, for some

[1] John Butler (1717-1802), a popular London preacher, prebendary of Winchester 1760. Having written numerous pamphlets in support of Lord North's policy, he became Bishop of Oxford in 1777. In 1788 he was translated to Hereford. (*D.N.B.*)

years, been attended by persons of the first distinction, & even graced with the presence of one or other of the Royal Dukes, we may, perhaps, be honoured with the title of *The Royal Society of Schoolmasters*.

In the account, given in the Newspapers, of our first dinner, I have often felt surprised that the first sentiment given by Dr. Burney[1] (in the Chair) after the removal of the cloth, was not published; for it was a most appropriate sentiment for a Society of *b—m—brushers!* "May the birch-tree never be supplanted by the tree of "liberty!" And this sentiment particularly suited Dr. B——, for I have been repeatedly assured that the article, birch, is distinctly charged in all his school-accounts; & that he buys it *by the cart-load!*[2]

Jany 1st. 1817. A new year is just opening. What numbers have entered into the invisible world, in the course of the last year,—many of my acquaintances, friends & relatives,—& here I yet remain. . . . .

Dr. Young writes—

"Of age the glory is, to wish to die."

I have observed, in some pages of my Journal, expressions of impatience,—a sort of *lothing* of life; but I frankly confess that I suspect them to be the offspring of some occasional peevishness rather than of heavenly-mindedness. And if Death had made his appearance, on

[1] The Revd. Charles Burney D.D. (1757-1817), son of Dr. Burney the musician, and brother of Frances Burney (Madame d'Arblay), prospered as a schoolmaster at Hammersmith, and afterwards at Greenwich. At his death his library was bought by the nation for £13,500. Sir James Mackintosh, advocating this purchase in the House of Commons, said that "the restoration "of a single passage in Demosthenes was alone worth the sum in the eyes of a "free nation." (*D.N.B.*). Dr. Parr said there were three great Grecians in England. "Porson is the first; Burney is the third; and who is the second I "need not tell." (Field's *Parr*, quoted by Dr. Birkbeck Hill, *Boswell's Life of Johnson*. Vol. 4 p. 385).

[2] *See* also Dec. 27th and 29th 1803. Farington the Diarist dined with the Society in Dec. 1804.

any of these occasions, I should, probably, have followed the example of the old man in the fable, & requested his Deathship to assist me in replacing my fagot upon my shoulders.

Here I still am, with my eyes open to this world! Wm. Christie,[1], Hy. Cooper, & many other young persons, of both sexes, are hurried off the stage of life;—surviving relatives & friends are shocked & grieved;—but alas! we very soon forget the "dear departed"!

I can hardly resist mentioning here a circumstance relative to my dear self, which I have never, I think, written before. Infants, generally, enter this world crying; I did not so;—I have been frequently & credibly informed by eye—or rather ear-witnesses,—I was silent,—I was *still-born*. The officious care of an old—(my pen was ready to prefix good to old—) mid-wife blew up the dormant spark of life, (*divinæ particulam auræ*); she stimulated or excited "my excitability,"—by burning feathers under my nostrils, with other sage expedients. While she was thus employed, my Aunt Price, who was always extremely short-sighted, could not foresee my future value & comfort to her, & was impatiently crying out,—"*Never mind the brat*,—let him "alone,—& attend to the Mother."

N.B.—This Aunt of mine had never been a mother, & was a stranger to a mother's feelings. My dear Mother approved & encouraged the attentions of the nurse; for she wished, after all her "pains & perils," to have a living child, although I was not her first-born.

Of my dear Mother's tenderness & unremitting care of

[1] William Christie, son of the William Christie mentioned Nov. 18th 1807, died on April 12th 1816 in his 28th year. His tablet is on the W. wall of the church.

me & of her many other children, I trust, I shall ever retain a most grateful remembrance ; &, as soon as my spirit is emancipated, may it embrace her blessed spirit, in the regions of eternal happiness,—to part no more! Amen !

Feby. 18*th.* 1817. I have just now observed a very severe visitation of John Starling, his wife & children, recorded under date July 26th 1815.

In order to procure them the means of subsistence in their distress, Mr. Swaine kindly accompanied me in a call on some of my parishioners ; & we increased our 2£ with the addition of 17, or 18£ more in various sums. Many objections were made against the poor fellow's character, even by some individuals, who yet did not withhold their contribution ; but Mr. Waller absolutely refused to assist him. The reason which he assigned for refusal was Starling's insolent behaviour to him. I remarked to Mr. W—— that S—— had repeatedly behaved to me in the most insolent manner ; but that I had, unsolicited by the poor creature, volunteered my services in his favour :—& that this was the only revenge I wished to take.

Alas ! I in vain recommended to Mr. W——r to be revenged on S—— in the same Christian way.

I flattered myself that the severe stroke inflicted by Providence would have humbled S——'s proud spirit ; but the stroke has not had the desirable effect. He is, I fear, *untameable*, of the *hyæna*-kind, an animal, that will bite the very hand which feeds it. He has given me, a few days ago, a very strong instance of his ingratitude & insolence. But I trust that even this will not deter me from assisting him & his family, if they fall into distress.

My dear wife calls such conduct *meanspiritedness* ; &, in order to prove that I have not a spice only, but a large quantity of this scurvy quality in my composition, she expressed herself, some time ago, in her very strong manner,—that if a man were to *cut off one of my hands*, & *offer to shake my other hand*, under a mask of friendship she verily believed that I would not withhold or refuse my hand.

I consider this sentence pronounced by my wife as a flattering compliment ; but I fear that she overrates my forbearing & forgiving spirit.

April 4th. 1817. My first walk with my grand-daughter was in my favourite Church-yard ;—I hardly need add that it was not a *silent* walk ;—for we are both chatterers. She liked the place, or my company, or both, so well, that she invited me to repeat our walk, the next day, with—"Come, dear Grandfather, with me, & let us *read the* "*dead !*" Could Dr. Young, or Dr. Old, or any poet, utter a more impressive invitation ?

Very early, this morning, while lying on my bed, with my slate in my hand, I have been thus employed ;—I have been *reading* the parish & hamlet ; & cannot remark any one house tenanted by the same mortals with whom I conversed thirty-six years ago. Most of the houses have frequently changed their tenants. The houses, gardens, grounds, &c, have been, to their utmost "capability," improved & beautified ;—& then Death has, without ceremony, or much previous notice, ejected the occupiers.

This has been poor John Smith's case. It is remarkable that he came into the world on Good Friday, 54 years ago ;—& was buried to-day—Good Friday !

I am almost become a stranger in my own parish &

neighbourhood. I have buried my clerk & sexton ; & the livings around me are occupied by a second, a third, or even a fourth incumbent since my first appearance in Broxbourn. Surely *my* turn, *my* exit cannot be far off !

April 28th. 1817. Mr. Tomlin lately introduced me to a Mr. Harvey, a very lively, liberal-minded Christian Minister, who succeeded Mr. T.—— at Stapleford, near Watton. I was not surprised at hearing that he is on the most sociable terms with Mr. Maslin, who, so far from feeling any hostility against the Established Church, requested Mr. H.—— to *favour* him with a few books of " Common Prayer ", which he wished to distribute among some poor Church-goers at Ware.

A very favourable situation offered for building a Meeting-house near Harlow-Church ; but the leading men among the dissenters declined it, through a kind respect for Mr. Millar.[1] No means appear to me so promising & likely to lessen the number of sectaries as a friendly & conciliatory spirit in the Church-clergy.

May 27th. I have now before me *Memoirs of the life & writings of the Revd. Claudius Buchanan D.D.* by the Revd. Hugh Pearson M.A. of St. John's College, Oxford. 2 vols 8vo. (1817) . . . . .

Every thing that I saw of Dr. Buchanan, while he lived in my parish, induced me to admire & love him ; but my love of his memory is increased *ten-fold* by reading these volumes, which contain the portraiture of a legitimate " son of God," drawn by the hand of Christian affection. No one, who belongs to the same blessed family, can regard it without emotion of soul. May it be abundantly blessed !

[1] *See* Dec. 19th 1816.

July 7th. 1817. "Of myself I will not glory, but in mine "infirmities." I feel great pleasure in being able to adopt these words, most heartily & literally, with respect to my bodily infirmities.

While I am shaving myself, I sometimes look into my almost *untoothed* mouth ; &, at the same time, consider my various other infirmities, which render me not unlike to a "broken vessel." I thank Heaven, that I am not dispirited ; my "spirit bears" me up, under all my "infirmities ;" it is not "wounded" by them.

July 17th. The venerable yew-tree,[1] which seems to be co-eval with the building of the Church, was, & still is, a favorite spot of mine. But, on account of its shade, & poisonous droppings, the turf beneath will not retain any verdure. My wife has, sometimes, expressed a wish to have her mortal remains inclosed in a bricked vault ; & I feel a readiness to comply with her wish in this particular . . . . . I wish, as soon as may be, to mix with my parent earth.

I was glad to observe that my *old mate* seemed pleased, when I proposed to remove the bodies of my departed children from the shade of the yew to a sleeping-place within the Church. A very favorable spot offered, on the right hand side, near where the National school-boys are seated. The last body, buried there, was that of the Revd. Phineas Rothwell, vicar, who died in 1735,[2] & there is ample room on his stone to record the names of my daughter & son. I have, at the same time, discovered that the ground on the right side of the grave is virgin earth, which has never been occupied ; it may accom-

[1] The venerable yew-tree, which still stands at the N.W. of the Church, is *reputed* to be 1000 years old.

[2] Phineas Rothwell had been vicar since 1694.

modate me very *comfortably*, or any part of my family, who may be called away before me. I have given Starling, the sexton, directions to place my corpse there.

The bodies of my son Henry & my daughter Caroline were removed into the Church May the 12th. Henry's coffin was unchanged ; but Caroline's was raised with considerable difficulty ; for it had lain in the earth ever since July the 9th. 1807. The sides of the coffin were partly broken in,—& it was an awful sight to observe the despoilings of death. Her skull, &c, was bare ; for her flesh seemed to be quite consumed. The whiteness of her teeth, & the lustre of their enamel, were astonishing. Mary & Ellen looked into the coffin ; & were, I doubt, struck with no less *awe* than myself.

Septr. 19th. 1817. What wretched disorder takes place, wherever preachers are appointed by popular elections !

I remember an uproarious canvassing for Mr. Foster, in the parish of Clerkenwell, many years ago, when the hackney coaches, which were engaged to carry electors to poll for their favorite F——, were *impiously* inscribed, in large characters,—*Foster & Jesus Christ !*

Did not the insolence even of Cardinal Wolsey give precedence to his earthly monarch ?—" The King & I ! "

Nov 21st. Dulce domum ! I feel that I can neither live, nor die, anywhere, so comfortably, as in my own nest. I must not attempt to fly far from it ! I am often much inconvenienced, when only a few hours, or a few miles from my home. I shall very much like to have my *old Mate*, & my dear children, around my death-bed, and to utter a few (*novissima verba*) last words of farewell to them.

May they all be happy, here, & hereafter ! Amen !

Jany. 14*th* 1818. I hardly remember having ever written a line of my Father. He seemed to be an object of *terror* to us, when children ; but, perhaps, we judged too severely. But, whatever asperity of mind, or roughness of manners he seemed to have in former years, I was delighted to hear my sister Tanner's account of his last, long illness, & the happy closing scene of his life. He bore his illness with the utmost resignation, & was grateful to all around him for the most trifling attentions. In short, the feelings & the affections of his mind became softer & milder, more kind & more benevolent, as he approached his journey's end.

We, when children, used to think our Father,—as Shakespear describes the soldier,—" sudden & quick," &c ; and easily provoked. But we did not consider the cares & anxieties attendant on a multitudinous family, which might have an unfavorable effect on his temper. Within my recollection, in a visit to Abervagenny, soon after my marriage, his feelings seemed to me *smoothed* & *mellowed*, many years before his death.

My sister Margaret related many anecdotes of him, during his illness, which were interesting to me, but would seem trifling to indifferent persons. When unable to be brought downstairs, he would, sometimes, crawl to the head of the stairs, & listen to the conversation below, telling my Sister that it cheered his spirits to hear their voices. . . . .

But his regular & sober life ended with his being (as it were) *strangled*, or *suffocated*, by asthma, & *drowned* with dropsy ;—yet he bore with patience all that Heaven was pleased to inflict.

Feby. 17th. 1818. *In concione*, in a sermon, no less than *in carmine*, in a poem, *ubi plura nitent, non ego paucis offendar maculis*. I do not, in any of my pulpit addresses, study to exhibit any *faculæ*, or bright beauties ; my hearers must be contented with plain truth, & they ought not to be offended at what they may, in their wisdom, deem *maculæ*, moles or blemishes.

Feby. 24th. 2 Kings 2. 23, &c. Immediately after Elisha's having healed the waters of Jericho, we read that the prophet "went up from thence unto Bethel ; &, "as he was going up by the way, there came forth little children out of the city, & mocked him, & said unto him, "—'Go up, thou, bald head! Go up, thou, bald head!' "And he turned back, & looked on them, & cursed them "in the name of Jehovah. And there came forth two "she-bears out of the wood, & tare forty & two children "of them."[1]

Now whether these mockers of Elisha were what we should call children, in modern days ; or whether they were youths—or even grey-headed mockers, they were certainly punished very severely. And if they deserved to be torn in pieces by she-bears, what punishment shall be inflicted on those *vile, skulking assassins*, the scribblers of anonymous letters ! Are there any beasts in nature, sufficiently ferocious, which may be commissioned to mangle these accursed disturbers of the peace of families & of individuals ?

Junius, (the favorite of "Mister" Keeling), is the most notorious of anonymous scribblers. These letters have been ascribed to various persons,—Burke, &c, &c ;

[1] I once asked a very kind old clergyman if he did not think this punishment too severe. He replied :—"But we are not told that the bears *devoured* the "children, only that they *tare* them." *Ed.*

&, latterly, to John Horne Tooke ;—but the real name still skulks in obscurity. Whoever he was, he possessed, or, rather, was possessed by, a *black*, *fiend-like*, *hellish* spirit.

All the sympathies of the human heart were, indeed, called into activity by Sir Richard Croft's having destroyed himself, on Thursday night Feby. 12th aged 57.[1] Poor man ! he seems to have fallen a sacrifice to popular prejudice, which, to the last, occasioned his being pestered with anonymous & abusive letters, & to the acuteness of his own feelings, which, it is said, were always " tremblingly alive " at the appearance of danger.

When my dear wife heard of the sad influence of the anonymous letters on Dr. Croft's mind, she wished all such scribbling vermin to be *soused* in the New River. I thought her very moderate, & wondered that she had not wished them to have a *scorching* in Hell ; for their malignant spirits & tongues seem ready to " set on fire the " course of nature, & are set on fire of Hell ; " (James 3. 6)—& their pens seem to be dipped in the blackest gall.

Few persons, who are in public situations, escape the shafts of these poisonous miscreants. *Even I have not escaped.* A scribblement of this sort was addressed to the Bishop of London, a few weeks ago ; &, as it related to me, His Lordship enclosed it to me, with a letter, in which he assured me that the anonymous scrawl had not at all influenced his mind unfavorably to me. I immediately wrote to His Lordship, & the following is a literal copy of his answer,

[1] Sir Richard Croft (1762-1818), accoucheur, succeeded his brother, Sir Herbert Croft, as Baronet 1816. In 1817 he attended Princess Charlotte at her confinement, in which she died. Croft was blamed for this misfortune, and, taking it to heart, shot himself on Feby. 13th 1818. (*D.N.B.*)

" Dear Sir,

" It is my uniform practice to send anonymous letters, " which are, occasionally, addressed to me, to the persons " whom they concern ; & I have the satisfaction of " saying that from my Clergy, in general, they produce " such answers as are most satisfactory to me, & put the " nameless accusers to shame. This has been eminently " the case in your instance. And I sincerely rejoice that " the letter was written, as it has been the means of " making me acquainted with your judicious attention " to the interests of the poor in altering the former very " improper mode of distributing at public houses the " money collected at the Sacrament, & taking it into " your own hands. " I remain,

" Dear Sir,

" Your faithful servt.

" W. London."

" London—Feby. 13th 1818."

I will not write any commentary on the fore-going epistle ; no one will doubt its having given me much satisfaction ; & my conscience tells me that *I* should have felt it my duty, as well as my pleasure, to write as kindly, if I were graced with a mitre, & His Lordship were plain Mr. Howley, a parish-priest.

March 2nd. 1818. This Journal of mine ! *Nostri farrago libelli !* how *rambling* & *disjointed* is its appearance ! but I trust that every one of the 2898 pages, already occupied, exhibits & maintains the integrity of truth.

April 15th. I regret extremely to part with *any* of the good family of the Aubers ; but I cannot bear the thought of losing them *all* out of my parish. Miss H——A——, is particular, has always been a favorite of mine ; & has

risen in my favour & esteem, the more I have known of her. This is not often the case with favorites. I am told that she says, good-humouredly,—as if to avoid the silly sneers, often attendant on old-maidism, she wishes she could have been *born a widow*.[1] Are there not many individuals, who would not blame her for such a wish ; for it has cost them many tedious years of endurance, & of mortification, to attain the honour, & the comforts of widowhood ?

The Latin adage says— *Poeta nascitur, non fit.* A poet is *born* a poet ; not *manufactured*, or *hammered* into a poet. But, lack-a-day ! & ill-not well-a-day ! for widows ! —the contrary is the case, they must be made, not born, widows !

But to wind up all seriously, my good friend, Miss Harriet Auber, will, I trust, pass through life very happily ; for she cannot fail to be esteemed & beloved by all who have the pleasure of knowing her.

April 17th. 1818. Whenever I am very much " taken " with " an author, I generally draw his or her likeness in my own fancy ; but I am a flattering painter. I had done this of Lætitia-Matilda Hawkins ; but Mrs. Davies has told me, that somebody has told her, (I don't know how many somebodies deep), that L. M. H. is *very plain.* I still long to see her, & to become acquainted with her.

Novels, even of the best sort, I would read very sparingly,—as I would have recourse to drams. *Rosanne* was introduced to our breakfast & tea-readings by my Dosy, who has great influence over me ;—& I was much

[1] Miss Harriet Auber died in 1869 aged 82, in a house opposite Hoddesdon church, subsequently occupied by Major General Fairfax Hassard, C.B. " Some lines of her hymn ' Our blest Redeemer ere he breathed,' were scratched " on a pane of glass in a window at the back of her house, but this was removed " after her death." (Tregelles, *A History of Hoddesdon*, p. 133).

pleased. *Gertrude* I rejected, a year or two ago ; but we are now reading & admiring the character of dear *Gatty Aubrey*.

I really intend to call on L. M. H.,—if she is still living at Twickenham.[1]

April 25th. 1818. Visiting the Sick, &c. When I first came into the parish, I called upon the sick, without waiting to be sent for ; & I am sorry to add that, in some instances, my visits were ill-received, & even rejected. After tapping, for some time, at dame Peake's door, old nurse Hobbs opened it just enough to put her head out, & to tell me that I was not to enter. " She is not bad enough for *you*, Sir ! " I asked her what she supposed me to be ? perhaps she mistook me for *a carrion-crow*; & that I ought not to call upon any of the sick in my parish, until I could sniff or smell death.

I did see this poor woman, some weeks afterwards, in a most horrible state of despondency ; & the spiritual counseller, whom I found in her chamber, was old Thurgood, a *rank*, *violent* fanatic.

Two or three days ago I called upon Sir Ab. Hume's old groom, who is swoln, & almost drowned with dropsy. After some serious conversation I proposed to offer up a prayer or two ;—his answer was, " No, no,—I do not " think myself so bad as to require *that*; I feel myself " better than I was some time ago."[2]

May 7th. I do not know anything that excites in my

[1] Lætitia Matilda Hawkins was the daughter of Sir John Hawkins, author of *A History of Musick* and one of Dr Johnson's executors, *see Boswell's Life of Johnson* (G. B. Hill), Vol. 1 p. 190. He wrote a Life of Johnson and edited his Works. Besides novels, Miss Hawkins wrote several volumes of Memoirs.

[2] " So 'a cried out—' God, God, God ! ' three or four times. Now I, to " comfort him, bid him, 'a should not think of God ; I hoped, there was no " need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet." (The death of Falstaff, Henry V, Act 2, Scene 3).

mind more pleasure & gratitude to Heaven than that, in the course of thirty-seven years' ministration in the parish of Broxbourn & the populous hamlet of Hoddesdon, I do not recollect ever having had the pain of burying any individual, that died in child-birth or child-bed, &c ! I have heard of some of the poor women, who have been so hardy as to be seen stealing turneps, in the open, wet fields, in September, *the very day after their delivery !*

Heaven grant that both the rich & the poor breeding wives may always have a good " getting-up ! "

June 5th. 1818. Polyandry. However strange this custom may appear to us, it is an undoubted fact that it prevails in Thibet, a country bordering on the East of China.

Mr. Bogle mentions the case of a modest & virtuous lady, the wife of half a dozen of the Teeshoo Lama's nephews, who complained to the uncle that the two youngest of her husbands did not furnish that share of *love* & *benevolence* to the common stock, which duty & religion required of them.

In a country, where the means of supporting a family are not easily found, it does not seem impolitic to allow a set of brothers to agree in raising a family, which is to be maintained by their joint efforts. They are said to live, generally, in great harmony & comfort.

July 6th. Names & titles—how fleeting ! There is a name just now about to be extinct, among us, Lewin,[1]—a name that has been highly & deservedly respected, for an unusual length of time—for some hundreds of years !

Decr. 4th. Before 7 o'clock this morning the Eastern horizon was very strongly & beautifully tinted ; & the line reached so far North that the Church broke my view

[1] *See* May 2nd 1801.

of it. I remember mentioning something of this sort in the hearing of Mr. A——r, who seemed to have pleasure in contradiction; he called loudly for his almanac, as if to disprove what I had said, by the lateness of the sun-rising (8 o'clock). But so it was, then; & such was the early appearance also of this morning. The tint seemed to die away, instead of increasing, as the sunrise was coming on.

Augt. 15*th.* 1819. *Sundy. morning.* 7 *o'clock.* I awoke with my mind strongly, & most delightfully, impressed with what St. John says of our blessed Saviour, " Having " loved his own, which were in the world, He loved them " unto the end." And the words of our dear Redeemer, comforting his disciples, cheered my soul, " Not as the " world giveth, give I unto you."

Nov 21*st.* 1820. When I awoke, this morning, before day-light, I seemed to be uttering these words,—" Let " me take to my Journal again."

What a chasm! from Sepr. 6th 1819 to the above date. And there are many other large chasms. Various causes may be assigned; but the chief cause is indolence. This is a disorder, with which I am sorely plagued.

Feby. 28*th* 1821. John Wesley's advice was—" Hoard " nothing! Lay not up any treasure on earth, but give " all you *can*, that is—all you *have*. I defy all the men " upon earth,—yea, all the angels in heaven, to find any " other way of extracting the poison from riches. After " having served you between 60 & 70 years,—with dim " eyes, shaking hands, & tottering feet, I give you this " advice, before I sink into the dust. If you have not " children, upon what scriptural or rational principle " can you leave a *groat* behind you more than will

" bury you ? ' Lend ' it, lend it all unto the Lord,—
" & it shall be paid you again. Haste, lest you be called
" away, before you have settled what you have upon this
" security. When this is done, you may boldly say,—
" ' Now, I have nothing to do but to die. Father, into
" ' thy hands I commend my spirit. Come, Lord Jesus !
" ' come quickly ! ' " (Southey's *Life of Wesley* Vol. 2 p. 254.

July 17th 1821. " Speak, O Jehovah ! for thy servant
" heareth." And Eli said—" It is Jehovah ; let him do what
" seemeth to him good." (1 Sam 3. 10, 18).

I awoke, not many minutes ago, with my mind under the most pleasing impressions arising from a reliance upon the care of Divine Providence. I am in my bed,—with my slate in my hand ;—but I am unable to transfer to my slate the feelings of my mind.

Away with all my *worldly* hopes & fears ! Away with all my silly plannings & schemings ! " My times," & all my concerns, " are in Thy hands," O ! my God !

Thy will,—not mine—be done !
Amen.

He died on Oct. 12th 1821.

His funeral sermon was preached at Broxbourne on Oct 21st by the Revd. James Tomlin, M.A., late Fellow of Queen's College, Oxford, and was printed " at
" the urgent request of the Editor, and many of the
" Subscribers to Mr. Jones's Sermons." Mr. Tomlin spoke of his friend as one who " boldly rebuked vice, and
" patiently submitted to all the insults and indignities
" which his fidelity might provoke. But he also spake

" the truth in love, so that none could justly take offence."

A tablet on the West wall of the Church has the following inscription :—

" The Reverend William Jones A.B. who most faithfully
" and zealously discharged the sacred duties of Curate and
" Vicar of this Parish for more than forty years. He
" rested from his labours on the 12th day of October
" 1821 in the 67th year of his age."

Mrs. Jones died April 19th. 1827, in her 68th. year, and was buried at Broxbourne.

APPENDIX A.

Abergavenny Grammar School and Jesus College Oxford.

The Revd. H. A. James D.D., President of St. John's College, Oxford, has kindly given me the following information :—

" There is, I think, no longer any special connexion " between Jesus College and the School. My father sent " me to Abergavenny in 1858 to qualify for a Welsh " scholarship at Jesus : at that time the Jesus scholarships " were confined to (1) natives of Wales and (2) candidates " educated at certain Welsh schools—I think these were " Cowbridge, Abergavenny, Brecon, Ruthin and Both- " wnog, but I cannot be sure that this list is an accurate " one. . . . After twice failing to get one of these " scholarships, I gained an open one at Lincoln. Some " years later on, a University Commission threw the " Jesus scholarships open to all the Welsh schools, and " they still remain so (and of course also to natives of " Wales.)

" The School when I went there in 1858 had 32 boys : " when I left in 1862, this number had sunk, I think, to " 18, and still later to *two*. The Headmaster was the " Rev. Henry Peake, who had been there a very long time. " I have a really warm corner in my heart for his memory " —he was a kind and good man . . . He resigned

" somewhere about 1864, I should think, and was " succeeded by a Mr. Webber, an estimable man, who " had however been an elementary schoolmaster, and " was not a University man. He brought up the numbers, " and was there for a good many years. After standing " out for some time, Abergavenny Grammar School " has had to submit to the County Council, receiving a " grant. . . . Some time—say 40 years ago—it removed " from its old very inadequate quarters in what once was " St. John's Church to new buildings on the outskirts " of the town.

" I see that Mr. Jones speaks of the School as founded " by Queen Elizabeth. But it has always, within my " memory at least, been known as ' King Henry VIII's " ' Grammar School.' Probably that impostor dissolved " the Priory at Abergavenny, and gave part of the pro- " ceeds to found a school.

" One or two other points occur to me. When I was " at the School there was a sum of £10 given annually " as a prize for the four best scholars. I wonder if the " £5 mentioned by Mr. Jones as awarded to the *two* " best was the original form of this ? But the rule about " its only being tenable once was not observed, for I " won it four times.

" I do not know when the Abergavenny Fellowship " came to an end. I feel pretty sure that it had ceased " to exist when I went up to Oxford."

The Librarian of Jesus College Oxford, besides supplying me with information about Principal Hoare and other members of his College, has kindly written me as follows :—

" As to Abergavenny Grammar School, the connection

" of it with the College is set forth in Hardy's *History* " *of Jesus College*, pp 81-83. In 1664 the Bailiffs and " Commonalty of Abergavenny received a letter from " Charles II requiring them to transfer to the College " the impropriate Rectory of Bedgeworth, Gloucester- " shire, which was granted them at the dissolution of the " monasteries to support a free Grammar School. " (Doubtless Sir Leoline Jenkins engineered the transfer). " So the Rectory was granted to the College on a 99 " years lease, on the payment of £50 a year for the school- " master's salary. The College was to elect and maintain " one Abergavenny Scholar and one Fellow, to be persons " educated at the school. The College was also to give " £10 a year to 2 poor hardworking pupils of the School. " When the 99 years expired, Abergavenny had lost its " charter; but in 1760 a private Act was obtained, " vesting the living in the College for ever on condition " that £40 a year be paid to the master, and £10 to the " two exhibitioners, and the Scholar and Fellow elected " as before. The last clause was abolished by the new " Statues introduced in 1857 by the University Com- " mission. The last Fellow on this foundation seems to " have been Thomas Williams (1846-53). The money " payment is still made. There used to be a ' Progress ' " or ' Visitation ' of the School at Michaelmas by the " Principal and Fellows, but it seems to have been " dropped in the 18th. century, and is not mentioned in " the 1760 Act."

APPENDIX B.

Colonel Stedman Rawlins and the Hertford Borough Election 1806.

Colonel Stedman Rawlins, a young West Indian, lived at a house sometimes called Broxbourn Lodge and sometimes Cucumber Hall. Cucumber Hall is in Lord Street, Hoddesdon, and is now called Norris Lodge. There is a Hoddesdon tradition that his violence caused the death there of a negro servant ; but, according to the Journal, Chico left the neighbourhood with his master. No doubt it was the expense of his candidature for Hertford Borough that made it necessary for the Colonel to leave Hoddesdon ; certainly, in setting himself up against two such Hertfordshire men as the Honble Edward Spencer Cowper and Mr. Nicolson Calvert, he showed more valour than discretion.

By the courtesy of the late Mr. R. T. Andrews of the Hertford Museum, I have copied out four of Colonel Rawlins' Election Addresses. They are contained in a very interesting collection of such Addresses made by the late Mr. James Hancock J. P. of Hertford, and were printed by the well known Hertford firm of Austin. The candidate stood as a champion of " the rights of the " people " ; but, if we may believe the allegations made in the valedictory Address, " the set of beings called " Freemen " (as the Vicar describes them) proved susceptible to certain influences.

(1)

To the truly respectable Inhabitants and Freemen of the Borough of Hertford.

Gentlemen !

Having been solicited to come forward and offer myself as a Candidate to represent you in Parliament, in the event of a General Election taking Place, I cannot but avow the great Diffidence I feel in offering myself, being so little known to some of you; but I should be wanting in Spirit and Emulation, were I to hesitate or decline an Offer at once so grateful to my Heart and Pride ; and when I have received the strongest Assurances of Success from your Support.

It will be the utmost Ambition of my Life, Gentlemen, to represent you ;—to represent the Rights of the People. Occupied as I have been, in the service of a Military Life abroad, for some Years past, I may not be deemed so immediately acquainted with your Interests and Wishes, as is the Duty of every Representative in Parliament. But I solemnly protest, that if I am fortunate enough to have your Support, the Remainder of my Life shall be devoted to your Interests and Prosperity.

It will be my constant Study to promote the Trade and Commerce of the Borough, and to the Day of my Death shall remember past Favors, not as is common—*No longer want you, No longer serve you,*

Believe me, Gentlemen,
Your Well-Wisher and obedient Servant
S. Rawlins.

Cucumber Hall
Augt. 4th. 1806.

(2)

To the truly Worthy and Respectable Inhabitants and Freemen of the Borough of Hertford.

Gentlemen !

I have Pleasure in saying that this Evening's Canvass gives me the greatest Satisfaction, as it enables me to avow to you, that from the Support I have met, not a Doubt remains in my mind of Success ; and allow me to assure you of my Sincerity and to Sign myself

Your obedient humble Servant
Stedman Rawlins.

Hertford
Half-Moon
12 o'clock Wednesday. Aug 6th 1806.

(3)

To the truly independent Voters and Freemen of the Borough of Hertford.

Gentlemen !

A Report having been circulated that I had declined coming forward, in the Event of a Dissolution, now immediately expected ; I have taken the earliest Opportunity to contradict it, and to assure you, that my greatest Ambition would be to represent you in Parliament, and to have your Independence committed to my Charge, and which only, with my Death, should your kind Efforts succeed, would I relinquish.

And believe me, my Friends, I shall always remember with Gratitude that I am sent to the Senate by the Free-Will of a Majority of Voters, who, *defying Threats*, *were*

positively determined never to forfeit their Birthrights; I trust, Gentlemen, that you will always find me

Your sincere, devoted and grateful Servant,
Stedman Rawlins

Broxbourn Lodge
Oct 22nd. 1806.

(4)

To the Worthy and Independent Electors of the Borough of Hertford.

Gentlemen,

Allow me to return you my grateful and sincere Thanks for the support received by me on a late Occasion ; *it was a Support*,—and when I reflect on the Past, the Pleasure is sweet to my Feelings, that every man who stood by me in the Contest did it for Principle ; defying Threats and Base Corruption. The Times are such that this Country ought to be choice who they return, and that the equal Rights of the People are maintained ;—not that I refer to your present Members, I sincerely believe them to be Men of Honor, who will, I trust, on all Occasions, support your Privileges :—yet it is perceptible to every thinking Mind, that shameful and undue Influence was lately made Use of at your Election ; it was not by the voice of the Voters that I was debarred a Satisfaction, in which, had I succeeded, my great Ambition would have been gratified, and my future Line of Conduct devoted to your Interests. But, though unsuccessful, yet, Gentlemen, be assured of my Sensibility. Feeling myself an independent Man in my private Character, upright and just, had I been your public one, I should always have acted from the pure Dictates of my Mind.

Allow me, Gentlemen, to take leave of you; and to assure you, that whenever you may again call upon me, you will find me steady and persevering

I am, Gentlemen,
Your obedient and grateful Servant,
Stedman Rawlins.

Broxbourn Lodge
Nov 9th. 1806.

In *Hertford County Records* Vol. II p. 248 is catalogued "Account of the Clerk of the Peace, 19th. May, making "Copy of Colonel Rawlins' return in 1806 of the 2nd "Herts Volunteers in consequence of Mr. Alington "having received a letter from the War Office for the "same, and attending Mr. Alington thereon." Possibly this was the same Colonel Rawlins.

APPENDIX C.

The Family of Thomas Harrison, Attorney General of Jamaica.

Thomas Harrison was the 3rd son of Sir Thomas Harrison, who was Chamberlain of the City of London 1751, and Receiver-General of the Land Tax for Middlesex 1752. Sir Thomas was born at Cirencester Feby. 4th 1700-1, knighted at St. James's Palace 22nd. Nov 1752, and died at Bath 2nd. Jany. 1765. A laudatory account of him appeared in *The Gentleman's Magazine* of Jany. 1765.

His son, Thomas Harrison, Attorney-General and Advocate-General of Jamaica was born 1st Feby. 1735-6 and died at Spanish Town, Jamaica, 12th. Feby. 1792. He was three times married.

By his first wife, Dorothy Bunting, he had 5 sons, (the first 4 of whom were the pupils of William Jones) :—

(1) Thomas, b. 13th. Jany. 1762 ("The eldest is rather "opinionative, but I can easily manage him"). In Aug. 1779, with his father and William Jones he joined the Reformado Corps.

(2) Edmund, b. 31st. Aug. 1764, entered the Navy July 1779, joining the *Niger* frigate. In Nov. 1779 he took part in the capture of 4 valuable prizes.

(3) William, b. 17th. Aug 1766, of Lincoln's Inn and

Cheshunt, K.C., Attorney-General to the Prince of Wales, married 1812 the widow of —— Touche. (His curious apprehension, that all points of law might be settled before he could be called to the Bar, is recorded in the *Journal*, Feby. 17th. 1806.)

(4) Sir George, K.C.H., b. 19th. Jany. 1767, Superintendent of the Register Office of the Land Tax (in which he gave the Diarist's son Henry employment), Assistant-Secy. to the Treasury, Auditor of the Duchies of Cornwall and Lancaster, knighted 13th. April 1824, d. 3rd. Feby. 1841. (*See* also *D.N.B.*)

(5) Trelawney, died in Jamaica.

Thomas Harrison married, secondly, —Cross, by whom he had 2 sons and 3 daughters ; he married, thirdly, Sarah Baldwin.

Sir William Montagu Graham-Harrison, K.C.B., Parliamentary Counsel to the Treasury, is a great-grandson of Sir George Harrison, and great-great-grandson of Thomas Harrison of the *Journal*.

Benjamin Harrison, frequently mentioned in the *Journal*, (whose wife undertook to find a wife for William Jones), was an elder brother of Thomas. One of his descendants is General Sir Richard Harrison, G.C.B This Benjamin had a son, also Benjamin, (1771-1856) who was for 50 years Treasurer of Guy's Hospital, which he ruled autocratically, (being known as " King " Harrison), but established on a sound administrative and financial basis, (*see* also *D.N.B.*)

His son, also Benjamin (1808-1887) was Archdeacon of Maidstone (*D.N.B.*)

The family traces back to the middle of the 16th century, having its origin at Kirkham in Lancashire.

The above information has been kindly given me by Sir William Graham-Harrison, and is principally derived from the *Pedigree of the Family of Harrison*, (privately printed 1881, and edited by Wilfred J. Cripps.). I have added a few particulars from the *Journal*.

I am greatly indebted to Miss Evelyn Harrison, daughter of General Sir Richard Harrison, for the portrait (by Sir Joshua Reynolds) of Thomas Harrison.

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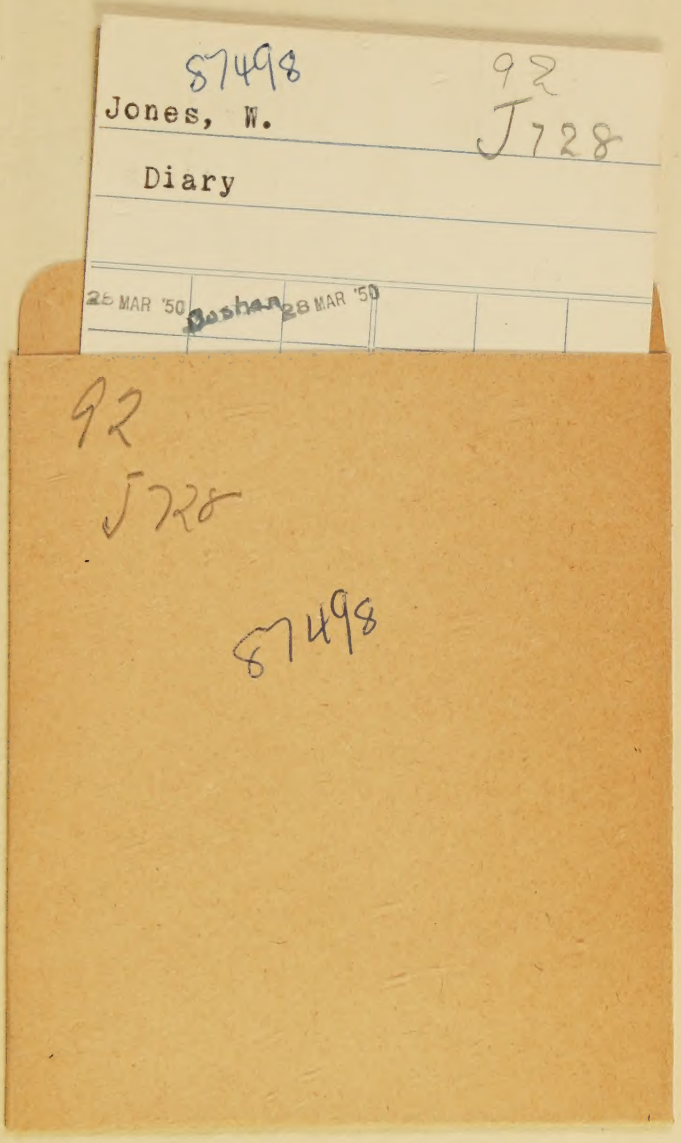
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